# CARICATURE

## THE WIT & HUMOR OF A NATION IN PICTURE, SONG & STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY AMERICA'S GREATEST ARTISTS

SPECIAL EDITION

S. Barnett.
April 1st, 1911.

# CARICATURE

*(ELEVENTH EDITION)*

## WIT AND HUMOR OF A NATION IN PICTURE, SONG AND STORY

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LESLIE-JUDGE COMPANY, 225 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
1910

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THE PROPER SPIRIT.

"What did the deacon say when you sent him the brandied peaches?"
"He said he didn't care so much for the peaches as he did the spirit in which they were sent."

By ED. MOTT. Illustrated by J. A. WEST.

THEY were talking at the Corners tavern how poor the pickerel fishing through the ice had been all winter, so far, and lamenting it.

"What's gone and happened to Natur', anyhow?" said 'Kiar Biff, the landlord. "There's more than three thousand acres of ice a foot and a half thick on the ponds around here, and when Natur' friz it she knowed there wa'n't no use fer all that ice back here in the woods 'cept to ketch pickerel through it, didn't she? If she hadn't calc'lated them ponds to have ice on to 'em in the winter so as we could cut holes through it and ketch pickerel, she'd 'a' made b'ilin' springs out of 'em, wouldn't she? Then what has she gone and done to the pickerel, so that after she has friz them ponds and we have cut holes through the ice and put our lines in, they don't bite? What's gone and happened to Natur', anyhow?"

'Squire Birkett, from over Hogback, shook his head and said that if 'Kiar 'spected him to tell him he'd be disapp'inted, 'cause he didn't know; but he'd say this much, it was an aggravatin' trick, and was playin' hob with folks that had been a little scant in layin' in pork last fall, calc'latin' on pickerel through the ice comin' on as usual; an aggravatin' trick, and he didn't care who heerd him say it. Then Solomon Cribber, of Pochuck, who had come in at the height of the complaining, put his ear-muffs in his pocket and said,

"I only wisht I could 'a' brung my dog Cockalorum along over with me to help you out a little. I'd send fer him now, but I lent him to cousin Marcellus Merriweather to go git a mess with, down to Bogselizer's pond. My winter dog Cockalorum. I see you're goin' to ask me about him, 'Kiar, but spare yourself. I see you're goin' to ask me"——

"I ain't goin' to ask you nothin'!" exclaimed 'Kiar. "I ain't goin' to ask you a blame thing—unless it mowt be that you take your dog Cockalorum and go to blazes with him."

"That's 'cause you're all cut up over the pickerel fishin' bein' so bad," said Mr. Cribber soothingly, "and 'cause you don't know Cockalorum. It was a good while before I knowed Cockalorum myself. A good while, it was, before I knowed he was a winter dog—a winter dog from a to izzard. And that he had other p'ints. Amazin' p'ints. Shucks alive! I only jest wisht I had brung him over here, anyhow. Why, 'Kiar, in less'n an hour he'd 'a' had the Corners feelin' as joyous as if Fourth-o'-July was here, and Cockalorum was fireworks shootin' off.

"Winter dog, sure enough, he is. Why—well, you know, I s'pose, that groundhogs and bears and

"THEY WERE TALKING AT THE CORNERS TAVERN."

coons and setch turns in and goes to sleep when winter sets in, and don't wake up till spring comes back. And it's a good thing they do, fer by doin' that they give my dog Cockalorum a chance. That amazin' dog 'll go into fits, almost, at the sight of a chipmunk, to say nothin' o' bear, and if a coon or a groundhog should ever sneeze at him I guess he'd lay right down and die. So, as all o' them beasts holes up in the winter, there ain't no danger o' Cockalorum runnin' ag'in any of 'em and gettin' skeert to death. If you wa n't all cut up so over the pickerel fishin' bein' so bad you'd up and ask me now what under the canopy Cockalorum does, then, when spring comes, and them beasts begin to come out o' their holes—but spare yourself, 'Kiar. I'll tell you. Why, jest as soon as the ice goes out o' the river and the ponds, and the weather sets in fer bein' warm, Cockalorum turns in and goes to sleep, and he don't do much of anything else but snooze till cold weather comes ag'in.

"I never knowed where Cockalorum come from. I found him asleep, one mornin' in May, out on my back stoop. He didn't wake up any kind o' sudden even when I felt of him pooty rollickin' with my cowhide boot, and even after I did git him awake he only give a tired sort of a wag of his tail and went off into a snooze ag'in.

"'Well,' I says, 'any dog that kin sleep like that,' I says, 'must have uncommon p'ints about him, and I guess I'll keep him and see what they turn out to be,' I says.

"So I kep' him, and consarned if his nap didn't last till frost come along in the fall. Then he woke up and begun to move around. As the weather come on colder the dog got livelier and livelier.

"'He's a huntin' dog,' I says. 'He knows when the season begins, all right. Jest what I have been lookin' fer,' I says. 'Me and him 'll go out and run things down,' I says.

"So I took down my gun. Say, 'Kiar, you ought to seen that dog when I come out with my gun! Cockalorum is yaller. The yallerist punkin you ever see ain't half as yaller as Cockalorum is. But when he seen that gun his yaller turned pale, and he cut fer the barn and hid ten foot deep in the hay mow.

"'The durn dog don't seem to be much of a huntin' dog after all,' says I. 'But he's got p'ints,' I says. 'And we'll jest wait and see which way them p'ints is goin' to p'int,' says I.

"It was a couple o' days before Cockalorum unkivered hisself from the hay mow and come out amongst folks. Artamesy she up and says—Artamesy's my wife—she up and says,

"'FOUND THE MARKET CRAMMED FULL O' PICKEREL.'"

"'Solomon,' she says, 'shoot him. He ain't right,' she says.

"'Artamesy,' says I, 'pause. Wait for his openin' up,' I says.

"And 'twixt me and you and the 'squire and the rest o' you, 'Kiar, when I say, 'Artamesy, pause!' Artamesy pauses. So she paused. By and by the weather got colder and colder, and the pond froze over.

"'Now,' says I, 'me and the pickerel is goin' to have a worryin' match,' says I.

"I got my tip-ups and things together one day and started out. Cockalorum was sniffin' the frosty air in the yard, and actin' like a gambolin' lamb. When he see me with the tip-ups he begun to cut up and caper most amazin'. He jumped and cavorted and twisted, and sung out, and acted so gener'ly and genuine crazy that Arta-

mesy run into the settin' room and locked herself in, and hollered to me through the key-hole,

"'Solomon Cribber! that dog ain't right,' she says. 'He's runnin' over with hyderphoby. Shoot him, I tell you!' she says.

"But I knowed better.

"'Artamesy,' I says, 'pause! This dog is openin' up,' I says.

"Me and Cockalorum went to the pond, and all the way there the way he acted showed plain that his p'ints was comin' to the front. He didn't cool down till we got on the ice and I begun to cut holes to fish through. As I chopped 'em Cockalorum kep' lookin' at me as much as to say, 'Well, I'll be dog-buttoned! Be you down here jest fer exercise after all?'

"But I didn't know Cockalorum yit, and kep' on choppin' holes. I got a dozen or so cut, and then put in my lines and begun to fish. Cockalorum kep' a-lookin' at me as if he was disgusted and disapp'inted with me. I fished and fished. Not a bite. Then Cockalorum snorted his opinion o' me, and went to nosin' around on the ice, 'round and 'round and here and there, and by and by he give a yelp, and started up the pond. He kep' his nose on the ice, and every little while he'd sing out, jest like a hound on a fox track. He kep' on goin', waggin' his tail and singin' out, till he got a quarter o' a mile away. Then he stopped, and the way he danced around and yelped, and done the looniest things, was enough to skeer wildcats.

"'Shucks alive!' I says. 'I guess Artamesy knowed what she was sayin'. Don't seem to me that Cockalorum's actin' as if he was jest right,' I says.

"But not ketchin' any pickerel, I pulled up my lines and moved on, first place goin' up to see jest what it was that ailed the dog before I took him home and shot him. I got there, and he kep' up his crazy doin's. If the spot hadn't looked like setch a proper place fer pickerel I'd 'a' took Cockalorum right home and put him outen his misery, but as it was, I cut some holes and went to fishin' there. Did the pickerel bite? I never see the likes of it! I had pickerel stacked on the ice, enough to load a wagon, in less than an hour. Then they quit bitin' and Cockalorum went to nosin' around on the ice some more. Before long he went off, holdin' his nose to the ice and his tongue makin' music. He stopped before long, and went to doin' the crazy caperin'.

"'I hate to kill that dog,' says I, 'but this can't go on.'

"Not gittin' any more bites, I pulled up and hurried along to sort o' talk to Cockalorum and soothe him down. When I got there I seen that the spot was another likely pickerel place, and I cut holes and put in my lines. Setch fishin'! It was pull in and bait, and bait and pull in, till the pickerel that laid around on the ice looked like ranks o' cord wood. Cockalorum watched the proceedin's and felt good till the fish quit bitin' ag'in, and then he started in on his nosin' and yelpin'. Then it struck me all in a heap. Cockalorum was trailin' them pickerel jest the same as hounds follers the trail of a fox, and was leadin' me to 'em every time!

"'Cockalorum,' says I, 'you've opened up.'

"Well, mebbe me and him didn't have fun the rest o' that winter. And mebbe I didn't cart pickerel to market enough to lift the mortgage on my farm, besides buyin' Artamesy a set o' store teeth. And I says to Artamesy in the spring,

"'Artamesy,' I says, 's'pose you hadn't paused? Cockalorum wouldn't never had the chance to open up,' I says, 'and where would we 'a' been then?'

"But that wa'n't all that showed the amazin' p'ints o' that dog. See what he done only last winter. We had run down stacks and stacks o' pickerel, me and Cockalorum had; and then one day, at every place he'd take me to, I'd yank out not a ding thing but perch. This went on so long that I got mad and quit fishin', though Cockalorum seemed su'prised, and tried to keep me at it.

"'Artamesy,' says I, when I got home, 'Cockalorum has gone wrong! He's lost his nose fer pickerel.'

"But see what a dog he is. I went over to town next day, and there I found out that the market was jest more than crammed full o' pickerel, and they wa'n't fetchin' a cent a pound; but perch! why, everybody was howlin' fer perch, and fifteen cents a pound was a small price fer 'em. Ding it all, 'Kiar! Seems to me I'll never git over bein' sorry I didn't bring Cockalorum over anyhow, to help you fellows out a little. He'd 'a' "——

"Solomon," said 'Kiar, with a sudden show of consideration that embarrassed the Pochuck narrator visibly, "I'm amazin' glad you didn't. The law's ag'in houndin' over here the stiffest kind, and somebody 'd 'a' filled him full o' lead or p'ison as sure as corn a-poppin', and I wouldn't 'a' had you lose that dog, not fer—no, sir!—not fer three shillin'!"

And when Mr. Cribber put on his ear-muffs and went homeward his wonted smile of satisfaction was not with him.

## Patience.

DON'T worry over little things in life.
Don't let a little trouble give you pain—
("Now, Johnny, you stop whittling with your knife.
That noise would make a person go insane!")

Don't make a fuss o'er every petty care
And 'gainst a trifle raise a foolish plaint—
("Now, Freddy, you stop pulling Jenny's hair;
You're enough to try the patience of a saint!")

Don't grumble every time things don't go right.
Don't rage o'er tiny bothers of a day—
("You, Jenny, stop your fooling with that light;
The way you act will make my hair turn gray!")

## Prenatal Influence.

THERE was a downy chicken
Of incubator birth
Which grew to happy henhood
And scratched the wormy earth.

She did her work of laying;
And one fine summer day
Her owner had her setting
On eggs of her own lay.

And when she finished hatching
She found she had a lot
Of little incubators,
Which startled her somewhat.

## Ye Summer Maid.

SHE ventured in the briny deep
A little while ago,
And yelled for murder, fire, police!—
A crab had pinched her toe.

And though at that momentous time
Her screams were plainly heard,
Yet when a lobster squeezed her waist
She didn't say a word.

## Close Competition.

"WE are living in a rapid age," I say to my friend as we note the fall announcements of changing styles.

"Yes," he agrees.

"We are making history rapidly," I further remark.

"True," he mutters; "but not so fast as we are making historical novels."

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*Cumso*—"Why, I thought that Hustle was bankrupt."

*Banks*—"So he was; but he learned so much when he was poor that he soon got rich again."

She's such a winsome miss, you say,
More modest than the rose;
But if you'd watch you'd see each day
Her color comes and goes.

## All Is Serene.

DE watahmaillion's ripe
An' blowin' here an' dere.
Oh, hear de chicken pipe
De rag-time dat is rare!

De 'possum's in de stew,
An' soon de meller cob
Ob co'n an' tater new
Will make dese ole jaws bob

I's happy as de clam,
I happy is fo' fair;
I'll tell yo' whad—I am
A watahmillionaire.

## Says Parson Snowflake.

"YESSUH, I done bin ter de t'eayter," said Parson Snowflake, "an I seen dese hyuh membahs o' mah race a-actin' on de stage, too. An I jes' got dis ter say—de cullud actah am a moughty po'r imertation ob de white man's imertation ob de cullud man."

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YOU can patch up a poem or a reputation, but the patches always show.

STRANGE, INDEED.

POET—"That editor has sent back another of my poems. I don't think he reads them at all."
WIFE—"Well, it's funny he doesn't accept some of them, then."

# The Sack of Afpynte Towers

A Tale of the Turbulent Long Ago

BY

Wood Leslie Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. DAGGY.

LORD AFPYNTE was chesty. There was no doubt about that. He had swelled up suddenly after the arrival at Afpynte Towers of a courier who delivered a missive bearing the royal cipher. Indeed, he strutted about for a time with his head so high in the air that he ran against a table on which his Sunday-best helmet was resting, and sent it, with a boiler-factory clatter, to the stone floor of his apartment. He paused a moment to scowl at it, and then went on with his strut; for though it was dented and battered so that it would puzzle the nicest skill of the Towers armorer to re-block it into the latest spring shape, such a matter was of too little significance for him to take cognizance of under the circumstances.

And well might his lordship be chesty, for the king, by his own royal invitation, was coming to spend his regular midsummer, two-weeks-off-with-pay vacation at Afpynte Towers. He had sent word that he would come informally and incog., with only a couple of gentlemen-in-waiting, and said he wanted to be treated as one of the family.

"Don't go to any trouble, my dear Af," he wrote, in his auto-invitation, "as I want to get away for a while from the pomp and formality that hedge me about with a hedge too accurately trimmed for comfort. I want to rest and take things easy, for the fact is the pace has been a bit stiff here lately, don't you know, and sometimes the next morning it takes more than one to do me any good. So let me get back to nature for a while, our real national nature with simple bacon and eggs for breakfast, and roast mutton and boiled potatoes for dinner, with a pewter of bitter now and then between times."

Lord Afpynte put the royal missive in the safe and leaned back with a satisfied smile. No wonder he was chesty. Of course the entertainment of royalty, even incog., is a trifle expensive, but his lordship felt that by the time his majesty left Afpynte Towers he would stand in so solid that any favor he might ask would be a cinch. Thus he expected not only to catch even, but to get somewhat to the good in the long run.

"I'll give him the time of his life," declared his lordship to himself as he took a self-congratulatory draught of sack; "and by the time he leaves here he will forget his past so that those short-skates hanging around the court won't be

"PAUSED A MOMENT TO SCOWL AT IT."

one, two, three. Only the real thing can finish in front when the event isn't fixed for the books."

Never in the memory of the oldest retainer had there been such a furbishing up of things at Afpynte Towers. Hedges were trimmed, walks were sanded, and roads were scraped and leveled. All the various repairs about the place that everybody had put off until somebody else had time to do the work were made in a hurry. The state apartments were opened to the sweetening influence of the sunshine, and the choicest linen was aired. Armor was scoured until it shone, and weapons were put into a condition not known since the last time the Afpynte Towers men-at-arms marched forth to the field of glory. Guard-duty, which had long been merely perfunctory, suddenly became very formal, and there was a general tightening of the discipline in the establishment.

As these preparations progressed his lordship grew so continuously chestier, that when he tried on his dress-armor he found he had to fasten the breast-plate and back-piece together with rubber bands.

Everything was made ready in ample time, and so, on the appointed afternoon, when the lookout on the watch-tower announced that three horsemen were coming down the Afpynte Towers road, all the family banners flew out to the breeze, and every man on the premises was at his station. The front put up by the men-at-arms would have done credit to any noble lord in the country.

"Welcome to Afpynte Towers, your majesty!" exclaimed his lordship, with hearty cordiality—earnestly hoping that his rubber bands would not show—when he met the king in front of the barbican. "'Tis an honor to the Towers to be at your command," he continued when his majesty had dismounted, as he kneeled down, with a noise like the bending of a rusty hinge, to kiss the royal hand.

"Oh, that's all right, Af, old boy," responded the king with delightful simplicity. "Go take off your hardware and be comfortable. Ecod! Why don't you make those varlets of county commissioners sprinkle the roads out this way. There's as much dust inside my neck as there is outside my doublet. Eh!"

"In a minute, your majesty! What, ho there! Tell the butler to get busy" cried his lordship, with much ado. "And while your majesty is refreshing yourself with a dash of cold water I'll unload my line of consolidated steel and join you at the sideboard before you get a chance to wait."

And it was so; for when the king approached the buffet his lordship was waiting for him with a crowned cup that was surely worth the trouble. That night when his majesty inserted his royal form between the sheets in the state chambers the only thing he was sorry for was that he hadn't found this place sooner.

"'CALL ME BILL.'"

And every day he was there he liked it so much better that he sometimes felt as if he would like to renege on ever going back to court at all. Strictly incog., which everybody understood, but pretended not to, he rode to hounds, went hawking and pig-sticking, fished in the moat, played at bowls on the green, and freely followed his fancy without a hedge to cramp his course. So good a time did he have that odds were freely offered among the gentry that Lord Afpynte would be the next prime minister if he wanted the job, and that the next time decorations were given out he would have to bring his share home in a trunk.

Finally the last evening came, as the night-before-the-morning-after frequently does. His majesty had to return to work and worry the next morning, and he was deep in the dumps.

"What's the use?" he growled disconsolately.

"Cheer up, your majesty!" cried Lord Afpynte, who was ever a smooth guy at a jolly. "There's always something coming at Afpynte Towers. I have saved the best for the last. To-night we shall drink sack such as none ever tasted before. Why, the wine has the very sunshine of Spain and the goo-goo eyes of the senoritas in it, and its age is past human tab-keeping. There is only one cask left. I trow there will be none to-morrow."

A gleam of anticipation lighted his majesty's eye, but he was still in the range of the indigo slide of the calcium at the prospect of being kept in a dreary winter's reign, when the two settled down for the evening.

But by the time his majesty's cup had been filled for the severalth time he was another man, and it began to look to him as if Lord Afpynte were two other men; but he still knew better, and did not lose confidence.

"Af, ol' boy," he said at last, as he pushed himself up in his chair so as to get his neck straight enough for a free passage, "we know each other pretty well, don't we? Eh?"

"Y'r maj'sty does me g-great honor t'say so," replied his lordship with sack-burdened gravity.

"Well, tha's just what I wanted t'speak t'you 'bout. Don't call me y'r maj'sty; call me Bill. Tha's not my name, y' know, 'f course, but 't indicates good fell'ship, an' we're it."

"I sh'll feel quite honored, y'r maj'sty"——

"Bill!" roared the king.

Lord Afpynte bowed gravely, and took another long pull at his cup.

"Bill," he said, with great dignity.

"'Sright!" declared the king. "An' now what I want t' know is how much o' this sack is left at th' outside. Careful, now," he went on slowly, "how—much—left—at—th'—outside?"

"Well, y'r maj"—— The king scowled. "Bill," his lordship corrected himself, as he rubbed his chin in a judicially ruminant manner, "well, it's now 'bout two 'clock, an' we've not los' much time—well, I sh'd say 'bout two gallons, more 'r less."

"At th' outside?"

"At th' outside."

"Well, tha's wrong place f'r it. Fill 'em up again, an' let's keep busy till it's on th' inside, where it b'longs!"

And his majesty was so pleased with the prettiness of his wit that he lifted a rather thick voice in song:

"Oh, light th' night with pleasure bright,
An shun dull care's lean pack!
We know no woe who breast the flow
Of good ol' Spanish sack!"

It was a noble, but expiring, effort, and as the king finished the verse he smiled feebly and then slid to the floor, oblivious alike to the pleasures of the present or the cares of the future.

Lord Afpynte raised his hand to ring the bell, but for some reason, not exactly clear to him, he could not reach

"'WELCOME TO AFPYNTE TOWERS.'"

the cord—which was on the other side of the room—so he merely murmured compassionately, "Ah, poor f'ler! He needs th' rest. Let 'im sleep!" and he sank into a sonorous slumber himself.

The court circular of the current date contained the following paragraph:

"His majesty returned this morning from Afpynte Towers much improved in health and spirits. After breakfasting on a bottle of soda-water and a double portion of bromo seltzer, he retired at once to his apartments. The court physician assures all loyal subjects that the king's headache and the discomfort at the roots of his hair are merely passing ailments of a sympathetic nature which will soon pass away, and that his majesty will be quite himself again to-morrow. For this reason the usual fortnightly levee is postponed until that time."

## Modern Journalism.

"HAVE you covered all your afternoon assignments?" inquired the city editor of the "yellow journal."

"Yes," answered the new reporter, rolling up his sleeve and administering a hypodermic injection of elixir of life.

"You called the governor a liar, did you, and took down his reply in shorthand?"

"I did."

"You accompanied the board of health through the sewer in the hunt for typhoid germs?"

"Yes, sir."

"And interviewed Actress Sweet Marie about her milk baths and champagne breakfasts?"

"Yep."

"You took down verbatim Senator Guggenheim's 'hot-air spiel' at the lyceum?"

"I did."

"And also made an ascension with Professor Highfly in his new air-yacht?"

"Yes, sir."

"You secured a smooth story on the sensations of playing golf minus a red waistcoat?"

"Yep."

"Well, here's an order on the cashier for two dollars. Go out and hire some one to sandbag you, and be sure to turn in by to-morrow a fierce story on how it feels. That'll be all to-day."

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EUCLID had just propounded one of his most brilliant problems.

"Yes, I know," replied his wife; "but I wish you'd go down cellar and read the gas-meter. I want"——

But, muttering something about a forgotten engagement, he hastily dashed from the house.

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THE man who is satisfied with himself seldom satisfies others.

A PURCHASE.

GLADYS—"She has the fatal gift of beauty."
MAY—"What makes you think so?"
GLADYS—"Such glorious hair and complexion."
MAY—"Oh, that isn't a gift. I was with her when she bought it."

## An Advertising Courtesy.

THE explorer who is visiting the sheik in the Soudan is much impressed with his magnificent grove of trees.

"You have a splendid collection of trees," he says politely. "It must have taken much time and money to bring them together and plant them in such an orderly manner."

"Really," says the sheik, "they cost me nothing."

"You don't say?"

"It's a fact. You see, our insurance companies remember their patrons with a tree the first of each year."

"How odd! At home our insurance companies give us calendars."

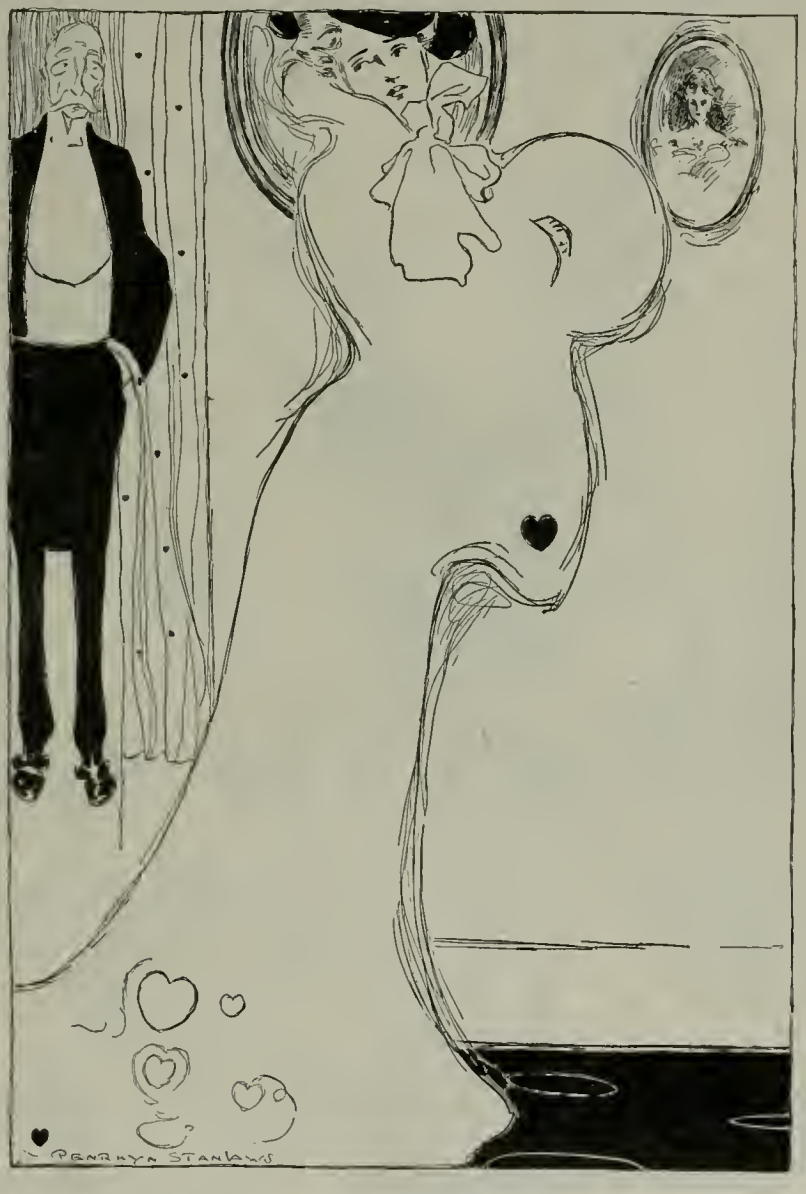
"That amounts to the same thing. These are date-trees."

## Man of Expedients.

"MIXEM, the chemist, has made his fortune at last," says the friend.

"But I thought he couldn't find any sale at all for his cough-mixture," answers the other friend.

"He couldn't, so he labeled it 'genuine maple syrup,' and sold every bit of it the first cool day we had. Now he is rushed with orders for it."



PAPA'S IDEA.

LORD LITTLECASH (*lovingly*)—"You are my soul."
EDITH—"Yes; I told papa that."
LORD LITTLECASH—"Oh, what did he say?"
EDITH—"Said you didn't earn enough to keep your soul and body together."

## The Mummy's Comment.

THE Megatherian minstrels, on their grand tour of the world, visited Egypt. They gave a performance in one of the ancient temples, surrounded by the mummies of long-forgotten dynasties. Mr. Chestnut Bones arose during the performance and told his side-splitting joke about the mother-in-law.

"Ptolemy," whispered the mummy of Rameses III. to his neighbor; "Ptolemy, tell Thothmes I., on your right, that his court jester has come to life again."

## Work before Pleasure.

"IF you will come to the links with me to-morrow," says the friend to the energetic author, "I will be glad to give you your first lesson in golf."

"Sorry, old man," apologizes the author; "but I will have to stay at my desk. I'm finishing a contract for a series of golfing stories for *Grabbler's Magazine*."

---

IF a man is always chaperoned by his wife he is pretty sure to meander along in the straight and narrow path.

---

SOME men are too lazy to enjoy a vacation.

## An Absent-minded Admission.

"I SUPPOSE," says the patron to the milkman, "that you view the coming of winter with feelings of regret."

"Indeed I do," answers the milkman.

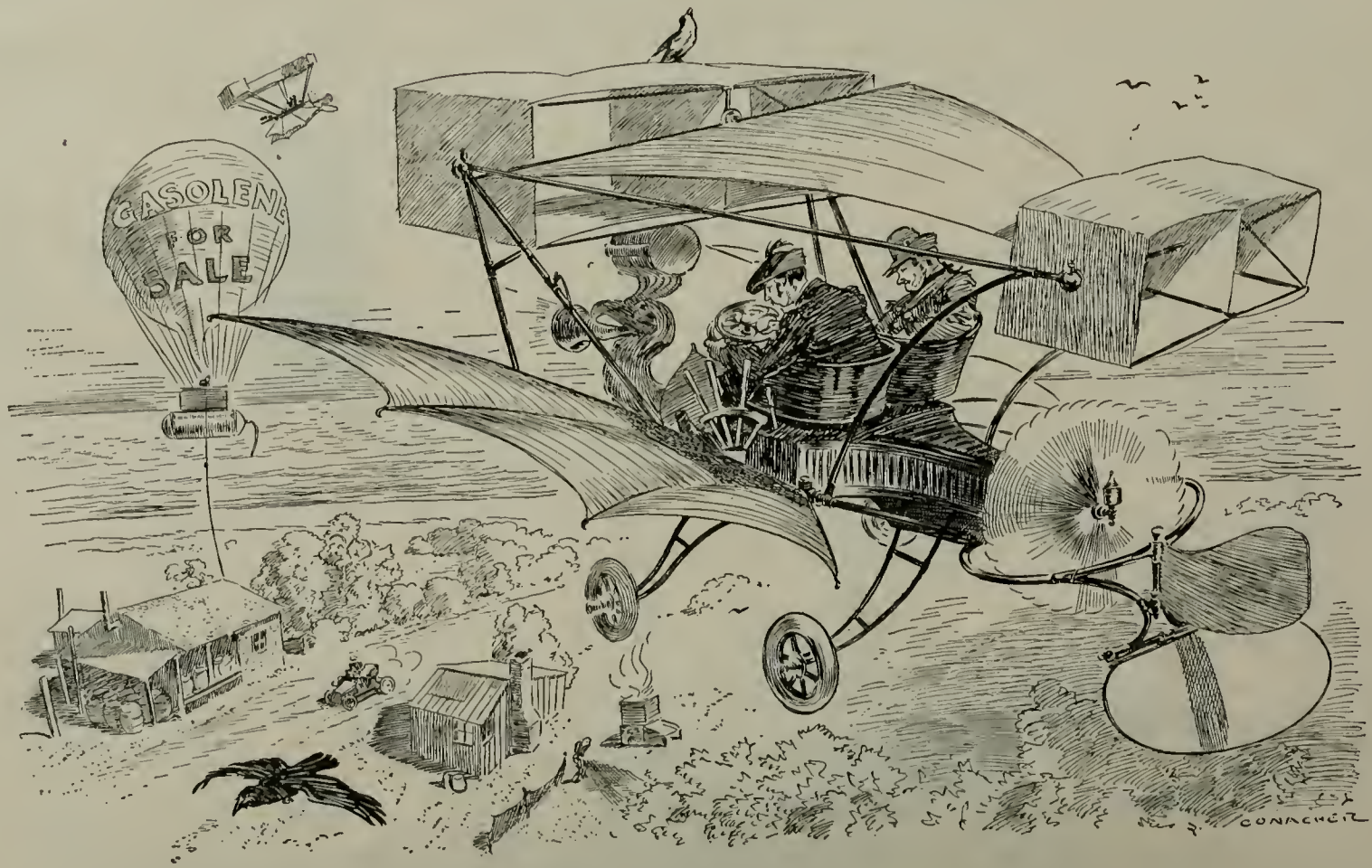
"It is really very hard," goes on the patron, "to find suitable pasture in the cold weather, no doubt."

"Yes; and then the pump freezes so often."

## The Modern Form.

"THIS abnormal specimen," says the professor of reptology, pointing to the glass jar containing the exhibit, "is what we call, for want of a better name, the two-headed garter-snake."

"Why not call it the hose-supporter snake?" asks a demure damsel in the front row, who immediately subsides into intense blushes.




IN 1950.

"Why, there's an automobile! How funny it looks!"
"Yes. That's old fossil Jones—says he can't stand these newfangled notions."

*(Being the details of an indignation meeting of the other features protesting against the continual reign in fiction of the hair, the eyes, and the heart.)*

ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. GREENING.

THE Roman Nose took the chair and called the meeting to order by a tuneful snort.

"We are gathered together, friends," it began in nasal tones, "to protest against the decadence of modern literature as illustrated by a phase"——

The Face reddened and grew long in protest. "Do I understand the chairman to say that the decadence of our present literature is due to the Face, a body politic of which the chairman is a part? The fact that the Nose is out of joint is no reason for slandering the rest of us," it said truculently.

The Nose curled its nostrils in anger. "The Nose is not out of joint. I happen to be a Roman Nose, that is all," it explained proudly. "But the chair has been misunderstood. I meant to intimate that the sterility of our present literature is due to the fact that three features have obtained a monopoly upon it. It is hardly necessary to state that these are the eyes, the heart, and the hair. Competition used to be the life of trade, but of late we, the other features of the body, have been completely driven out of business in modern fiction. We have been given the icy glare and the frozen heart. We have been offered a crimp fatal to our interests."

This hit was tumultuously applauded. The Dainty Feet stamped, the Shapely Hands clapped, and the Silvery Tongue cheered.

"Quite true," argued the Snowy Breast sentimentally. "I used to play a prominent part in literature myself; perhaps it would be no exaggeration to say a vital part. 'The heaving of the heroine's snowy breast' used to occur not less than once in every three pages, but"——

"Yes, yes, we know all about that," hastily interposed the Shapely Hand, clad in a number-five imported suede; "but you would better heave an anchor before you get under full sail. I want to point out to the meeting that in the twaddle now being written the hero no longer kisses the heroine's hand."

"The situation is worse than that," sighed the Ruby Lips. "The up-to-date hero is an utter ass. He talks tommy-rot when he gets engaged instead of meeting her rosebud lips in one long, rapturous kiss. How the heroine stands it I don't know, though she's not much herself—mostly runs to eyes and hair."

The Tapering and Elegant Waist now registered her grievance. "I haven't been embraced in a novel for so long that I'm losing my shape. They're a namby-pamby lot, the lovers of nowadays fiction. Time was when my lines were the pride of the writer and the joy of the reader. Now the stilted characters do nothing but throw goo-goo eyes at each other and rave about their red hair. It's simply ridiculous!"

The Dainty Foot snapped forward from under rus-

"'KISSES THE HEROINE'S HAND.'"

# A LITERARY PROTEST.

"'ONE LONG, RAPTUROUS KISS.'"

tling skirts. "I am not in it any more, either," it stamped. "Authors are weak creatures. One of them sets a fashion and the rest follow the fad like sheep. If I do ever get into a story they dress me in the rough walking-boots of some athletic girl. My neatly turned ankle has fallen into desuetude. I am sure I don't know what we're coming to."

"Nor I," agreed the Swanlike Neck, exhibiting her most graceful turn. "There has none of you been so neglected as I have. Once I used to be the belle of the ball-room, but now I'm quite dead and buried. I'm sure I don't know what I have done to deserve it," she complained with a proud undulation.

The Roman Nose condescended to explain.

"It is not a matter of deserving. It is a matter of evolution. The eyes, the hair, and the heart formed a trust and cornered the market against us. Pick up any book or magazine and see if they are not eternally and disgracefully pushing themselves to the front. 'Their eyes married'—surely a most idiotic expression. And here again, 'His eyes kissed her.'"

The Ruby Lips pouted. "I vow, it is most inane! How can eyes kiss? What an absurdity!"

"One must turn up one's nose at such stuff as this," continued the Roman Nose. "'Her heart thrilled. It hammered like an anvil.' Or this, 'Her wondrous auburn hair threw off glints of sunlight that dazzled him.' Sheer rot! But what are we going to do about it?"

"'"THE HEAVING OF THE HEROINE'S SNOWY BREAST."'"

There was much discussion on that point, but at last one coy feature hit the bull's-eye.

"I move that the canons of literary art be revised so as to bind authors to make their heroines blind and heartless; also, that they be forced to wear wigs so as to disguise the color of their hair," suggested a Bewitching Chin Dimple.

There was a moment's dead silence. Then came a rustle of applause. The Shapely Gloved Ones shook hands with each other in joy and then embraced the T. and E. Waist. The Snowy Bosom sighed with relief, and the Dainty Foot arched itself proudly. Soft Cheeks flushed approval and the Swanlike Neck held itself finely.

"Motion seconded," smiled the Ruby Lips; and then imprinted a sweet and lingering kiss on the Bewitching Dimple.

The motion to revise the canons of literary art was carried with unanimity.

"The ayes have it," reported the chairman. "Henceforth liquid eyes and throbbing hearts, and russet hair with threads of gold are to be expunged from literature. Meeting adjourned."

And the Roman Nose scratched itself with urbane pleasure as it descended from the rostrum.

## The Revolt of Boston.

FIRST came the pork trust. Higher and higher went prices, and the insolent monopolists heeded not the grim looks of the modern Athenians.

Then came the bean trust. Beans went up even as in the fabled days of Jack and the bean-stalk. And the brows of the modern Athenians grew darker, but the monopolists merely smiled scornfully.

Then came the brown-bread trust. More gloom in Boston—more monopolistic scorn.

Then the pork trust combined with the bean trust, and finally the pork-and-beans trust combined with the brown-bread trust. That was the last straw. Grave, conservative citizens, when they met on the streets, said one to another, "Salus populi suprema est lex." The other would say "Sure!" or "Bet your life!" or "Those are my sentiments," or words to that effect. In New York, if one citizen observed to another "Salus populi," etc., the other man would probably say "Hay?" or "What are you giving us?" It is so different in Boston.

And then Boston rose in her might and confiscated the whole outfit for the benefit of suffering humanity.

"FOR THE APPAREL OFT PROCLAIMS THE MAN."—*Hamlet.*

NOISY.

FRITZ—"Mike, vake up right avay! Vat's dat noise?"
MIKE—"Aw! lay down an' go t' shlape. It's the bed ticking."

## A Safe Position.

*Newspaper proprietor*—"We are for the corporations against the people every time. It pays to be."

*Friend*—"But when it's a question of corporation against corporation, what do you do?"

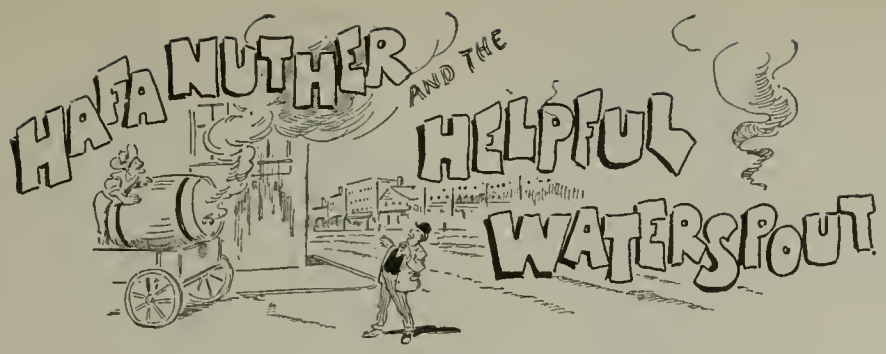
*Newspaper proprietor*—"Deprecate the washing of dirty linen in public."

POOR PAPA!

"Does Newlywed's baby keep him up nights?"
"Lord, yes! He stays out with the boys till two a. m. telling them what the baby says."

TOO REALISTIC.

CUSTOMER—"You said this suit would wear like iron."
CLOTHIER—"Well, didn't it?"
CUSTOMER—"Too much so. It's getting rusty already."




By W. D. Nesbit. Illustrated by J. A. West.

IT CHANCED one day that Hafa Nuther, the honest husbandman, sat at the entrance to his tent, smoking his nargileh and musing upon the great world that lay about him.

"I wish," mused Hafa Nuther, "that I had a good excuse to go on another trip through strange countries."

As if in answer to his wish, at that moment there appeared on the far horizon a waterspout. Now, of course, Hafa Nuther did not dwell on the seashore; consequently it was strange that a waterspout should be hovering in his vicinity. But a waterspout it was, although it was pretty tired and could not whirl as rapidly as it had when it had jauntily skipped out of the ocean and started for the tall timber. When it arrived within a few miles of Hafa Nuther he realized that here was another golden opportunity coming right to his door. Hafa Nuther never waited for Opportunity to knock. As we have learned while observing his life and events from time to time, he always had the door open and was at the gate when Opportunity happened along to do her knocking. So this time, after shading his eyes and watching the waterspout for a moment and deciding what it was, he seized upon an empty barrel that stood at the corner of his tent and hastened out upon the plain. He met the waterspout just when it was very weary and wanted a rest, and he easily induced it to collapse into his barrel.

Then he rolled the barrel back to his tent and smiled a sage smile.

"If I know anything about waterspouts," he murmured, "within a few days this one will be anxious to resume business, and by that time I shall be prepared to set it up in a useful and much-needed occupation."

For the next few days he was busy getting his wagon and traveling gear together, and one bright morning he drove down the pike that led to the outer world, the barrel reposing in the bed of his wagon, with the waterspout ever and anon doing a whirling-dervish act in the interior of the barrel.

When he reached the first city where they had brick streets and tall buildings he drove to the doorway of one of the largest business houses and asked to see the owner. That gentleman appeared.

"Kind sir," said Hafa Nuther, "would you like to have your windows washed?"

"Yes. But I have just telephoned for a force of ten or fifteen professional window-washers."

"Countermand the order and give me the contract, for I can clean those windows in no time."

"And how?"

"Sir, I am the president, board of directors and sole stockholder of the Universal Waterspout Window Washery."

"HE DROVE DOWN THE PIKE."

# HAFA NUTHER AND THE HELPFUL WATERSPOUT

"Ah!" smiled the owner of the building. "And where is your washery located?"

"In this barrel, sir."

A few more words explained the project to the owner of the building, and, as much for curiosity as anything else, he told Hafa Nuther to go ahead with the work. Our hero placed the barrel in position, opened the spigot, and in an instant the waterspout evolved itself from the inner consciousness of the barrel. Hafa Nuther maintained control of its movements by means of an ingenious attachment to the spigot, which we haven't time to describe at present. He made the waterspout ascend in a rapidly revolving stream until it reached the top story of the building, and then guided its movements until it had whirled and rotated and revolved against each and every window in the whole building. The windows were left clean and beautiful. Hafa Nuther gave the spigot a gentle twist and the waterspout lapsed again into the barrel, without having spilled a drop of itself.

The owner of the building marveled greatly at the deed, and wanted to buy the equipment, but Hafa Nuther refused to sell. He collected the money for the work and drove on to the next city.

Here he spent a busy and profitable week, as there were many windows to be cleaned, and he was also induced to give an exhibition on the public square. It was considered remarkable that he could so control the waterspout that it would rush madly into the air and do his bidding, and then, by the force of its own whirling, be compelled to draw itself back into the barrel.

His course of travel led him through Kentucky, but there he found little to do, aside from pulling corks, although he was given a medal for being the discoverer of a method for preventing water from working damage.

And so he moved along the road, until finally he landed in New York. There he fell under the spell of some of the kings of finance who found it very easy to demonstrate to him that he was losing money every time he made a dollar. They proved to him that what he ought to do was to float the waterspout in a gigantic stock company, and at last he yielded to their pleadings. In return for the waterspout he was to receive many millions of dollars in stock. The company was formed and Hafa Nuther's securities were turned over to him, and he was made acting superintendent of the plant—for it was the intention to use his barrel and ingenious faucet as a model and manufacture waterspout outfits by wholesale, filling the barrels with water from the ocean, which was convenient. But just when the factory was ready to commence operations a calamity occurred. Hafa Nuther, with a gang of workmen, was on the beach, ready to fill the first of the waterspout barrels, when some meddler turned on the spigot of the original barrel and released the genuine waterspout. With a whizz it was gone, and before Hafa Nuther could collect his senses it was scudding far away over the bounding deep.

So he went to the livery stable, paid the feed bill for his horse and returned to his distant home. There he sat again in the door of his tent and moodily thought upon his lack of judgment in yielding to the arguments of the promoters.

And it chanced again that as he sat in the door of his tent one evening he discerned a waterspout looming up on the horizon. Wearily he turned his eyes away from it, for he had left his barrel in New York. In a moment it was opposite him, and to his surprise, a shower of large pieces of parchment fell all about him. They were the watered bonds of the company he had been induced to organize. He gathered them up, waved a hand in thankfulness to the disappearing waterspout, and began clipping coupons.

That fall he built an L to his tent and bought another water pipe. But he still urges conservatism and discretion upon the young who come to him for advice.

"Keep your eye on your number," he will say. "It takes a long time to dry out if you once get soaked."

"HE EASILY INDUCED IT TO COLLAPSE INTO HIS BARREL."

## A Stone-dead Town.

DO YOU keep ping-pong ?" asked the new resident of the proprietor of the village grocery and general emporium.

"Well, mum," was the answer, "we hain't ordered all our line o' fancy groceries fer the summer, and "——

"Oh, mercy ! It isn't a grocery—it is "——

"I know it ain't," broke in the storekeeper. "I was jest a-goin' to say that when we ordered them we was goin' to pick out the latest patterns in neckties, because we have a good trade now, and "——

"Goodness me, man ! it isn't to wear—it is to "——

"I know that, too," interrupted the proprietor of the store again ; "I know that. I was about to tell you that we are intendin' to put in all the latest novels when we lay in our new stocks, and if you'll come around then we'll be sure to have "——

WITH THE ACCENT ON THE SAW.

TATTERED TOM—"I heard dat I could git somethin' ter eat here, lady."

MRS. QUICKLY—"Well, that'll depend a heap more on what you *saw* than on what you heard."

"Dear me !" put in the lady. "Ping-pong isn't a book—it's a game."

"Well," said the merchant, "we try to handle all the new goods our customers demand ; but when it comes to games, why, seven-up and crokinole holds the banner in this town, and I don't reckon we want to make any change this year."

## Inaccurate.

"THE papers have a mighty garbled report of the contest," said the champion pugilist.

"Haven't they?" echoed his secretary.

"Awful !" continued the scrapper. "Why, I have been misquoted a dozen times in four rounds."

———

*Jevons*—"Who is that shabby old man you just nodded to ?"

*Vine*—"The author of that article you so much admired on 'how to succeed.'"

A RURAL INTERPRETATION.

"Our son writes from Yale that he expects to coach the football eleven. Bercussed ef I'll pay fer anny o' his 'tally-ho' hires. He'll be wantin' ter take 'em out autermobeelin' next, b'gosh !"

NO WONDER.

"They say he hasn't bought his wife any clothes since he married her."
"Well, he can't very well. She only allows him fifty cents a week out of his salary."

By William MacLeod Raine. Illustrated by J. H. Smith.

YUMA BILL shook hands solemnly and thankfully with a varied assortment of bullwhackers, cowpunchers and miners at the Red Eagle saloon in Tombstone. He urged them with genial profanity to liquor up as much as they pleased at his expense. Even Chinks and greasers were included in his offer. The cause of his private Thanksgiving day was a safe return from the wilds of civilization. He had ventured into the effete east as far as Omaha, and had been brought back in safety by a watchful Providence from its dangers and privations.

He poured half a pint of Arizona poison down his throat and relaxed into reminiscence with a cheerful sigh.

"I shore am right glad to git back to God's country, where folks take their drinks and men straight. They shorely do spoil more good whiskey than a little mixing drinks in the east. Onct a Kansas City shorthorn took me in to drink, and before I knew what it was I had swallowed a glass of ginger ale. Mother of Moses, gents! Think of Yuma Bill drinkin' ginger ale. The doctors worked over me six hours. Natcherally, when I comes to, I sez to that stray which had pizened me,

"'There's a gent here, which he hangs up his sombrero at K. C., Missouri, who wearies me. Turn your wolf loose and come a-shootin'.' I threw a gun on him, meaning to git him in the flapper. That gun-play cost me just seventy-five plunks. Seems like it's contrary to law back east to shoot up a man without a license.

"Bein' needful of some grub I trails into a tony chuck-house. It shore was like a play. A gent dressed like that lord feller in the play here last winter marched me to a table, my spurs a-clinkin' that loud so 's about a dozen ladies smiled right at me. He pulls back a chair for me and pushes it in after I'd sat down."

"'BACK TO GOD'S COUNTRY.'"

"Them effete easterners must be mighty puny if they can't pull back they-all's own chairs," remarked a Tucson resident who happened to be present.

"Naw, they 're mighty hardy some ways. 'Fore I 'd walked a dozen blocks on their durned sidewalks I was plumb tuckered, but they can keep a-goin' all day, even the frailest. Well, this lord feller he shoves a paper at me. 'Have a me-'n'-you?' sez he. I jumps right up and takes his paw. 'Pard,' says I, 'now you 're shoutin'. You 're a white man from the ground up. How air things a-stackin' with you? Bring on your me-'n'-you. I don't know what it is any more 'n a Sonora jack rabbit, but I've drunk your eastern Manhattans and your Martinis, and I'm a Mexican if it can be worse than ginger ale.' He looked real embarrassed and explained that the me-'n'-you was the billie-fair card I had in my fist. It was all writ in French. He shore had me plumb hog-tied, and when the nigger came for my order my upper story was finishing a stampede and jist milling 'round and 'round. Back east when you want a cow-steak and coffee you 're liable to starve to death while you 're learnin' to ride herd on their furrin langwidge to ask fer it with.

"'I don't savvy Rooshian,' sez I to the colored gent. 'My stomach 's too good a friend of mine fer me to send it bucking up against furrin-langwidge chuck it doesn't savvy, which same mebbe ain't its long suit, Ephriam. Bring me some plain American chuck.'

"'Chuck? I miscomprehend you, sah. It's not on the billie-fair, sah,' sez he.

"'Oh, Lord! he 's not on to American talk,' I thought. Then I played the limit and put down all my chips. 'Bring me anything you got in the durned house—some cow-steaks or jerky or frijoles or chile con carne. What I want you to get into your cocoanut is that I came in to this chuck-house to be cornfed. The bank 's yours to back the play. I'm right off the range, 'Rastus, and the best you got in the crib ain't any too good for Yuma Bill. And I say, Mr. Johnsing, United States sounds mighty good to talk to me. Don't you-all reckon you can git on to A-B-C primer talk?' Then I planks a dollar down on the table and says, 'That depreciated dollar is a-sayin' mighty loud that Mistah Ebenezer Lincoln Washington is going to corral it if he rustles up in this hacienda some kind of chuck that a white man can eat without tasting frogs.' Gents, Moses comprehended the first throw out of the box. You 'd ought to have seen him hit the high places for the next forty minutes. The other guests quit grubbing and watched me throw the diamond hitch on that chuck, and when I had rounded up the whole doggoned lot they sent a delegation over to find out where I had lassoed an appetite like that."

"They're such durned queer cusses, easterners. Put 'em on an open Arizona mesa and it's blue chips to white they lose themselves worse than a locoed calf; but in their little mixed-up streets they don't ever have to take the dust or use a bucking-strap," suggested Yuma Bill's brother.

"That's whatever," agreed Yuma Bill fervently. "I'll be locoed if I didn't lose myself about six times a day and have to be taken back to my hotel by a marshal in a blue uniform. By gosh! I used to git lost in the hotel corridors

"'ME-'N'-YOU!'"

and wander around as crazy as an old cow at a calf branding. It's a frozen fact that the boys had to git a spool of thread to tie to my door-knob and trail down to the hotel clerk's desk so 's I could find my way out to the street. I reckon some one saved my life from those trolley-cars and automobiles a dozen times a day. Infants like us cowpunchers had n't ought to be turned loose alone in big cities like Omaha or Denver. We 'd ought to have a night herd with us to keep us from stampeding.

"THE WILDS OF CIVILIZATION."

"Everything 's so durned inconvenient in cities. A feller gits up and strikes matches for about an hour and can't find the lamp. Then he remembers to press a button for the little runt in brass buttons, and he comes up and turns on a switch right by the bed. How in thunder d' they expect a man to remember they don't use kerosene?" inquired Yuma Bill's brother plaintively.

"You 're shore talking horse sense," agreed Yuma Bill. "I'm dealing it you straight off the top of the pack when I say that greasers air undercivilized and the effete east is overcivilized. Now Arizona ain't underdone and it ain't overdone. Gents, I drinks to God's country—big old Arizona, which same is certainly on the map to stay."

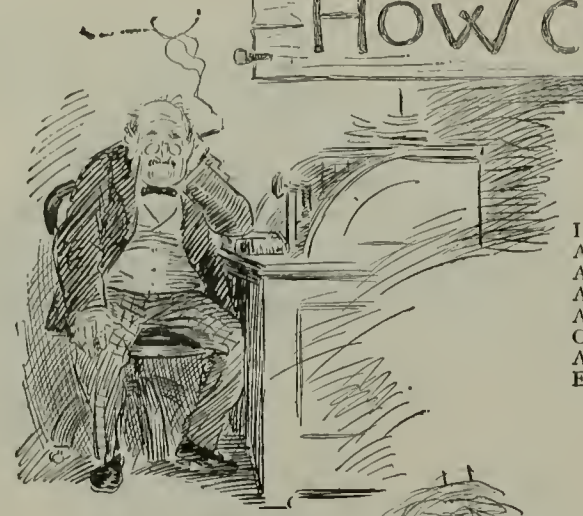
His auditors drank the toast with reverent unanimity.

A COMPARATIVE CINCH.

MRS. NEWLYWED—"Folks say you married me for my gold."

MR. NEWLYWED—"What nonsense! If I'd simply wanted gold I could have got it with far less hardship and suffering in Thunder mountain or Alaska."

# HOW CAN I FORGET?



I REMEMBER, I remember,
When I was but a lad,
Down on the old plantation,
What jolly joys I had!

I used to milk the seven cows
And swill the sixteen motherly sows,
And give the eighteen horses oats,
And shuck the corn for thirty shoats,
And fork the hay for fifty head
Of cattle black and brown and red,
And fodder seven hundred sheep,
Each night before I went to sleep.

Ah, those were happy seasons
When I was but a lad!
I had so many reasons
For being gay and glad!

I used to rise at three o'clock
And feed the seven sorts of stock,
And chop eleven cords of wood
Before my appetite was good,
And after breakfast dig a ditch
Till all my muscles got the twitch,
And hoe the cotton afternoons
Along with six or seven coons.

Oh, what a sweet existence,
How jammed with daily joy—
Away off in the distance,
When I was but a boy!

For even after supper time
Up in the loft I used to climb
And fork down forty tons of hay
To feed the animals next day;
And after that—ah, chiefest joy
For any happy-hearted boy!—
I turned the grindstone (such repose!)
To sharpen forty-seven hoes.

I remember, I remember,
Those boyhood pleasures yet,
Down on the old plantation!
Ah, how can I forget?

ROBERTUS LOVE.

# A Case of Forced Liquidation

*By T. L. MASSON*

"MY DEAR, we are up against it." Dimpleton, almost staggering home in the dusk of evening, met his wife in the dim hallway.

"I knew," she said, "that something dreadful had happened. The telephone has been ringing all day long. Those checks"——

"Exactly. The checks you've sent out have all been refused."

"Has the bank failed?" inquired Mrs. Dimpleton anxiously.

Her husband regarded her gravely. It was evident he was somewhat rattled.

"I don't see any difference," he said, "between failure and refusing to pay. You see, there has been a run on the institution, and they have been fighting every inch."

"But why shouldn't they pay our checks? You have money enough in the bank"——

Dimpleton groaned.

"Why, my dear," he said, "all my available cash is in there."

"Can't you borrow some? We have bonds"——

Her husband smiled.

"Bonds!" he exclaimed. "Bonds are falling in Wall Street like autumn leaves. You couldn't get car-fare on one of them."

"But, my dear, those tradespeople!—you see they are all alarmed about those checks coming back."

Her husband sank down in his chair. He was completely unnerved. The excitement of going through a money panic, coupled with his previous efforts to conceal the worst from his wife, had been too much for him.

"I see no hope," he said. "Practically not a cent of cash left, and no way to raise any. These tradesmen—from whom we get our necessary food—will, of course, stop short."

He looked at Mrs. Dimpleton miserably.

"Yesterday," he muttered, "we were prosperous. To-morrow we will be starving."

He sprang up.

"There is only one thing to do," he cried. "I will call on those people at once and explain the awful truth. I will throw myself upon their mercy. I will beg our bread, if necessary, from grocer to grocer."

His wife put her hand on his forehead soothingly.

"There's enough in the house to-night," she said. "Let's wait for to-morrow."

* * * * * * *

The next morning, however, the sad truth began to dawn upon even this courageous lady.

Every tradesman she called up "regretted the necessity," etc. He was sorry, but unless the money was forthcoming, etc.

"And so this," she exclaimed, furious with anger, "comes from our always paying our bills so promptly. You see, we have made a point of this."

Suddenly she turned to her dejected husband.

"Jack," she exclaimed, "have you any money at all?"

"I've got about two dollars."

"Good! And there's the baby's bank."

It took but a moment to release the combination of that stronghold. It took but another moment to count out, in small change, the magnificent sum of nineteen dollars.

"We shall see," murmured Mrs. Dimpleton, hurrying on her clothes.

"Where are you going?"

"Never mind."

She proceeded to the nearest bank, where there wasn't a run.

"Can you let me have two ten-dollar bills," she asked the paying-teller pleasantly, "for this small change?"

"Certainly, madam."

"Thank you."

Hurrying home to her room, it required but a few moments, with her deft fingers, to cut from one of the ten-dollar bills two ciphers. She then cut a space after the ten in the remaining bill to accommodate these ciphers, and in a few moments she held in her hand what the most practiced observer, looking at it in a casual way, would have sworn was a thousand-dollar note. Rapidly making a wad of paper, she put the bill around it, fastening it with a rubber band, and once more started forth.

The first place she visited was her grocer.

"Mr. Buscom, I came in to pay my bill. You were so nervous about that check you got back that"——

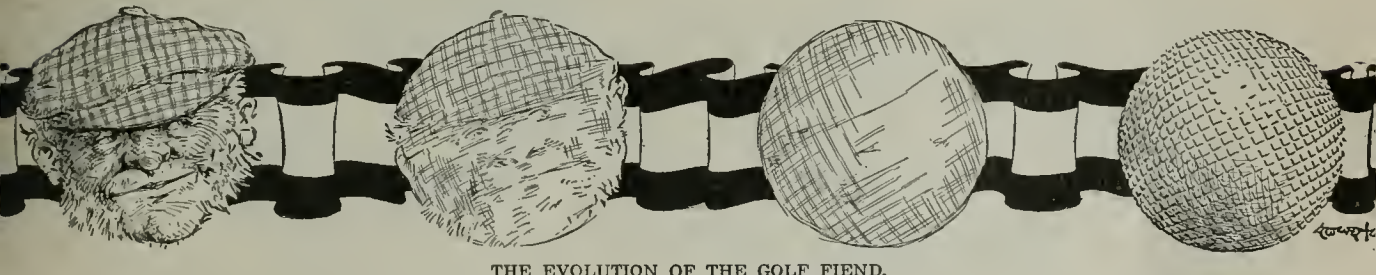
Mr. Buscom looked at her doubtfully.

"Awfully sorry," he muttered, "but"——

"You knew there had been a run on our bank"——

"Yes; but"——

"You jumped to the conclusion that we had no other resources."



THE EVOLUTION OF THE GOLF FIEND.

A GOOD RECOMMENDATION.

"That Jones boy that used to work for you wants to hire out to me. Is he steady?"

"You bet! If he was any steadier he'd be motionless."

"Nobody has in these trying times, madam. Besides, you should appreciate that people won't trust us and, of course, we have to protect ourselves"——

Mrs. Dimpleton raised her hand.

"I did not come here to argue with you," she said sharply, "but to settle. Can you change a thousand-dollar bill? I have nothing smaller."

She pulled the roll from her pocket where he could plainly see it.

"After the last panic," she said calmly, "we put away this bill, for emergencies, in the safe-deposit vault."

"But I can't change that, madam," said Buscom, his eyes sticking out.

"Very well, sir, I will get the change, and you call at my house to-morrow morning. Good-day."

"But, madam"—he hurried after her—"I beg your pardon. I thought"——

"I know exactly what you thought. Good-morning."

"Let me fill your order."

"No, thank you," haughtily. "I shall transfer my trade elsewhere."

"But I beg of you to reconsider."

Buscom was now as feverish as he had before been chilly.

"Please don't lay it up against me," he said. "It was all a misunderstanding."

In reply Mrs. Dimpleton turned around superciliously.

"I'll give you one more chance," she said.

* * * * * * *

That evening, surrounded by packages and parcels of all sizes and conditions, which had been arriving from tradespeople all day, she smiled serenely on her astonished husband.

"It didn't cost me a cent," she said.

"But how in the world did you do it?" he asked.

The lady laughed blithely.

"Quite easily," she replied. "I took the only available security I had and watered it enough to restore a lost confidence."

## What Might Have Happened.

GOD was wise in making man
Last of all, when He began,
Since, when Cosmos was expected,
Some would surely have objected,
Claiming, spite of newer lights,
Chaos had some "prior rights";
And perhaps the universe
Might take on a change for worse!

And a Chaos party might
Have arisen in a night,
Formulated their dissent,
Seized the reins of government,
Writ on fig-leaves, in solution,
Something called a constitution,
On which, to make sure of it,
A perpetual court should sit.

And in speeches strong and hearty
They'd have damned the Cosmic party;
Called them evilly disposed
(Maybe God had been deposed).
Anyway, the Chaos faction
Would have plead for slower action—
Met and grieved in resolutions
Over ancient institutions

Which had served so long. 'Twas thus
Quite a lucky thing for us
That most ancient things were banished
When the night of Chaos vanished,
All our protests thus forestalling.
Otherwise—the thought's appalling!—
What a host of men we know
Would defend the status quo!

JOSEPH DANA MILLER.

## A Primer Lesson.

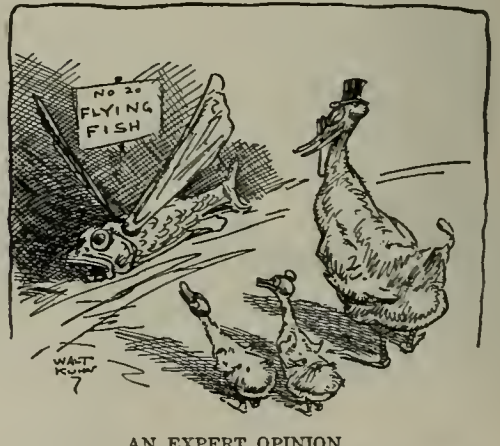
SEE the man.

Is he not working hard? Just see how he is dashing off jokes and things!

He is the man who used to write playful witticisms about a woman shopping all day on fifteen cents.

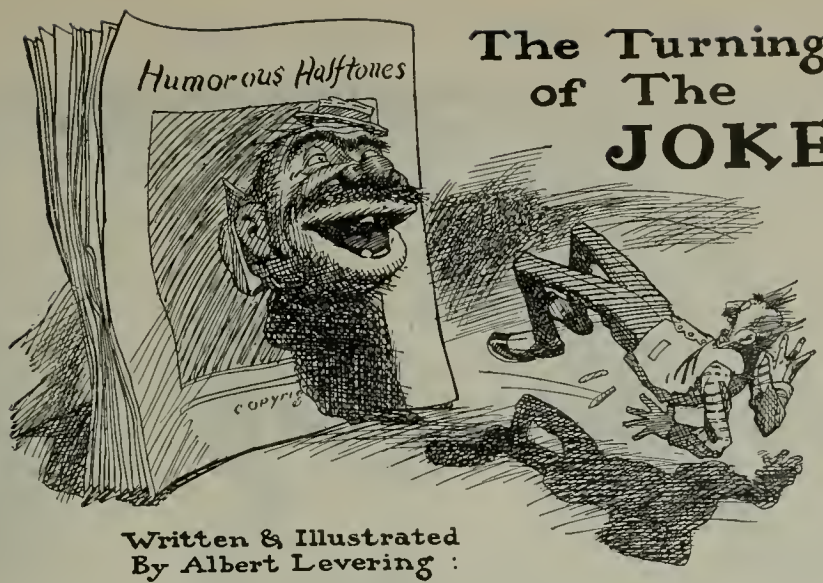
And now?

Ah, he is married now—and his wife is down town getting her spring outfit.




AN EXPERT OPINION.

PROFESSOR DRAKE—"And this, my dears, is what is known as a submarine bird."




# The Turning of The JOKE

Written & Illustrated By Albert Levering :

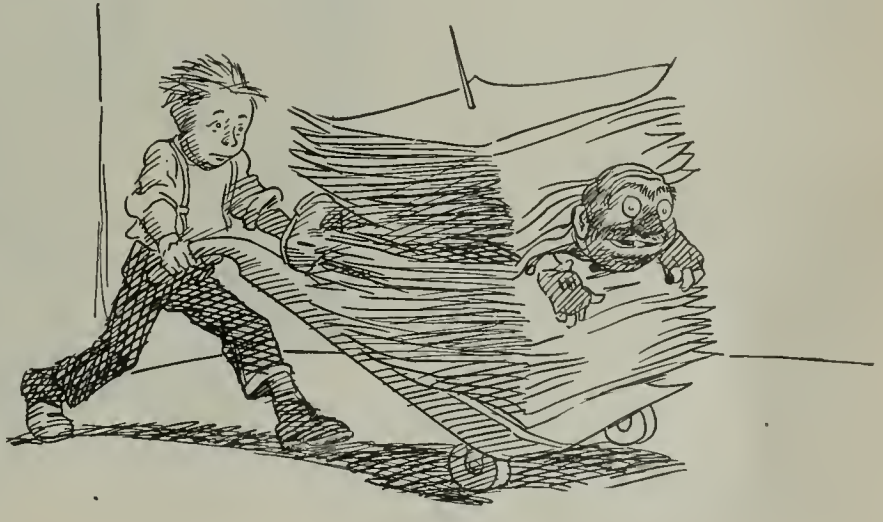
"S-S-S-S-T!" The editor of *Humorous Halftones* slanted his head, turned it half way round, then froze. Grimly he gripped the arms of the great plush chair, and gazed ominously at the frayed figure that stood, swaying impudently, barely within the marble portal and from whom, apparently, had issued the hissing sound.

"Slather me!" he of the great plush chair rumbled; "so it is you, is it?' I heard you were dead, or gone to England, along with a number of other formerly edifying but now obsolete Americans, and I'll add, I hoped it was true." The other swayed to and fro for a second and then edged an inch forward.

"Yes, dat's me, boss; an' I knows jest how youse feels about it," he said in a gently gay way. "I don't t'ink dat I am de swellest mug wot flits acrost dat lovely dial o' yours dese days—but, wot wit' de ads fer baked beanses an' pickled wheaterine, wot yer eye meets in de daily rides o' life, dey've got me 'way back on de quarry switch, an'"—flicking a remnant of free lunch from his lapel—"an' hence, I don't s'pose I does look de gay an' dapper soldier o' fortin I wunst does. Yit," he continued, "I remembers de days when youse had youse office up Catfish alley next to de tombstone woiks, and den when I showed up wit' me cheerful an' happy an' doity mug, me tin can an' me purp, youse wuz glad" (here the semblance of a sob shuddered over the ancient frame), "fer I wuz always good fer a sandwidge an' a nice sprinklin' can full o' de nut-brown"——

The editor shivered. "Oh, side-track that!" he cried impatiently. "Can't you see that you are out of it? Can't you see that the camera has made you impossible? Can't you see that the automobile has thundered over you and left you an inert mass at the switch? That the air-ship floats miles over your lonely grave? Now you get out of here or I'll turn the live wire loose on you." The tramp joke with an effort then began again:

"Mister Bumcheck, dem woids is not new; I've heerd 'em month in an' month out, an' dey has been gittin' fainter an' fainter in dese years, but I'm here ter-day ter make one final appeal. I knows I'm an



"AND TRUNDLED THE HEAVY FILE TO THE COMPOSING-ROOM."

# THE TURNING OF THE JOKE.

"BUT THE APPEAL WAS NEVER FINISHED."

old one, but I'm a wise one, too. I've copped de immigration an' de birth lists, an' I knows deyse rafts an' rafts o' people dat never even heerd o' me, an' tink o' de"——but the appeal was never finished, for the massive bronze door slammed with a mighty bang as the frayed one, terrified beyond hope by the glare of the gathering storm in the editor's eye, skipped nimbly through it, followed by the crash of a liquid-air experiment thrown by the irate editor.

Late in the afternoon of that same day, to be precise, at twenty minutes past two o'clock, the editor of *Humorous Halftones* loosed the lever of his giant red devil and sped hastily, though somewhat recklessly, in the direction of the exclusive stockbloaters' club.

Simultaneously a shadowy figure furtively crawled from beneath the door-mat marked "Welcome," which lay just without the entrance of the editorial parlors. It was our ragged and unfortunate acquaintance of the morning.

He turned the diamond-incrusted doorknob and glided within, unheeded by the scrub-lady busily engaged in polishing the twenty-dollar gold pieces incased in the floor tilings. On into the sacred private office of the editor he went, and paused only when he stood beside the great plush chair. There he stood for a brief instant, and then with trembling hands and an inward chuckle, he took up the

"AN OVERTURNED 'CUP OF COFFEE' COMIC."

# THE TURNING OF THE JOKE.

crowded joke-file which lay on the still open desk. Hastily removing a foot and a half of closely packed Easter bonnet merriment and two corpulent automobile jests, he came upon what was to an immune a delicious repast of cold-boiled-lobster-dream series, temptingly humorous, and which his hungry eyes had ferreted out during his unhappy forenoon visit. This he spread carefully on an arm of the great plush chair. Turning once again to the promising file, he secured a large cold-bottle joke tipsily suggestive of gayety and warmth, which he located at his right hand within easy reach, and without grace he fell to.

Fifteen minutes later he lighted "The possibilities of a Cuban perfecto" joke-let, and by the aid of it finished an overturned-cup-of-coffee comic series in two pictures. Altogether at peace with the world now, he sat and gazed dreamily around him, and the benign glow which overspread his aged and limned features made of him an almost pleasing picture.

A reasonable space of time he thus spent in genial enjoyment of his present happy state of mind, while his gaze wandered carelessly over the room; then it rested again upon the joke-file, and suddenly a light, lit by the faint spark of remaining humor, appeared in the eyes dulled by countless and turbulent years, and he giggled.

"Yes, I'll do it," he mutters. "I'll jest carve me old initials on dis joint good an' deep, an' fer de las' time."

Climbing up on the hugh desk, he gently impaled himself in the old familiar way on the joke-file, drew down the ponderous automobiles over him, and later the lighter Easter bonnets, and with a gentle sigh of contentment drifted into happy dreamland.

An hour later a snub-nosed lad, with a truck, bunted noisily in and trundled the heavy joke-file to the composing-room.

Two weeks later the old tramp joke, with a new humor, produced doubtless by the sense of peculiar yet awkward position, diffused a feeling of boisterous joy to old and young, to all men alike, save to that one who sits in the great plush chair, that he never in his youthful days had equaled.

"FURTIVELY CRAWLED FROM BENEATH THE DOOR-MAT."

## A Moonlight Pastel.

THE moonlight fell full upon the greensward of the park at Palm beach. The greensward was soft, however, and the moonlight sustained no serious injuries. Two figures might have been seen sitting in a secluded nook. They were economizing space in a painfully evident manner. The voice of the youth rose and fell to the music of the sea, and finally staggered to its feet and remarked,

"Winsome damsel, I am in love. I have arrived at this conclusion not hastily, but after careful introspection and experimentation. Since first I met you I have been troubled, my most alarming symptom being an aching void. To-night the throbbing of that vacuum has been so strong that I have been able to locate it in my heart."

The voice of the youth choked with mingled emotion and tobacco, both of which he had been swallowing right along. Spreading a handkerchief upon the ground, he fell upon his knees, severing in his impetuosity the last bond of connection between his suspenders and his sky-blue trousers.

"Oh, fairest of maids!" he pleaded, "enter now into that emptiness and fill it with thy light and lavender perfume."

The fairest of maids smiled sadly and abruptly. Her face wore that far-away expression so characteristic of Pike's peak. Her mind was wandering down the dim corridors of memory and had far to go. Her silence had the delicate odor of pepsin gum. The youth pressed her for an answer until his arm ached with exertion.

Finally, after consulting her note-book, she made reply,

"At present I am heart-free. However, Jimmie Brown is scheduled for two weeks from next Monday; until then I am thine."

As the fateful words fell from her lips the youth caught them before they hit the ground and pressed them to his bosom. The maid leaned over and planted a kiss on his youthful brow, coyly removing her teeth as she did so.

After regulating their hearts so as to run neck and neck, and combining their thoughts into one idea, they wandered out into the cold, unfeeling world, and naught could be heard in the palm-punctured atmosphere save the strident bazoo of the dyspeptic toy alligator.

APPEARANCES DECEPTIVE.

THE NEW REPORTER (*at the creditors' meeting*)—"It's easy enough to pick out the bankrupt."
THE SECRETARY—"Think so?"
THE NEW REPORTER—"Yes. See how shabby and careworn he looks!"
THE SECRETARY—"That isn't the bankrupt—that's the principal creditor. The bankrupt is that man with the fur overcoat and diamonds."

# BACK TO BOYHOOD

*By W. D. Nesbit*

"IT IS thirty long years since I saw this spot," said the Hon. Elias Porterfield Higgins to his wife.

They were driving up the main street of Greenville. Greenville was the placid town in which Elias had spent his boyhood, and on an average of once a week since he was married he had talked feelingly of it, and had asserted that one of these times he would take his wife there and show her where he got his start.

Finally, feeling that her husband needed a vacation that should be different from the ordinary summer trip, she had insisted upon going to Greenville. And here they were.

"There is the old house in which I was born," Elias said, pointing from the village hack to a little cottage that nestled in a clump of trees and rose-bushes.

"'Tain't, neither, 'Lias," said the driver of the hack, who had been listening. "You was borned in a house 'way over the other side o' the saw-mill."

"What—what? How do you know about—— Who are you, sir?" Mr. Higgins demanded indignantly. The Hon. Elias Porterfield Higgins was not accustomed to being contradicted, nor even to having his statements disputed.

"You oughter know me, 'Lias," the driver replied, grinning. "I'm Pete Murray."

"Well, well! Pete Murray! By gracious! I'm glad to see you."

"I have often heard Mr. Higgins speak of you, Mr. Murray," Mrs. Higgins said, smiling. "He talks a great deal about his old days in Greenville and of his playmates here."

"I knowed he wouldn't forget us," Pete observed happily. "'Nother one o' the old crowd has come back, 'Lias. You remember Curtis Tuttle, don't you?"

"Don't I? We called him 'Peanut' Tuttle then. He became Governor of some State out West. So he's home, too?"

"Yep. Said he wanted to come back and visit the scenes o' childhood's happy hours."

"Well, speaking of 'Peanut' Tuttle," Mr. Higgins remarked, "right across there in the lot back of the Methodist church I gave him the worst drubbing I ever gave a boy in my life—and I was something of a fighter—wasn't I, Pete?"

"Mr. Higgins is always telling me what a prodigious pugilist he was as a boy," Mrs. Higgins said proudly.

"He hed a good many fights, that's sure," Pete said non-committally. "Funny thing, though. Curt Tuttle was a-talkin' last night an' sayin' that he licked you, 'Lias."

"His recollection is at fault," Mr. Higgins said with the grand air he always assumes when he wishes to end a discussion.

At the Greenville Hotel the Higginses met the Tuttles. Elias and Curtis fell upon each other's neck and almost wept in the joy of reunion. Mrs. Tuttle and Mrs. Higgins were becomingly glad to meet each other, and listened all evening to their husbands' stories of prowess in hunting, fishing, baseball, foot-racing, and other sports of their youthful days in Greenville.

The two men parted for the night in high spirits, and their wives said to them that the visit seemed to have taken ten years from their shoulders, and that it was a pity they had not come to Greenville oftener. Next morning the Tuttles and Higginses set out to walk about the village. Mr. Higgins wore his frock-suit and silk hat, as did Mr. Tuttle, and the two distinguished sons of the village were stopped many times during their promenade to shake hands and exchange greetings with citizens who remembered them and who felt that they had honored and distinguished their native town.

Elias Porterfield Higgins finally found his birthplace, and it was not over back of the saw-mill, either. Neither was it the cottage he had first selected. But it was a sufficiently quaint old place to excite the admiration of Mrs. Higgins and Mrs. Tuttle. Then Tuttle found his old home, and there were more reminiscences and sighs and smiles all around.

JUST AN AID TO MEMORY.

*Sarcastic Carlo*—"Ha! I see you have been to town?"
*Cur*—"Oh, that's something my wife tied on so I would remember to bring back a knuckle-bone."

Eventually the quartette reached the Methodist churchyard.

"Curt," Higgins smiled, "remember the day you and I had the fight here?"

"Do I? I should say! What did we fight about?"

"I've really forgot-

THOSE MARRIAGE BONDS.

"They say since Jack assumed the matrimonial bonds he is running in debt."
"Yes. The poor chap is bonded for more than he's worth, I'm afraid."

ten what we fought over, but I recollect distinctly that I got you down and pinioned you with my knees on your arms and made you holler enough."

"Like the dickens you did! As I recall it, I thumped you all over the face and blacked one of your eyes, and the boys had to separate us."

"Huh! The truth of it is, I knocked you down the first lick."

"Rats! Why, I remember it perfectly, now. I had the better of you from the start, and I gave it to you so good and hot that you turned and ran and cried for help all the way home; and if your father hadn't come out to the gate I'd have chased you into your home."

"What! 'Lias Higgins, I want you to know that I never ran from anybody in all my life."

"You ran from me all right, and"——

"I licked you then, and I can do it again!"

"You never saw the day you could lick one side of me!"

"Elias!" exclaimed Mrs. Higgins.

"Curtis!" exclaimed Mrs. Tuttle.

The two men were glaring at each other. Their blood was up, their silk hats were tilted back on their heads.

Biff! The Hon. Elias Porterfield Higgins whacked Governor Curtis Tuttle on the ear.

Blip! Governor Curtis Tuttle slapped the face of the Hon. Elias Porterfield Higgins.

The two portly statesmen swayed back and forth. They tried neck-holds, body-holds, grape-vine twists, and even attempted fouling in the clinch, while from the gathering crowd of onlookers came encouraging shouts and jeers.

Mrs. Tuttle was in hysterics; Mrs. Higgins was on the verge of fainting.

Finally the two men, after a frenzied lot of wrestling, fell heavily together; then, completely exhausted, they released their holds and lay on the grass, panting for breath.

"Just like it was before," Pete Murray said, grinning; "a dog-fall. Neither one o' you can lick the other."

Governor Curtis Tuttle sat up. So did the Hon. Elias Higgins.

"Curt," sheepishly said Elias, "he's right. I remember it now."

"Elias," Tuttle said, "I recollected it when we got in the clinch."

"Well, there's nothing like old times," Higgins laughed, extending his hand.

"Nothing, and never will be," said Tuttle, shaking the hand heartily.

And although their wives said they should have been ashamed of themselves, the two men wore their battered hats back to the hotel, and wore them also all the evening while they sat on the porch with a bunch of old residents and bragged and boasted and lied, and remembered many things that never happened. But while they were on their separate trains on their respective homeward trips Tuttle and Higgins each turned to his wife and said, "I licked him before, and I could have licked him again, but I didn't like to humble him before his wife."

## Getting Square.

A LANCASHIRE lad went into a large post-office and asked for a penny stamp.

"Next counter," said the clerk brusquely. "Can't you read? Look at the labels."

The lad did not answer. He went to the counter indicated, on which was the legend "postage stamps," and bought one. Then he affixed it to the letter and went back to the clerk he had at first addressed.

That individual was checking postal orders. When he had reached the end of the bundle he looked up. "Well?" he asked.

"If I post this letter to-night," inquired the lad, "will it get to Bolton to-morrow morning?"

"Certainly it will."

"Well, then," replied the lad, "thou's a liar. It won't, for it's going to Sheffield." And he withdrew, leaving the clerk looking after him in speechless amazement.

L. H. PHILLIPS.

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WHEN you have something to say to a mule don't say it behind his back.

A TOSS-UP.

"Say, mate, any more food left?"
"Aye, aye! captain; one biscuit yet that your wife made."
"Well, mate, let's go odd or even to see who's got to eat it."

## The Plumber and the Milliner.

IT WAS a few days before Easter, and the millinery-store was crowded with customers as a roughly-dressed, middle-aged man entered the place and inquired for the proprietor.

"What is it you wish?" asked the busy milliner, who had been brought down three flights of stairs to see the man who wore the look of mystification on his face.

"Why, ma'am," he said as he awkwardly removed his cap and fingered it nervously, "I jest wanted to ask ye a few questions. Is it true that some of them little hats in the winder out there are as much as $100?"

"Yes; the price-marks are written plainly enough."

"My! but jest to think of it!" he continued in tones of astonishment. "Them's the highest-priced ones, though, I suppose, ma'am?"

"No; we have higher-priced ones than those in the window."

"Is it possible, ma'am? More than $100?"

"Certainly. That bonnet you see up there is $250, and the one over there is $300. But please state your business, as we are very busy to-day."

"Why, I ain't exactly in to buy anything, ma'am. I saw your prices, and, bein' a pretty good one myself to charge, I thought we might talk a little about it. But you got me beat all to"——

"State your business at once, sir!" angrily interrupted the milliner.

"I'm—I'm a plumber, and ye needn't fly off the handle, ma'am, for we are jest about in the same line, and"——

But the woman turned on her heel and left him, and he finally shuffled out of the store to look in the window again with a look of great admiration on his face. A.B.L.

## Helpful Suggestions.

"I CAN'T decide," she said to the milliner. "I just don't know what to do about a hat. I'm of two minds about it."

"Then take two hats," suggested the milliner, "and please both minds."

## No Attention to Her Now.

"YOU know Smith used to pay marked attention to Miss Jones. Well, he has ceased paying attention to her."

"How's that?"

"They're married."

## Progress.

BLACKSMITHS forge ahead.
Money-lenders advance daily.
Real-estate men gain ground.
Gamblers get the upper hand.
Tailors press forward.

## Feminine Wiles.

*Stella*—"I always get to the theatre last, so as to be talked about."

*Bella*—"And I always get to the club first, so as not to be talked about."

"DID you have a good time at the zoo?"
"Beastly."

ALL HANDS;
Or, his first experience with the manicurist.

IT CLOUDED HIS JOY.

*Mr. Dinks*—"De Close is surlier than ever since he came back from his vacation."
*Mrs. Dinks*—"Yes. He has just learned of a place where he might have gone and saved four dollars."

## Love and Honey-bees.

I OWNED a little bee-farm once
That made a lot of honey,
And helped me some,
Because, by gum!
Them bees waxed into money.

And I was lovin' Mary Brown,
That was my nearest neighbor,
Fer Mary's smiles
And cunnin' wiles
Took off the curse of labor.

She was the sweetest girl on earth,
And every time I'd meet her,
I didn't see
How it could be,
But somehow she was sweeter.

And all the time I kep' right at
Them bees to make more honey;
Fer Mary said
We shore would wed
When I had lots of money.

But after while she moved out west,
And I lost farm and fairy;
Fer, if you please,
Them goldern bees
Went huntin' after Mary!

It broke me up as fine as snuff;
But still I say, and mean it,
That them bees showed
They shorely knowed
A sweet thing when they seen it.

W. J. LAMPTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. M. FLAGG.

## How the Brigadier Invaded St. Helena.

IF the petit corporal could only have postponed Waterloo about three generations, my children, how different it would all have been. He would have had plenty of American newspaper correspondents on the field to point out his mistakes. In case of defeat he could have been rescued by a member of the Paris automobile club, or by Santos-Dumont in one of his air-ships. As for the English, they would have had Mr. Kipling there to write something like this:

I've gone against old Fuzzy-Wuzz,
And I've been shot up by Piet,
But Frenchy, when 'e's fightin' mad,
'S a dam sight worse to beat.

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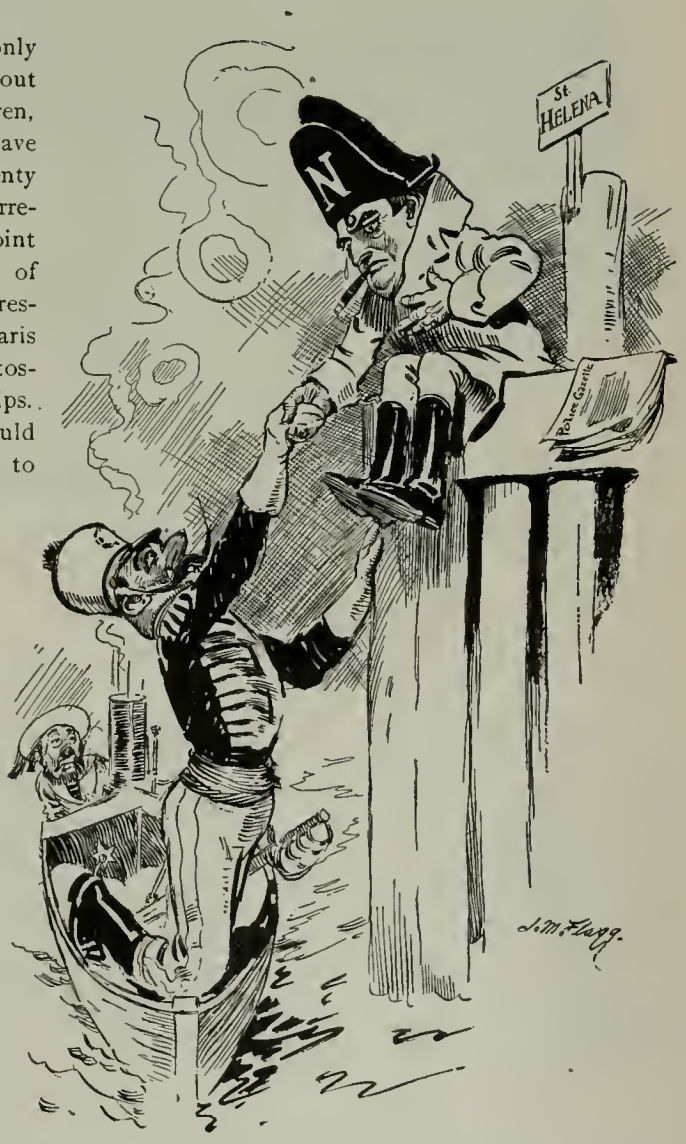
But, mon Dieu! it was not to be. Waterloo was fought before Richard Harding Davis ever thought of being a war correspondent, and before there were any embalmed-beef scandals or other things to talk about besides the actual business of fighting.

And Napoleon! ah, I see him now as he appeared when I crossed over to St. Helena in a steam-launch and tried to get him to escape with me.

"Why should I leave this place, my good Spurhard?" he said to me. "My board is paid in advance, and I have nothing to worry about."

"But come with me and we will make you emperor of France," I pleaded.




"'YOU MIGHT SEND ME A COUPLE OF PAPERS WITH THE BASEBALL SCORES.'"

"Nay, nay. I will no sooner get my face on a new issue of postage-stamps than somebody will be plotting to slip a toadstool among my truffles at dinner."

"Well, come to America with me and we will force them to make you president."

"And have the opposition papers walking all over my frame, no matter what course I take! Non, non, good Spurhard; think of the horror of it if I were ever compelled to spend a summer in Washington!"

I wept and pleaded, but in vain. I offered to make him the regent of Timbuctoo or the boss of South American revolutionists, but to each proposition he turned a deaf ear. Then the whistle of the steam-launch told me that the guard was coming and I bade my emperor farewell.

"Good-bye, my dear Spurhard," he said as he wrung my hand at parting. "You might send me a few papers with the baseball scores, but I care for nothing else. Try to keep the historical novelists from getting at me until I am dead."

And thus it was that I concluded my adventure.

"I BEGAN DIGGING IN THE ROAD WITH MY SABRE."

## How the Brigadier Saved the Little Corporal's Army on the March from Moscow.

YOU have read in Guffey's first reader, my children, about the march from Moscow. Well, it was all true, that march, and more, too. Sacre bleu! but the cold-weather stories of that year are no josh. If the ice trust could have got in on the ground floor that winter in Russia, mes enfants, it could have stored enough to have lasted a century. But we poor soldiers of the legion were not thinking of the ice trust on that weary march. Not only were we suffering from the intense cold, but the Cossack detachment of Buffalo Bill's rough riders of the world hung like a cloud on our rear column and cut up all the stragglers who were not frozen too hard to stick a spear into.

Well, one day, when Napoleon was in sore straits, he sent for me. Whenever the little corporal was up against it he knew where to turn as a last resort.

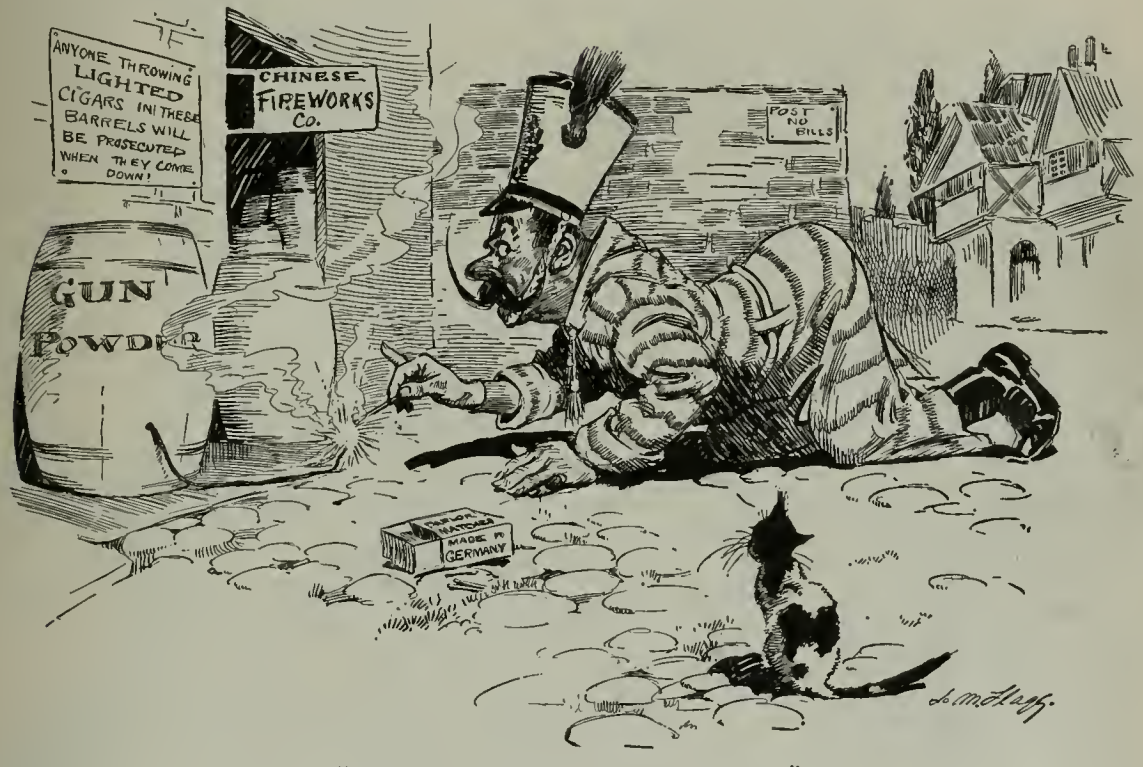
"Spurhard," he said, "mon cher Spurhard, my material for the historians will end right here unless you can get us out of this cursed Russian ice-box. I understand that these bewhiskered followers of Tolstoï have a large stock of coal stored about sixty leagues

ahead of us. I want you to ride on with your crack hussars and capture that coal. Comprendre, my dear Alphonse?"

I saluted and, without a word, turned and summoned my men. It was night, and we rode ahead of our beloved army without awakening the suspicions of the Russians on every side of us. After we had ridden a few leagues, however, I began to figure out the situation. I knew that the coal at Slavitski would be closely guarded, and it meant the death of many of my brave men if I attempted to seize it by force. I knew that the presence of a supply of coal would indicate that the Russians had mines near at hand. This gave me an inspiration, and, leaping from my horse, I began digging in the road with my sabre, commanding my fellow-officers to do likewise. Hardly had we dug six inches in the frozen ground before we uncovered a vein of anthracite that would make a Pennsylvania coal baron's mouth water. My brave fellows fell to, and soon chipped off several tons with their sabres. When Napoleon's army came up with us the next day we had enough coal to warm everybody, and I had discovered further that the vein extended along the very road over which we were marching; so all we had to do after that was to carry on a little coal-mining every time we made camp.

Thus it was that I saved Napoleon from the worst frost in his history, and every night when our anthracite campfires were burning we could hear the baffled Cossacks shouting,

"Curseovitch Brigadier Spurhard, who discovered our secretski!"


ANYONE THROWING LIGHTED CIGARS IN THESE BARRELS WILL BE PROSECUTED WHEN THEY COME DOWN!
CHINESE FIREWORKS Co.
POST NO BILLS
GUN
POWDER
MADE IN GERMANY

"TO SET A FUSE AND TOUCH A MATCH TO IT."

## How the Brigadier Breached a City Wall and Shamed an Artillery Company.

YOU remember about the siege of Saragossa, my children? Well, the historians have done scant justice to that siege. They have not said a word about how I lifted it, or, incidentally, how I shamed a whole company of artillery.

The siege was in its tenth month, with nothing doing, when one morning, as I was riding at the head of my hussars, a number of artillery officers gave us what is known as the hoarse hoot of derision.

"Look at the dinky tin soldier in front!" called out a burly artilleryman. "Ain't he a regular matinée idol?"

This made me furious, and I was about to draw and attack the whole company of officers when a courier rushed up and handed me a secret message summoning me to headquarters. I found that the siege was to be called off unless they could find some way of blowing a hole in the city wall, which the artillery had so far been unable to do. Some great explosion from the inside was needed, and I was selected to see if some means could not be found to blow the wall outward.

Well, children, I donned a bath-robe and took off my spurs, making my disguise complete. I figured that I would be taken for a bicycle-rider just going back to training-quarters after a spin on the city wall. Once inside the

city I found just the place for which I had been searching. It was a fireworks manufactory in the Chinese quarter of the town. Here the Chinese residents were accustomed to make fire-crackers to be sent to America every year for Fourth-of-July celebrations. Of late all work had been stopped, and there was a vast quantity of powder in the building unguarded. It was the work of but a few minutes to set a fuse and touch a match to it. The wall was blown outward, just as I had figured, and our triumphant army marched through the breach.

After the city had fallen I started out to find the artillery officers who had laughed at me. I found them lined up on the city square, behind their great cannon. Marching out in front of the heavy pieces of ordnance I drew my sabre and saluted. Then I threw the weapon on the ground and said deliberately, hissing each word through my fierce mustaches,

"Gentlemen, I beg of you to fire at me one at a time, and I will catch the little cannon-balls like so many peas and hurl them back at your heads."

But to my surprise the artillery officers, of one accord, leaped upon me with every demonstration of affection.

"Ah, brave Spurhard," they cried, "you have shamed us. Accept our apologies, and believe us, we can show you where they always have some delicious absinthe on draught."

And thus it was, mes enfants, that I overthrew a city and kept my pride from being overthrown.

AN EASY THING.

CHOLLY—"Your father asked me if I could support you in the style to which you are accustomed."
ETHEL—"And what did you tell him?"
CHOLLY—"Why, I told him I certainly could as long as you kept your present weight."

1.
THE world is growing
wondrous wise,
Or so they say;
And now they catch but
stupid folk
On All Fools' Day.

2.
And Love is folly, blind
and rash—
The wise keep cool;
But, sweetheart, I'm con-
tent to be
An April Fool.

A CONTENTED FOOL.

A SURE-ENOUGH "TWO-STEP."

SPECTATOR—"Bu-yootiful dancing, eh?"
THE GIRL—"Yes; and he didn't have to go to dancing-school to learn it, either."

## The "Grass Widow."

I FAIL to see," I said to she,
" Your weeds for he who died.
Your vestments for a widow
Seem too gladsome."

She blinked at me, then winked at me,
As coyly she replied,
" I'm not a weedy widow,
But a grass one."

---

OPPORTUNITY knocks once at every man's door—and it doesn't knock like a hotel porter waking you up for the six-thirty train.

## A Scriptural Chiding.

THERE dwells in Evanston, Illinois, a young woman who takes vocal lessons that have been in the "la-la" stage so long that she is even less enamored of the sound of her own voice in such senseless babbling than when she began it some months since. Her daily practice is the bane of her existence. She yearns to go somewhither outside the range of her fellow-creatures' hearing whenever the "la-la" time of day arrives. The other day she was engaged in this unpleasant (to her) occupation, when she reverted idly to a habit long since acquired, and opened at random a Bible that lay beneath her hand on the table in her room.

Placing her thumb at the paragraph first discovered, she glanced down to see what she had thus chosen, and read the fifth verse of the sixth chapter of the book of Job, which runs as follows:

"Doth the wild ass bray when he hath grass? or loweth the ox over his fodder?" Her practice stopped instantly, cutting a vigorous "la" in two.

And now it is going to be hard work to convince that devout young person that she has not been providentially ordered to quit taking voice lessons.

## The Boston Baby.

THE Boston baby was just beginning to talk, and many of her remarks were unintelligible. Finally even her mother failed to comprehend and said, "I do not understand you, darling." Scornfully, but this time quite distinctly, the baby asked, "Have you no glossary, mother?"

## Born Too Soon.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, you know 'tis said,
Could never tell a lie.
To you I'll give a little tip
And tell the reason why.
'Twas 'cause he ran for President
Before so many tricks
Had been injected into all
Our brands of politics.

---

THE smell of the average disinfectant does much to reconcile us to a prospect of taking the disease it is meant to prevent.

## Coming It on Father.

*Mr. Washington*—"George, some one has cut down my favorite cherry-tree. Be a man, now, and say, 'I did it with my little hatchet.'"

*Little George*—"All right, father. You did it with your little hatchet."

## Becoming Fashionable.

*First hobo*—"I accerdently discovered dat last month Handout Hank worked fer four hull days fer a farmer, sawin' wood."

*Second hobo*—"De traitor! Wot defense did he offer as ter why he shouldn't be ostercized?"

*First hobo*—"He swore he wuz cursed wid a dual personality."

## The Humorist's Proposal.

*She*—"You ask me to marry you, but can you support a wife?"

*He*—"I can. While I'm not rich, I make money out of my writings."

*She*—"What do you write?"

*He*—"Oh, humorous stuff—skits, jokes and the like."

*She*—"And you ask me to marry you?"

*He*—"Yes."

*She*—"I admit, that's a good joke!"

THE UNIVERSAL CHALLENGER.
MISS ENGAGED—"Put up your dukes."

HER EXCUSE.

GLADYS—"Ethel tells me you are engaged to her."
CHOLLY—"Hum! She promised to keep it a secret."
GLADYS—"Well, I guess she thinks the joke is too good to keep."

# My New Languáge

Written by F. HOPKINSON SMITH Illustrated by "ZIM"

OME years ago I determined on a sketching tour through Spain and Portugal. I wanted old church walls fringed with pomegranates, strings of mules laden with skins of wine, señoritas with red-heeled slippers, and the like.

Sam, my traveling companion, said he didn't know a word of the language, and I knew that we couldn't do anything without it; better stay at home. Sam is not my servant, remember, but my chum. He's not an artist, but a "buggist" with a leaning toward butterflies. He's got another name—two of them—the last with three syllables, but it is unnecessary to mention them here. And then again, Sam wouldn't like it. So I sent for old Morales—Professor Ceballos Morales, teacher of modern languages—Italian, German, French and Spanish. I speak the first three like a native—of New York.

When Morales presented himself he proved to be a sun-dried Hidalgo, with a wrinkled, saddle-colored skin, a broken assortment of teeth—three gone—a sharp nose, two quick, restless eyes, a brown wig and a pair of pointed mustachios.

The professor bowed as low as Sancho would have done to Don Quixote, rested his hooked cane against my easel, laid his hat on the floor, drew off a pair of green-kid gloves and said that in "four week—seex at te mostest"—he could teach me "te langwidge." Not, of course, to "hablar" with "perfectione," but so that I could travel through the land of his birth with ease and safety.

So we started in.

It was June, cool, lovely, leafy June, everywhere except under the glass of my sky-light. There it was as hot as the hinges of Hades. But I kept at it. I had verbs with my coffee, nouns with my luncheon, and short sentences with my dinner. Wherever I went I carried a grammar in my outside pocket. This I studied on street corners during the day and under the gas-lights at night while waiting for trolleys and horse-cars.

By the end of the second week I could ask for the green umbrella of my grandfather and the new hat of my aunt. By the end of the fourth week the professor could say to me, "It is not the bird that flies but the camel that walks," and I understood him!—got the camel right every time.

This knowledge brought a rapture with it to which, up to that moment, I had been a stranger.

By the end of the sixth week—the week I sailed—I was discharged cured. Even the professor admitted it, and would stand on the stairs outside my studio door and wave me adios and wish me buenos días with the same shrug of his shoulders and upward chicken-drinking glance of the eye that he would have given any other caballero of his acquaintance.

Under the quickening impulse of these last subtle touches I began to be on good terms with myself. No señorita would turn away from me now with a blank stare; no hotel-keeper would fleece me out of my last peseta; no bull-fighter would pass me by unnoticed. A twist to my mustache, a dash of garlic in my salad, and one word of this pure, unadulterated Castilian accent which I had just acquired, and I would be recognized as one of them.

But my greatest triumph would be over Sam. Sam

"MORALES SAID HE COULD TEACH ME 'TE LANGWIDGE.'"

knew German, French and some English—not much that was pure, but enough. He could get a wiener-schnitzel in any café in Munich, and could ask his way back to his hotel across the Seine without having to go round by the Arc de Triomphe, but he would be stranded and dead broke when it came to pure Castilian. The certainty, therefore, of his being dependent on me for his bare meat and shelter while in sunny Spain was to be the supremest part of the joy of his companionship.

On the way across the ocean I thumbed the grammar every hour of the day and held private lessons with myself, conjugating verbs and arranging conversations with imaginary hotel-keepers and travelers. I was afraid I would lose my grip on what I had if I slackened my hold a single hour. Sam said in his choicest English "that if I didn't stop working my mouth that way, a-chewin' Spanish, they'd take me for a missionary mumblin' aves for my sins." I quote this to show some of the things I have to put up with in Sam.

When we landed, took train and stopped at Hendaye—the last station in France—I became more bold. I told Sam—not offensively, but with a sense of the importance of the announcement—that hereafter I should confine myself entirely to the language of the country. This, I added, was a courtesy I owed the inhabitants.

In proof of this resolution I began on the first native I met—a kiln-dried caballero this time—seated opposite me in the compartment. He was years younger than the professor, and had a cigarette glued to his lower lip, which wabbled as he talked, but never lost its hold. He listened attentively and courteously for the first half-hour, answering me in such monosyllables as "Cierto," "Bueno," "es Verdad," etc.—even Sam understood these — and then whispered to Sam in French, so this beast of a chum told me afterward, "Does the amiable Hidalgo speak any other language but Spanish?"

I saw Sam double up, cram his pudgy fist into his mouth and catch his breath, but we were nearing the frontier, and I was too intent on framing my first sentence on Spanish soil to give him any attention. The first thing needed was a porter, as our traps must be taken from the train and carried to the custom-house. So I ran my finger down the p's of my dictionary, found the word and instantly constructed the sentence.

"Cargador (porter), deseo (I wish) un hombre (a man) tomar (to take) mis cosas (my things)."

Then I fired it point blank at a fellow in a blue blouse.

On the blouse's second trip I blazed away again, modulating the accent this time, beginning "Cargador" in a careless, even slightly familiar way, as if I were resuming a conversation in which I had forgotten to mention my small baggage then on the platform before me where the trainman had dumped it. No response—not even a side glance.

Sam winked at the caballero with the cigarette—everybody had to get out at the frontier—and passed his hand over his face. I turned my back, opened my phrase-book, went over all the words, satisfied myself that they were not only correct Spanish but elegant Castilian, waited for the third trip of the blouse, and roared out in his ear,

"Cargador, deseo un hombre tomar mis cosas."

The man stopped, tilted his truck, pushed his cap back from his forehead, and said, in a rich north-of-Ireland brogue, "I hear yez; if ye'll howld that clack o' yours I'll sind a man ter take yer thraps."

When Sam got through laughing I walked to the edge of the platform, took the dictionary and phrase-book from my inside pocket, and with the supremest satisfaction dropped them into the ditch.

"THE MAN STOPPED AND SAID, IN A RICH NORTH-OF-IRELAND BROGUE, 'I HEAR YEZ: IF YE'LL HOWLD THAT CLACK O' YOURS I'LL SIND A MAN TER TAKE YER THRAPS.'"

## Commercial Joy.

AM as happy as the jay
That flits from tree to tree.
I lightly trip
And gayly skip
The tra-la-la-la-lee.

For business is on the boom,
Despite each "if" and "but"—
I whirl and twist
Each hand and wrist,
As set forth in the cut.

I kick my slippers in the air
And wildly whirl and whizz—
Oh, see me spin
And caper in
The maelstrom made of biz.

## On View on Mondays.

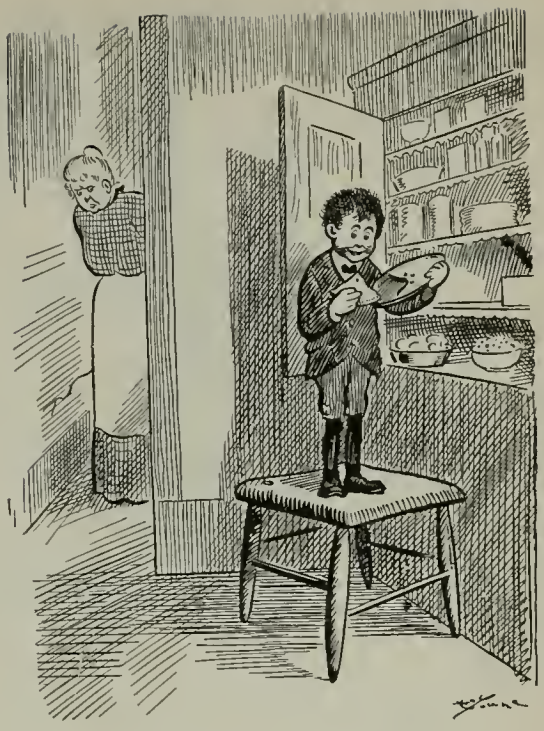
"WHAT I never could understand," said the dense man, "is why the women spend such fabulous sums for this here lingerie, when they never display it, of course. Now, if they would put some of that dainty lace and ribbon on their dresses or hats"——

"You forget," said the other man, who also had been looking into the show-window; "you forget that the neighbors always rubber at the washing when it is hung out."

---

*Pennibs*—"Habit really becomes a second nature to a man."

*Spacer*—"I should say so. Why, when my friend Tallbrow, the poet, proposed to his best girl by mail he inclosed return postage in case his offer should be rejected."

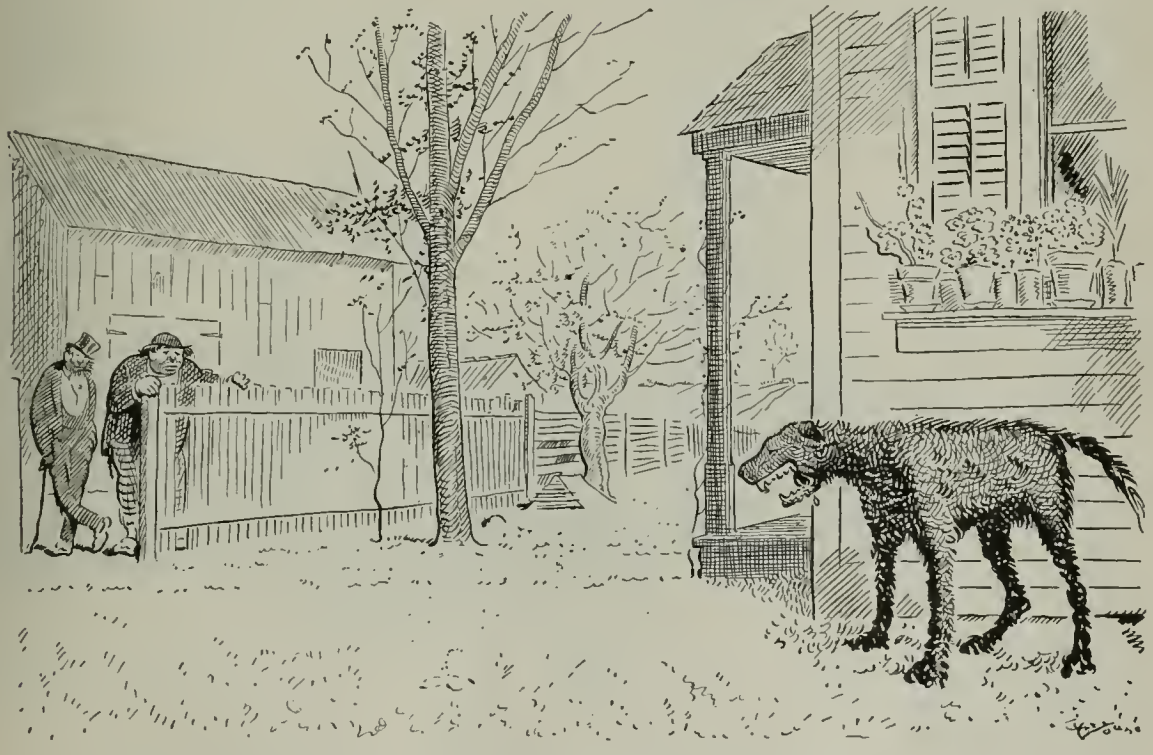


DISTURBING THE PIECE.

## Might Be Worse.

*Mrs. Parvenu*—"And then the whole awful story got into the papers."

*Mrs. Beenthere*—"Oh, well, matters might be still worse. It might have been dramatized."



NOT CURIOUS.

FRAYED FERGESON—"Now, what do yer s'pose dat dog 's showin' his teeth fer?"
YALE-GRADUATE GUS—"He may be actuated by vanity, but I wouldn't go into the yard to find out."

IN WYOMING.

EASTERN SPORTSMAN—"Is there any danger of a man getting shot out here by mistake for a deer?"
BRONCO BILL—"Why, tenderfoot, how you talk! No. Who ever heerd of a deer gettin' drunk an' sassy in a saloon?"

## Reverend Si Slopper's Bulletin.

DAR will be a quiltin' pahty
At Miss Yokum's Mond'y night
Fo' ter staht de 'scripshun papah
Fo' de pastah's yeahly fight.

Doan' fo'git de weekly meetin'
Ob de amen-co'nah set;
Reckomembah dat yo'r pastah
Got ter rise dat mawgedge debt.

Raffle-pahty git togeddah
Eb'ry Choosd'y night at eight;
Any offerin's dat yo' min' ter
May be left at pastah's gate.

Convn'ts cum on We'n'sd'y ebenin'
Wid deir weekly sacerfice;
'Membah dat de pastah need it
When he cut de debil's ice.

Thu'sd'y night de pickaninnies
Christen'd by deir rightful names.
Dar should be sum conterbushuns
Fo' de pastah's chillun's games.

Frid'y night de ole folk gaddah
Fo' ter 'range 'bout buyin' wood
Fo' de chu'ch an' fo' de pahs'nage
An' de pastah's gen'ral good.

Sat'd'y night de chu'ch choir 'sembles—
Tune yo'r voice ter sing de praise
When de ushers Sund'y mawnin'
Shoves de plates ter maik a raise.

CLOSE TO THE IDEAL.

PAT—"Casey 's the model husband. He thinks ivirything av his woife."
MIKE—"He do?"
PAT—"He do. Iviry toime he blacks her eye he goes out an' gits a sirloin shteak to put on it."

# MRS. McGIFFERTY'S Gas Bill

Written by R. K. MUNKITTRICK Illustrated by J. H. SMITH

IF A conservative critic were asked what kind of a woman Mrs. McGifferty is, he would not describe her as a blonde or a brunette; or as being tall and willowy, or short and thickset; he would simply reply by describing her as an uneclipsed champion of domestic economy.

The other day she decided to indulge in the long-dreamed-of luxury of a gas-stove, the price of which was ten dollars.

"It's an outrageous price," she said to her husband, "but I'll economize and save the price of the stove in two months. We'll only eat things that can be fried in a couple of minutes; and we'll buy ready-made bread, and that will save on the price of the baking. I'll save gas at every point, if I have to resort to the forty-nine-cent oil-stove to do it, and then we'll have the beautiful gas-range for next to nothing."

Mr. McGifferty, realizing that there are two kinds of economy—the real kind and woman's—said nothing in reply, but did some high-grade, long-distance thinking.

That afternoon Mrs. McGifferty went to the office of the gas company to buy the range. When she had made her selection, the clerk obligingly said,

"We can put this right in this afternoon, and you can cook to-night's dinner on it."

"I don't want it put in until the day after to-morrow," replied Mrs. McGifferty.

This declaration astonished the clerk.

"This is the thirtieth of the month," continued Mrs. McGifferty in an explanatory tone, "and if you put it in to-day you'll send me the bill the day after to-morrow. But if you put it in the day after to-morrow you cannot send the bill until the first of the following month." And the champion economist smiled all over in her wild, ineffable glee.

The range was finally put in and tested and explained at great length, that they might know how to run it. And the battle of economy began in earnest. The forty-nine-cent oil-stove was brought out, and several pounds of candles were purchased.

"It is warm enough to sit on the piazza," said Mrs. McGifferty, "and that will save on the candles and make them go further; and the arc-light across the way will be as good as the moon, and we can retire by its opalescent beams. Subtract the cost of this way of lighting and cooking from the amount of the average gas bill, and you will see how soon we'll save the price of the stove and be able to buy hats and gowns. I tell you I'm a manager," said Mrs. McGifferty with great swelling pride.

"I suppose we shall be toasting bread over the lamp chimney and frying eggs over the candles before long," said Mr. McGifferty.

"And won't that be right, if we can cut down the gas bill by so doing? We shall have a ten-dollar bill for the range next month, and if we go on burning gas all the time it will be five more."

"If the gas range will cut our gas bill down to nothing," said Mr. McGifferty, "I am certainly very glad that we have added it to our effects. I suppose its heat is so intense that you can give an egg an ordinary four-minute boil in a minute and a half. I suppose you will boil about fifty at a time until they are as hard as door-knobs, and then make a couple of quarts of tea at a time, and then we shall have cold breakfasts for a week ahead, which is just the thing for this kind of weather. I suppose the best way to save gas is not to use it, and yet it seems a paradox of economy to say that gas-stoves were made to save and not to consume gas. If such is the case, it might argue that if one stove will save five dollars a month, six stoves will or should save thirty dollars a month. This means that the more stoves one has the more money one will save. Now, as a method of raising a mortgage on the fly"——

"MR. MC GIFFERTY WAS BECOMING WEARY."

"Are you making fun of me?" demanded Mrs. McGifferty in measured tones, while her nostrils dilated like those of a race-horse leading the way down the home-stretch.

"Not at all," replied Mr. McGifferty; "I was only making a few obvious remarks; and let me say that I only trust that your economic zeal may be fully and justly realized."

All that month Mrs. McGifferty scarcely lighted the gas-range; and she was equally careful with the illuminating jets, as she was on her mettle to keep the gas bill down to a ridiculously low figure. She bought great quantities of fruit for breakfast and sturgeon for luncheon. In fact, she had apples instead of potatoes, and made it a point to eat as much uncooked food as possible. Mr. McGifferty was becoming weary of cheese and Bologna sausage, and canned beans and other ready-cooked foods, and he was very glad when the month came to an end.

About that time the gas man came to look into the condition and standing of the metre. When he came up from the cellar his face was lit by a grin that seemed to flow off his features in continuous waves.

"You have been economical this month, Mrs. McGifferty."

"I have tried to be," she replied with a smile of triumph; "I have certainly tried to be."

When Mr. McGifferty came home, later, he found Mrs. McGifferty looking as glum as if her gas bill was a hundred dollars.

"Do you know how much the gas bill is?" she asked.

"No," said Mr. McGifferty.

"It is *nothing!*"

"I congratulate you."

"Don't do that," she said; "don't do that."

"Why not?"

"Because I am out all the money I spent for oil and candles—out a gold dollar and a half. Besides all I spent for fruit and ready-cooked food!"

"I don't understand you, my dear."

Mrs. McGifferty burst into tears and replied, as she swayed wildly to and fro,

"When the man said the bill was nothing I thought I was a great economizer; but when I found out why, I could have cried my eyes out."

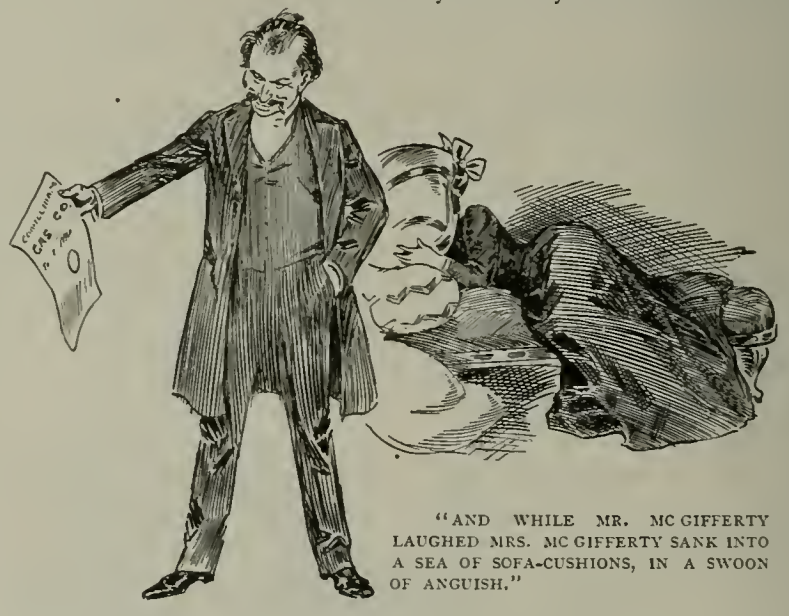
"Well, why was it?"

"Because," replied Mrs. McGifferty, "the man told me that the two diaphragms in the metre had been perforated, and that this accident had rendered it impossible for the metre to register. So you see I spent money on oil and candles and ready-cooked food, when I might have burned a thousand feet of gas a day for nothing, for the man says no bill can be rendered. Isn't it perfectly awful!"

"Not at all, Mrs. McGifferty; not at all! it is very fine. But it would be finer still if you had only"——

"If I had only what?" broke in the poor woman, virtually bowed beneath the load of chagrin and sorrow, while she wrung her hands in an ecstasy of despair.

——"if you had only found out from the metre man just where those diaphragms are located and if they can be reached by an ordinary hatpin."




"AND WHILE MR. MC GIFFERTY LAUGHED MRS. MC GIFFERTY SANK INTO A SEA OF SOFA-CUSHIONS, IN A SWOON OF ANGUISH."

And while Mr. McGifferty laughed Mrs. McGifferty sank into a sea of sofa-cushions, in a swoon of anguish.

## WHEN THE FOLKS COME HOME

I LIKE the time when chestnuts fall and woods are russet brown,
And hills are wrapped in smoky haze beyond the little town;
For then it's near Thanksgiving time, when hearts no longer roam—
When we kill the biggest turkey, and the folks come home!

Full many a watch-fire ushers in the sweet Thanksgiving eve;
Full many a jest and laugh forbid that any one should grieve;
And we sit in family circle with those who whiles did roam.
When we kill the biggest turkey and the folks come home!

Dear grandma in her best lace cap and grandpa with his cane,
And aunts and uncles all are here, and pretty cousin Jane—
Who smiles at me until my heart beats up as light as foam—
And I bless the old reunion when the folks come home!

MARRIAGE HELPS SOME.

"Does Jones think he's any better off since he got married?"

"Yes. He says he has some one to thread his needle now when he wants to sew on a button."

## One on Uncle George.

UNCLE GEORGE took great delight in teasing Johnny, but the boy evened matters up a bit one day.

"Why, Uncle George," he said as he came into the dining-room where the old man sat reading the morning paper, "you've got the right shoe on the left foot."

"Nothing of the kind," replied Uncle George after carefully looking his shoes over.

"But I say you have," persisted the boy.

"Do you mean to stand there, you young jackanapes, and tell me I've got the right shoe on the left foot?"

"I do, uncle."

"Then you must be blind or crazy. How could I get the right shoe on the left foot?"

"But you have. Can't you see that you have, uncle?"

"Most certainly not!"

"The boy knows what he's talking about," put in Johnny's father, who was sitting close by.

"Oh, he does, eh?" snapped Uncle George as he began to bristle up a bit. "Maybe you think I'm wearing the right shoe on the left foot?"

"I do."

"Maybe you'd like to bet that I'm wearing the right shoe on the left foot?"

"Maybe I would."

"Maybe you'd like to bet five dollars that I'm wearing the right shoe on the left foot?" and Uncle George reached for his roll.

"I'll go you, sir," said Johnny's father, while the boy could hardly hold himself.

"Now," said the uncle, when the wager had been duly made, "you claim that I am wearing the right shoe on the left foot, don't you?"

"That's the claim."

"Look my feet over carefully, both of you, and tell me how in the name of common sense you can say that I have the right shoe on the left foot."

"You're easy, uncle," said the happy Johnny. "You see, you have the left shoe on the left foot, of course; but that's the right shoe to have on the left foot, isn't it? Do you see the point?"

Uncle George saw the point after a little thought, and he is not teasing Johnny as much as he used to. In fact, he is a bit uneasy when the boy is around.

A. B. LEWIS.

## A Clean Record.

"MAGGIE," said the inexperienced young thing to the cook, "the biscuits were a sight. If you can't do better next time I will have to discharge you."

"Ye will, will ye?" Maggie retorted. "I'll have ye know, mum, that I've bin workin' out two years, an' I've worked fer eighty-nine of the best families in town, an' I ain't never bin discharged yet. I'm leavin' this afternoon fer a better place."

---

IT'S a wise cork that knows its own pop.

FORGETFUL.

*Stranger*—"Is your wife in?"
*Pat*—"Me owld womin be dead, sor."
*Stranger*—"Oh, indeed! I didn't know."
*Pat*—"Och! Oi suppose she fergot ter tell yez, she wor thot forgitful."

A PREDICAMENT.

TIRED TOMMIE—"De question is, would it be safer to yank him loose or leave him there."

## A Money-making Family.

"THE Gettits are on the road to wealth," says the sage of the grocery.

"I understood they was doing right well," observed the grocer.

"Yes. They had a big wheat-crop, and their corn turned out twice as good as they expected; the oldest daughter run away with a summer boarder that owns a oil-well in Texas; the younger daughter is engaged to a sickly millionaire; the old man was hit by an automobile and gets accident insurance and damages from the chauffeur; and now they are going to move to the city, where the old lady will have a chance to collide with a trolley-car and make the company settle."

## Greater Variety Possible.

"NO," said the girl, "I would not marry you if you were the last man on earth."

"Indeed?" answered the young man. "Your remark is not only trite, but it is distinctly ill-advised. If I were the last man on earth I should say you would not marry me. I could have a wider choice than I have at present."

## Rubaiyat of a Mother of Twins.

ALAS! that twins should not at night repose!
Would their tooth-bearing apertures but close!
The nurse that to my succor comes at dawn,
Why tarry thus her lagging feet—who knows?

I sent my maid across the lawn to quell
Some portion of that soul-distracting yell!
And by and by my maid returned to say
Words that I may not syllable nor spell.

A pair of yelling twins beneath the bough;
Bottles of milk fresh gathered from the cow;
Shrill lullabies the nurse-maid sings too high—
E'en paradise were wilderness enow.

## It Was Old.

"CONFOUND it!" growls the testy husband, "I'd like to know what has become of that bottle of whiskey I kept in my wardrobe."

"Why, Henry," says the patient wife, "I heard you tell Mr. Gooph that it was fifteen years old; so when I was collecting all our old things for the church rummage-sale I sent that along too."

## The Worst Has Come.

"OWING to the coal strike," said the pirate captain, "we shall not be able to scuttle ship."

WHAT SHE SAID.

FERDY—"Is it possible she weferred to me as a 'dough-head'?"
ALGY—"Not exactly; but she said you had lots of dough—in your mind."

# Those Discomfited Bad Boys

*By Strickland W. Gillilan*

"YES," chuckled the old man as he combed his frosted spinach with his gnarled hand; "yes, I reckon that bunch o' rowdy boys got fooled th' time I took charge o' th' 'Possum Trot school in th' winter o' 'fifty-nine.

"Y' see, when I went t' ast fer th' school them directors looked me over an' jest fairly haw-hawed. They couldn't reely believe a little skinny splinter of a feller like me was in airnest about wantin' t' tackle th' notorious 'Possum Trot deestrick boys, with th' wust reputation in seven states.

"'W'y,' says one director, 'Hank Balderson could turn you wrong-side-out quicker'n scat, an' he's only one of about seventeen big bucks that'll be in on ye soon 's huskin' 's over. You don't know what you're tacklin'."

The old man chuckled reminiscently and stroked the aforesaid bunch of spinach again. Then he resumed.

"'Nother director said, 'Sonny, run home t' yer ma. Th' last man them big hulks put out o' commission would 'a' made four o' you an' had some left over fer th' scrap-pile. What did they do t' him? Jest natcherally chased him plumb outen th' township. That's what they done.'

"Th' third director allowed, 'Well, if you ain't got no more sense 'n t' tackle th' job, knowin' what they is t' be knowed about it, sail in, an' th' Lord pity yer when th' big boys takes a notion ye've been there long enuff. Sick 'im, Penny, says I, an' don't never come runnin' t' us fellers fer help.'

"Well, I took th' school. Things run along right peart fer a couple o' weeks. I seemed t' be learnin' th' scholars a right smart. But everybody shuck their heads over what was comin' t' me when th' big boys should start in.

"One mornin' I found th' whole drove of 'em was on hand. I spoke t' 'em friendly like, but not one of 'em done anything but jest snicker an' wink at one another. That day things went on jest about like usual, though they was plainly trouble in th' air. Jest when school let out fer th' afternoon two o' th' biggest chaps started fer me. I stood my ground until they got within about fifteen feet o' me, an' then I pulled out "——

"Yes, grandpa!" eagerly interrupted the breathless boy who was gulping down the Trowbridge literature with both eyes, mouth, and whatever other features have apertures in them. "You pulled out "——

"You jest bet I pulled out!" chuckled the old man reminiscently. "I was a good sprinter in them days, an' sech a job o' pullin' out o' that deestrick was never seen before ner sence, I reckon."

### Precisely.

*Mrs. Enpec*—"I always treat my servants like one of the family."

*Mrs. Caustic*—"Oh, is that the reason they never stay?"

WHY SHE HESITATES.

*Ferdie*—"Oh, come on, Ethel! Let's Elope."

*Ethel*—"Oh, I don't believe I dast, I don't believe pa would let me."

## Descriptive Appellation.

"HOW'S that for a violet?" asks the florist, showing us a forced blossom that has grown out of all conformity to the usual size of the flower. It is several inches wide, and even longer than that.

"A violet?" we exclaimed incredulously. "And what are you going to call this wonderful variety?"

"Some musical name, if I can find one—something that will be melodious and pleasant. I'm tired of calling my new varieties after wealthy people."

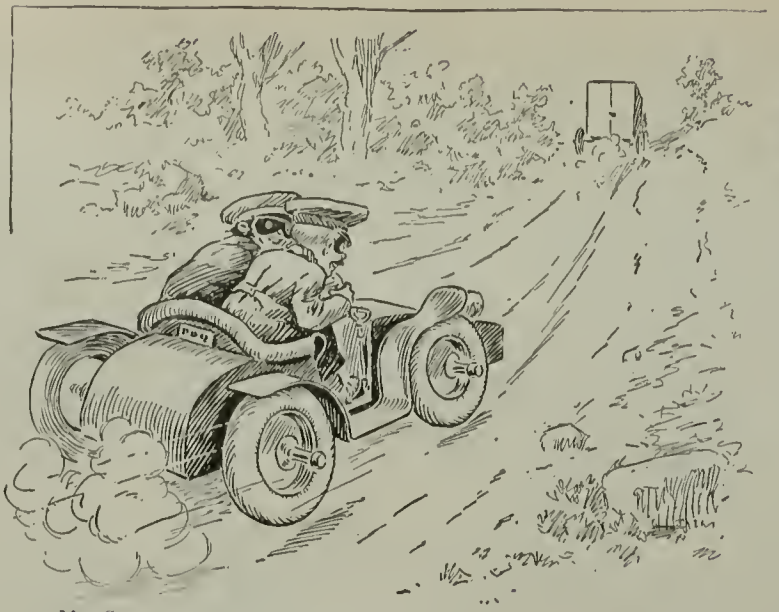
"Have you hit upon a name for this?"

"Well, I thought maybe I'd call it the bass violet."

## Accounting for It.

"I CAN'T understand love at first sight."

"Why, it is due to the fact that love is blind."



1. MR. SMASHER—"There's a furniture-van ahead. Watch me knock the chairs out of it."

## Sonnet to the Sausage.

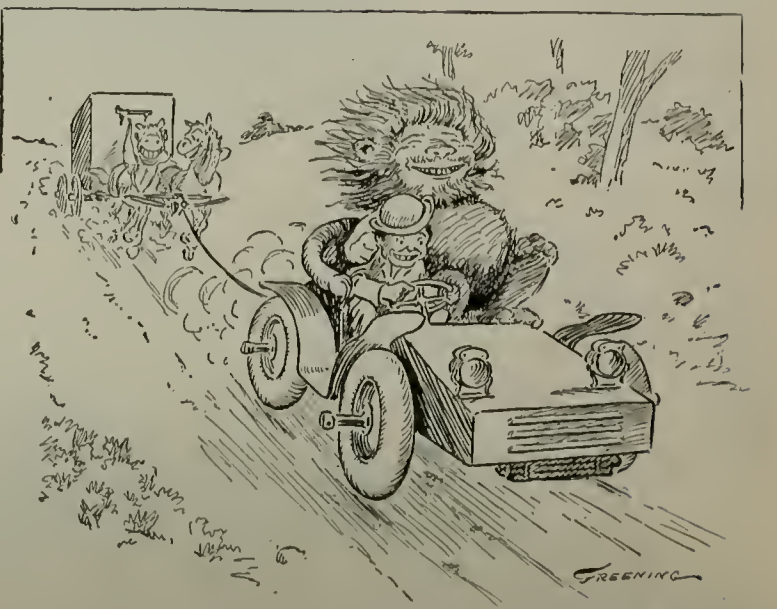
"Scorn not the sonnet—nor the sausage."
—*Wilhelm Wurstwurt.*

SWEET, soulful symphony upon my plate,
With odorous sauerkraut nestling by thy side,
Oh, tempting tube! my wants are all supplied—
Naught else is needed my desire to sate.
Lucullus, reveling in pomp and state,
Would gaze on thee with swelling Roman pride.
Alas! the boon was cruelly denied
To crown his royal feasts. But such is fate.
Whether thou'rt made of dog-meat chopped up fine,
Or weary car-horse recently demised,
Or pliant porker ludicrously stout—
It matters not. Thou art not less divine.
By lovers always shall be idolized
Thy strings of linkèd sweetness long drawn out

## Correct.

ACTIONS speak louder than words except in modern pugilistic contests.

2. "Wow-e-wow!"



3. THE CIRCUS-WAGON DRIVER—"Yes, Nero; them millionaires was good eatin', but you mustn't expect such rich food every day."

THE AUTOMOBILIST'S SAD, SAD ERROR.

WHO DOES THE BRAGGING?

*First fish*—"Which one of those fishermen up there is doing all that bragging?"

*Second fish*—"He's the one we're getting all the bait from."

## Fussley's Scheme Fell Through.

THE Fussleys had started for the country. That is, they had reached the depot, and their train was about due, when Mrs. Fussley suddenly caught her husband by the arm and excitedly exclaimed,

"Charles, I am sure we forgot to close the window in the library, and"——

"Now, don't have a nervous fit, Julia!" cut in Fussley. "Every summer we go away you hang around this old depot for hours, while I'm sent home on fool errands; but this time I'm prepared for you. For the past three weeks I've been jotting down the little things that you're always so nervous about, and I have carefully attended to them all. Here, I'll read you the list, and you'll see that I've checked off everything:

"'Put out the cat—O. K.

"'Lock all doors and windows—O. K.

"'Take in the clothes-lines—O. K.

"'Give front-door key to Brown—O. K.

"'Leave canary-bird at Smith's—O. K.

"'Notify postman where to leave mail—O. K.

"'Put covers on parlor chairs—O. K.

"'Put cellar boards over gratings—O. K.

"'Take in chairs from veranda—O. K.

"'Pull down window shades—

"'Take in'"——

"Hold on, Charles!" interrupted Mrs. Fussley. "You haven't an 'O. K.' after that last item."

"N-no, I haven't; but I must have attended to it. We wouldn't go away without noticing the shades."

"But we left in such a hurry. Dear me! the sun will ruin that new parlor carpet in a week or two. Oh, I'll never take a moment's comfort while I'm away—not a single moment's comfort! You'll have to go back, Charles."

Fussley did not reply for a time. He took out his handkerchief and mopped his perspiring face, and then savagely tore up into little bits the list of things he was to remember. Finally he heaved a deep sigh, and slowly arose and said,

"Oh, I suppose I'll have to do it, or you'll worry us both to death. We'll have to take the two-twenty train if I can get back in time. Mrs. Fussley, do you know what we are going to do next year to end this sort of thing?"

"What, Charles?"

"We are going to close up the house and board somewhere in the neighborhood for a week or two, and that will give you a chance to go home every day and see that nothing has been forgotten."

A. B. LEWIS.

## His Sentiment.

"YES, I acknowledge that your father did me a favor once which placed me under a lasting obligation to him. I cannot, therefore, refuse to lend you the money. But come around to-morrow for it, won't you?"

"Certainly, if you haven't got it now."

"Oh, I have it now, all right; only I hate on such short notice to part forever with what is near and dear to me."

A STRENUOUS LODGE-MAN.

*De Joiner*—"Huh! I've just taken my first degree—and there are as many more as I want to take."

## Professional Interest.

THE lady with the girly ways and the matronly waist is overjoyed because the social lion has paid her marked attention.

"He seems to take such an interest in me," she confides to her bosom-friend, who is some years younger, and who also had made a few eyes at the social lion.

"Why shouldn't he?" asks the friend, in that molassesy tone of voice which women adopt to conceal a quininey thought; "why shouldn't he? He is the greatest archæologist in the country."

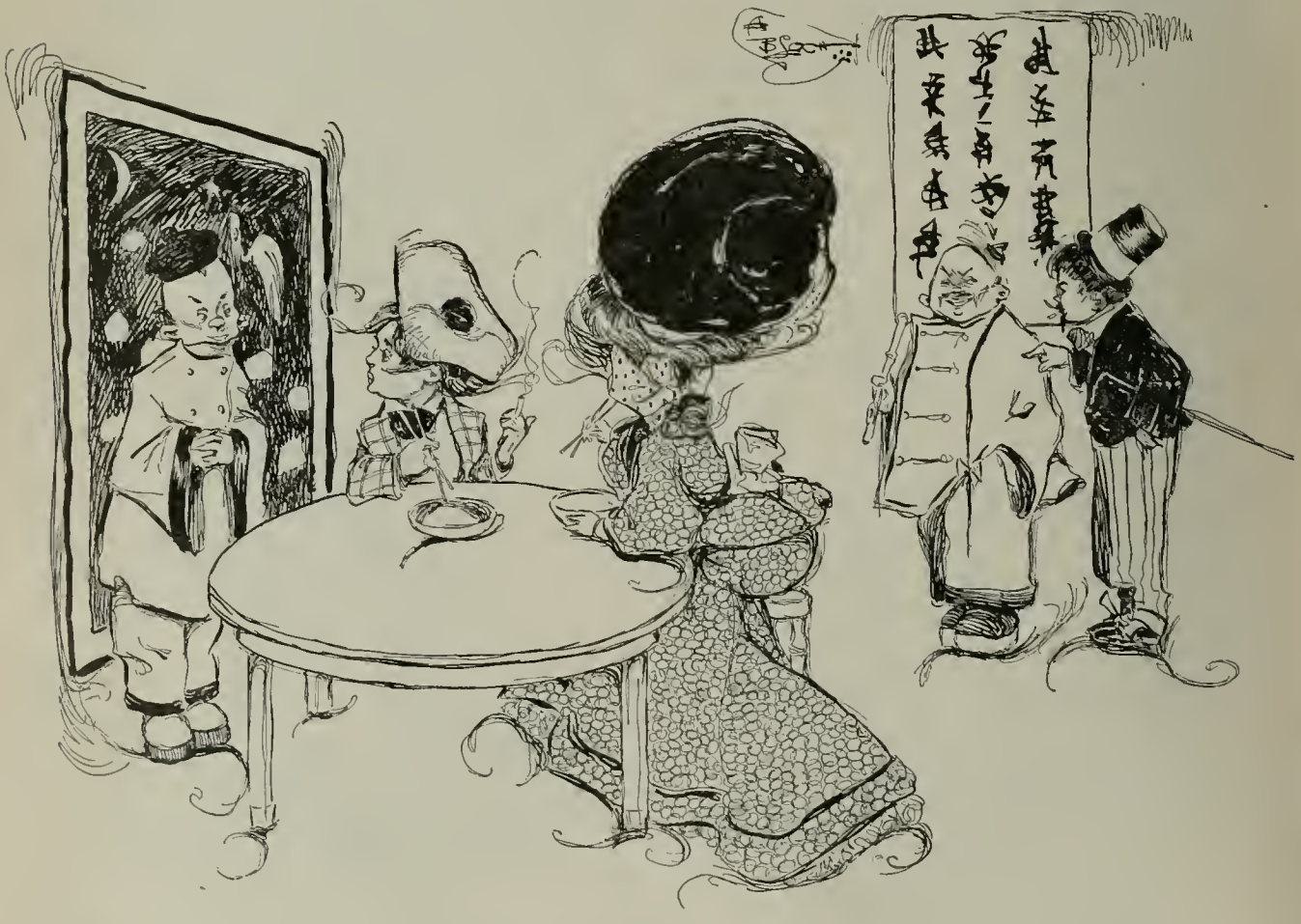
## Spotted.

*Lenox*—"Since Tucker moved to Jersey he has become a confirmed suburbanite."

*Madison*—"Yes; he has all the ear-muffs of one."

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER-TIME.

FIDO (*disturbed in his slumbers*)—"These may be dog-days, but I notice the nights belong to the cats."



LUCKY.

THE VISITOR—"They say that the old Chinaman yonder is very rich."
THE CHINK—"Oh, yes; him very much luckee man. Him born with silver chop-stickee in mouth."

## An Open Confession.

I'M Doc. Colegrove of Gloversville,
A volunteer of grit and skill.

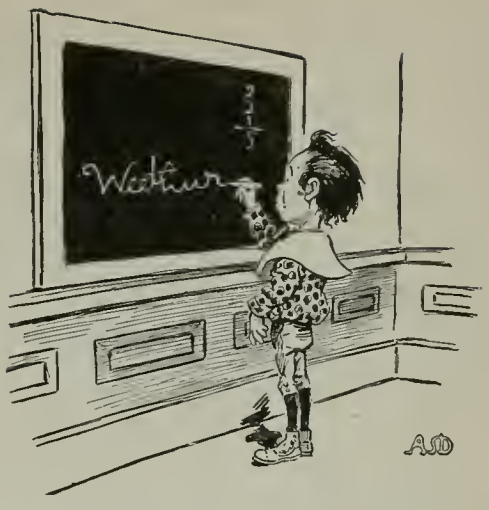
I put the conflagration out
And make the old onlookers
shout.

Refrigerators, chests and chairs
I rattle down the kitchen stairs.

To save the child and ancient dame
Will always be my little game.

And long I'll be the blithe and glad
Old foreman of the hook and lad'

That now with pride all hearts
doth fill
In lovely dear old Gloversville.




A TERRIBLE SPELL OF WEATHER.

## An After Effect.

THE good old minister had been inveigled into the shopping district on Saturday by his two daughters. They assured him that the trip through the stores would liven him up, brighten his mind, give him new impressions, and generally have a beneficial effect upon him. They had other reasons for making him go with them, as he afterward discovered. However, those reasons need not be mentioned here.

Sunday morning he walked to the church, his mind revolving the varied scenes he had witnessed the day before. He pondered over the vanity of mankind and womankind; he marveled at the complexity and completeness of the great business system of today; he meditated upon the amount of money that was spent upon frivilous things when it might be elevating the heathen.

These thoughts stayed with him as he mounted the steps to the pulpit, and even when he was announcing the opening hymn a vision of the interior of a store came between his eyes and the book. "Let us now sing," he said, "number four hundred and eighty-nine, marked down from five dollars."

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THE real proof of the pudding is in the state of your stomach the morning after you have eaten it.

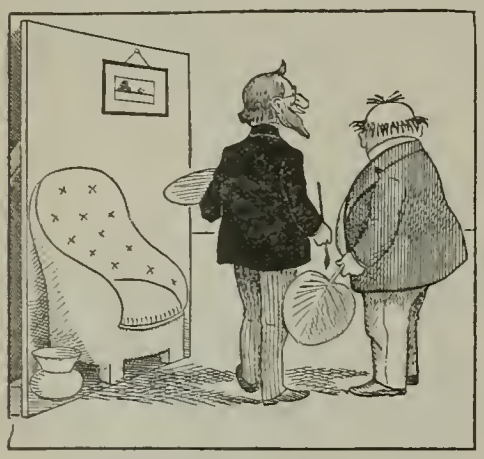
A GREAT COMBINATION.

PAT—"There, now! Wid me little grane mascot on th' bank an' th' good-loock sinker Oi'm usin', Oi'll cotch fish av there's anny in th' pond, begob!"

1.

*Thespis*—"What did you do in the theatrical company?"

*Foyer*—"I had a speaking part going out and a walking one coming back."



3.

*Mrs. Crabshaw*—"My first husband had much better sense than you have."

*Crabshaw*—"I don't see why. We were both foolish enough to marry you."

5.

## The Gong Was Gone.

AT THE farm the boarders are summoned to dinner by a long blast on a big horn.

"How's this, Mr. Meddergrass?" asks a boarder who has just arrived, but who was a guest of the place last year.

"How's what?"

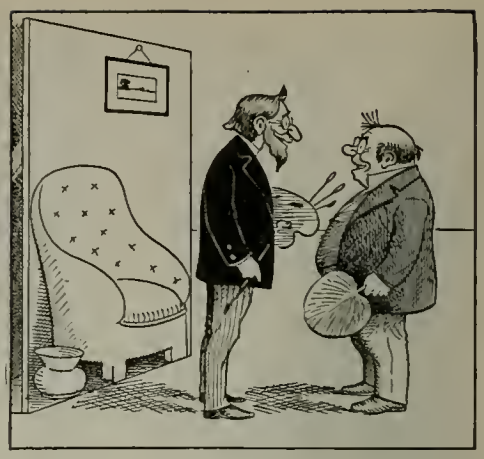
"Why, you blow a horn for dinner now, but last year you had a big brass gong that made a cheerful, railway-restaurant racket at eating-time."

"That gong? Oh, yes; I remember now. You see, jest after you went away last summer along comes a circus feller with his show on wagons an' on foot, an' he dickered with me fer dinner fer the hull outfit, an' I'm blamed ef his ostrich didn't sneak up to the house an' eat that gong whilst the rest of 'em was in the dinin'-room."

## Worse Yet.

"NO, sir," protests the man with the big cap and the goggles; "I would not have a horse. A horse simply eats its head off all the time. Give me an auto."

"Huh!" comments the man who wears a horseshoe scarf-pin. "A horse may eat his head off, but an auto is apt to blow your head off."



2.

*Mrs. Farmer*—"Here my poor man, are some cold sausages."

*Weary Willie*—"'Scuse me, mum, but don't your sign say 'Beware of the dog'?"

4.

*Mrs. de Styles*—"What a clear, strong voice your minister has."

*Mr. Dunnit*—"Yes; he used to call out the departure of the trains in a railroad-station."

6.

THE REALISTIC ARTIST'S VISITOR RUINS THE REALISTIC PAINTING.

# Bee Talk

## By Jack Robinson

SOME years ago I sailed from New York to Savannah on the palatial steamship Le Grande Ducheese, or Ze Grande Duchese, whichever her name is, for I think she is running yet, though she stopped when we got to Savannah to let us get off.

It only took fifty-six hours to run down, but then I had a first-cabin ticket; I presume it may take longer in the steerage.

But fifty-six hours is quick time when you come to think of it. Just about long enough to the New York and Boston round-trip, though there's a good deal of difference in the two trips. One makes a noise like the Atlantic Ocean and the other makes a noise like the Sound.

Friendships mature quickly on shipboard, and fate ordained that I should "become acquaint" with a Mr. Verris, who lived up P'kepsie way, and I understood him to say he was a bar-keep. "Is it a first-class saloon?" I asked; but he looked at me reprovingly. "Bee-keeper," he explained. "I have heard of mad dogs," I said, "but I didn't know bees went dippy"; then remembering that my book on traveling etiquette, or, the "Man-of-the-World's Manual," says we should profess a light, good-natured, if even superficial, knowledge of everything, I added, "Do you milk them yourself? and how much maple-syrup does a good healthy bee give down?" But he strode haughtily over to the port side and refused to enter into conversation with me again.

But he had confided unto me that there is big money in bees, and all the way from Savannah to Jax. that bee idea kept buzzing in my thinker. I resolved if I ever went north again I would save my money, buy me a bee, quit work and no doubt in time might get into hen-culture; thence perhaps to live-stock, and perhaps finish up with an Arabian horse-ranch, like Mr. Davenport. He started life with nothing but a buffalo and the stub of an old lead-pencil, and look where he is to-day!

THE DESCENT OF MAN.

HUGH MCGREGOR (*who has been imbibing as usual*)—"Do ye ken John McGregor, wha keeps the grocery-store?"

HIS FRIEND—"Your son, John McGregor? Why, of course I know him! What is the matter?"

HUGH MCGREGOR—"Why, he kicked me oot o' his store just noo. But A'll show him—A'll show him A' kem from a better family than ever he did."

Cruel circumstance drew me north the following spring; thence the scene rapidly shifted to the strenuous West, where I had to work so hard to make my own living, the idea of providing for another mouth than my own was out of the question. How could one afford to buy honey for a bee, when he was only getting dilute corn-syrup on his own wheat-cakes?

In Chicago I tarried long. But nobody there seemed to know anything about bees, their habits, food, drink or how they should be bedded down nights. Would I like to go into the mushroom business? A fellow offered to rent me a room and show me how to mix up my own mush. There are lots of mushroomers in Chicago, especially in winter.

Then one day I crossed the lake, and in an evil hour dropped into Grand Rapids. Now, Grand Rapids is a very good place of its kind; if you don't mind the smell of glue and the smoke and the noise and the sawdust, and can worry along with the people, it's not so bad.

Theosophists tell us that we owe our luck—good, stony and indifferent—to Karma. Karma is something in Hindu like Kismet in Turkese, or Turquoise, whichever you call it. It means Fate. They claim our fate depends solely upon the kind of Karma we made in our last incarnation. This time I was born of poor but honest parents, but if ever I lived on earth before I must have been a "holy terror," for I had to live and work three long years in Grand Rapids before I got all that dirty old Karma wiped off the slate. In my leisure mo-

A SLIM OUTLOOK.

THE LION—"What is the outlook for a good, hearty supper?"
THE TIGER CUB—"Just at present it is very slim."

ments I would inquire about bees. But nobody in town seemed to know about bees. Would I like to buy a house and lot and some second-hand lead-pipe?

Destiny at last gave a shove, and I hied me to the Pacific slope on a thirty-three-dollar settler's ticket, get your grub catch-as-catch-can at the tank stations. We stopped over in Denver a couple of days.

But no one in Denver seemed to know anything about bees—unless, perhaps, there might be a mine named the Busy Bee. Now, would I like a few yards of fresh mining-stock, right off the cylinder press? Five cents a share, and sure to go to six. They print it in rolls like wall-paper in Denver. When they have got all your money they show you the border.

I said, "No; if I can't have a bee, g'way 'n let me bee."

So in time we got over the Ridge and stopped at Oakland Mole, where we took ferry over to 'Frisco. As the good ship bumped into the ferry-piling I saw some strange creatures perched on the warehouse roof near the wharf, and asked a fellow-voyageur if those were bees. He said no; they were California sea-gulls, waiting for an earthquake to come along.

"Ah! My word!" I responded, making a noise like an English tourist who sees something for the first time but won't let on. "Yes," he continued; "they know if a quake comes along they will get a bite of something to eat out of the relief fund. Marveling, I strode rapidly up Market Street and got a free drink of water at Lotta's fountain. Little did I reck that I would afterward understand those gulls, and be glad of three San Francisco sinkers for a nickel—or two, if you take coffee.

But we glided down the coast line and dawdled all winter in Los Angeles, but nobody there seemed to have bees to sell. Would I like to buy an orange-grove—or, say, an ostrich-farm? As I do not speak Austrian I declined.

Ah, me! the whirligig of Fate! The remorseless Wheel of Time! Last summer found me in Maine, lying face up gazing at the apple-blossoms, in a Mexican hammock that was never any nearer El Paso, Texas, than a five-and-ten-cent counter; and everybody knows that in El Paso everything is two bits, or four bits, or six bits, as the case may be. The first time I heard this odd expression, I said haughtily but not unkindly, "Sir, do not say two bits, say two bites; it's more grammatical." But Arizona Joe reached for something shiny with one hand and his lariat with the other, muttered some Castellano words that I could not find in my Spanish dictionary afterward, and I dropped the subject hastily and climbed back aboard the Overland. I wished, when it was too late, I had asked him to lasso me a bee.

But as I lay in the hammock, quietly musing, all at once I heard a strange, buzzing sound, which grew rapidly louder, like an electric-car skimming along the pike, and some strange, winged shrub alighted suddenly on my resolute chin; and when I tried to brush him off he turned on me savagely, drew a sharp, Eyetalian dagger from his hip pocket and stabbed me extremely severely repeatedly.

I had never seen one before, but all at once I had an instinctive and intuitive hunch this must be a live bee. "Help! Help!" I cried as I pluckily held on to the assassin. "Help! Help! Assistance! I have caught a bee."

Joel, the hired man, came running, armed with his trusty hoe.

"That hain't no bee, ye gol-durn Rhode Island goat-eating loggerhead," he said; "that's a yellow-jacket—a Maine hornet."

But some day I shall buy me a bee, if it takes my last cent.

THE PORTRAIT SAVED HIM.

"Jones always said that some day I would be glad I had his portrait of Maria."

# THE CIRCUIT COURT

*BY DONALD CAMERON SHAFER*

BEHIND the rail the lawyers, court officers and newspaper men tilted in their chairs about the clerk's desk awaiting the judge who always lingered long over his lunch. The deputy sheriff passed again the box of excellent cigars.

" I had been in town about three months," began Attorney John Miller, " before my first case came shuffling, reluctant and afraid, into my office one morning in the shape of an aged colored man.

" His son, Alexander Hamilton Jeffers, was in trouble and needed a tome of legal advice. The young negro had broken a bar mirror during some trouble in a saloon in Rotterdam. The trial was set down for that afternoon, and the aged father begged me in an Uncle Tom voice to go and get his son liberated. Touched by the old man's confidence and grief I confessed that there was no reason between Ursus Major and the city hall why I should not lock my resting place and look after his unfortunate son who was threatened with the road gang.

" The trial was before the justice of the peace, Peter D. Magee, a hotel keeper at Rotterdam Junction, who held court in the small room to the rear of the bar.

" The hotel was making a dismal failure of accommodating the male population of the township when we arrived and the trial was ready to start. I found my client, a gothic-headed, long-legged negro, in the back room, handcuffed to the constable, Big George Dobbie, a man of great height and prize squashy growth.

" I casually informed the judge that I was there to defend the prisoner.

" ' Be ye a lawyer, sonny,' he asked, ' with the right to expound the law in this court?"

" I told him I was and had the documents to prove it, and was even then seeking an opportunity to convince a doubting world of my embryo legal ability. Then I asked permission for a private conference with my client. After carefully looking up the law on the subject and whispering with two wise men who sat near the circular bench, the judge ordered the constable to unlock the handcuffs and release one of the criminals. The room was packed with countrymen, glad of the excuse to dodge work for the day and welcoming the excitement of a trial. With difficulty I cleared a small space near an open window, where the breeze was good and I could hold a whispered conversation with my client.

" ' Tell all your little trouble to me, Alexander Hamilton,' I commanded, explaining that his father had sent me to look after his case.

" ' Wall, boss,' whispered Jeffers, ' we got in an argufication disposin' a crap game, and Ah heaves a dish at dat loafin' bahr-tender's haid. But Ah done miss him, boss, and break de glass. Don't yo' see any way fo' me out o' dis, Mr. Lawyerman? '

" The case was hopeless. There were plenty of witnesses, and race prejudice was so thick in that room a blind man could have poked it with his cane. I had at that time a fatal gift of ultra-humor, but again my tender jokelet was misunderstood. That is the trouble with my humor—no one can understand it.

" ' My unfortunate Senegambian,' answered I in my most nonchalant and jocund manner, ' there is but one way for you to escape the punishment which these men are waiting to deal out for you, and that is through that open window!'

" Never since have I known a client to demonstrate such confidence in legal opinion and suggestion, nor seen one accept legal advice with such promptness and alacrity. Without stopping to question the soundness of my logic, without a single doubt or fear as to my superior judgment and counsel, he made a flying leap through the open window, landed in a flower bed, and dashed across a garden into the wilds of Rotterdam.

" ' Stop that nigger! Catch him, somebody!" yelled the judge, vaulting his judicial bench and plunging through the window in his eagerness to be the first to execute his orders.

" The posse was organized on the run. The court attendants and prospective jurymen needed no urging, as they could see their visions of an afternoon off, the importance of being a juror and the court fees fading away to the south like a blackbird before a heavy frost. It was the first and only time I have ever seen Justice in actual pursuit of Crime. The negro was pursued by a rural Nemesis, corporeal and threatening. Across the fields we raced, strung out in an irregular line, the stern chase promising to be a long one.

" ' Stop, you black!"—— Magee was yelling at every jump, and he was gaining, too. ' Stop! Halt! You're resisting arrest! You're disobeying the commands of an officer of the law! Halt, you!'——

" But the threats only quirted the negro into longer strides. The pursuers gave voice like a pack of human beagles, and, regardless of sweltering heat, growing crops or uncut hay, bent every effort to run down their quarry.

" The monstrous constable and I brought up the rear. I was not anxious for a sprint that hot day, because I do not believe in violent exercise or unusual exertion. Besides it is always our policy to move as *slowly as possible in criminal work.* I kept in sight of the game partly in the interest of my client and partly to watch George Dobbie hurl his 300 and odd pounds of flesh through the circumambient air. He lurched heavily over the rough places, cursing his corpulency which stood about two feet between him and the performance of his sworn duty, and me for an accomplice of the escaped prisoner. He was

the easiest and most successful swearer I have ever had the pleasure to listen to—profanity was not a habit with Dobbie; it was a gift.

"Far in the distance we could see the angry judge leading the race. He was taking the rail fences as easily as a blooded hunter and the level fields like a Saratoga thoroughbred. He was only a few yards behind the fugitive, with the village smithy, a grocery clerk and the postmaster close behind. The negro was rapidly nearing the thick brush by the Normankill, and it looked as though I had given him the correct advice and escape was certain. Suddenly the judge's arm waved and the bung starter, which he always used as a gavel and clung to during the chase, flew through the air and struck the gyrating woolly pate, dropping the negro as limp as a dead duck.

"Judge Magee fell panting across the prisoner, to be joined in a minute by those who were contesting for second money. With difficulty I removed the court from my prisoner and found him nearly suffocated, short of wind and badly scared. I had great difficulty in cheering Alexander.

"When the distance back to the hotel was roughly calculated, it seemed about eleven miles and the fences almost seemed to grow.

"'It's too hot fer me to go 'way back there,' oozed the fat constable, gasping for breath as he double handcuffed the prisoner and adjusted the 'twisters.'

"Farmer Albert Wingate, sopping perspiration with a blue handkerchief, came to our rescue.

"'Pete, I've got some pert cider,' said he; 'and supposin' we all hike over to my hum and finish this 'ere strenuous case in my waggin house. I'm as dry as a cork leg in a dusky garret.'

"We were all tired, damp and hot, so the invitation was accepted and we adjourned to the wagon house, where court resumed, after a round of excellent cider, with Justice Magee seated on a wheelbarrow behind a packing-box. The rest of the court found seats on inverted buckets, boxes and blocks of wood. The spectators had increased until the premises looked more like a country auction than a session of Justice's court.

"The judge silenced the crowd by banging on the packing-box with the bloody gavel.

"'I declare this court wide open and resumin' business,' he called in a voice still broken from hard breathing; 'the furst and only case to be called is that of the pepul of the state of New York vs. Ham. Jeffers, charged fustly with damagin' property to the extent of $200; secondly, with havin' committed a grevious and melishus and premedditated assault on one of our esteemed citizens, Ed. Slover; and, thirdly, with resistin' arrest and abusin' an officer.' He stopped and gasped for breath, giving me time to recover; then he looked the defendant square in the eye and yelled, 'Nigger, guilty or not guilty?'

"'But, judge,' I interposed, 'you can't try the prisoner on all those counts. It's beyond your jurisdiction. You '——

"'I can't, hey!' he bellowed, jumping up and thundering on the box with the gavel. 'I'll show you who's runnin' this here court. Don't you try to intimidate and sass me or I'll fine ye fer contempt. If ye are goin' ter plead fer that migratory, manslaughterin', property-destroyin' miscreant, who ought to be lynched out of general principles, do so and have done. I say, nigger, guilty or not guilty?'

"I began to wish my client had been geared for greater speed. I wanted Jeffers to plead guilty to breaking the glass, but he refused and demanded a trial, so I entered a stipulated plea of not guilty and the trial began. The jury of six good men and true was drawn from a dirty cigar-box by the town clerk. He looked at each slip carefully before he drew it, proving that he was perfectly competent to draw a jury and announcing his decision in the usual inaudible voice. My client whispered that one of the jurors was a relative of the judge.

"'I excuse Mr. Hastings,' I announced, indicating a middle-aged man behind a ponderous mustache. Mr. Hastings jerked to his feet with an oath and dropped back with a gasp, nearly choking on his fine-cut.

"'Ye can't do it! Ye can't do it!' he protested.

"But I did do it, and I excused two more just to show that I could keep it up.

"By hard work I prevailed upon the court to release

HE DIDN'T WAIT.

THE SALESLADY—"What would you like, sir?"
SMART CUSTOMER—"A nice little kiss, please."
THE SALESLADY—"Wait a moment. Mr. Booker, here's a gentleman wants a kiss!"

the prisoner during the trial and to surround him with a sufficient guard. The trial continued with great enthusiasm, as the press would say. The first witness to take the stand was Ed. Slover, who had been cut by the flying glass. The witness was of the very common type of rumdum. The glass had not damaged his head much, although his cranium looked as though a not over-strong youngster could knock his brains out with the bar towel. He testified that he was merely assisting the bar-keep in removing the negro's money when he was struck down by the flying glass. He swore that he had seen the negro throw the dish, and admitted under cross-examination that his back was turned.

" At this time the court was interrupted by a new arrival, ' Joe ' Ryan, who was debarred five years before and who made a precarious living by practicing in Justice's court and drawing up papers. Although Ryan was even then well on his way to the devil and has since probably reached his destination, he was a pretty shrewd old pettifogger. That day his black clothing was unusually rusty and his linen slippery with perspiration. His face looked like a peeled blood orange from a combination of heat, haste and whiskey. His protruding, red-rimmed eyes leaked streams of water, evidently filtered from the poor whiskey amalgamated with his flesh. He assisted the people, of course, as he and Judge Magee were always thicker than seven in a bed.

" In the first round Ryan and I clashed. The attorney for the people took advantage of the desultory order of the court to voice a few personal remarks about ' young whip-snappers with their profound perspicuity and periodical persistency in trying to debase the noble profession of Blackstone with their effervescent effusions.' I demurred and we started to argue the point then and there. The argument grew hotter and hotter until we were both talking at once. I was mad, but Ryan was soon raving. The judge bawled that he would fine us both, and the noisy gavel added to the din.

" To say the spectators enjoyed the wordy battle is impugning the powers of expression. They reveled in it as a festival of joy and a carnival of mirth. They assisted and abetted to the excitement by shouting encouraging ejaculations to both of us until the wagon house was in an uproar. It was almost as good as a dog fight to them.

" ' Sic 'em, Ryan! Go it, young feller! Give it to him!' they yelled. They tee-heed. They slapped each other on the back until they forgot all about the prisoner and the case.

" But Alex. Ham. Jeffers had not forgotten all those counts against him. He also seemed to have lost faith in my legal ability to get him out of the trouble and resolved to once more take his case into his own hands—or feet, if you want to put it that way. During the heat of the argument he edged closer to the wall and began to stealthily work his way toward the door.

" ' Order! Order! Order in the court!' cried the judge, and Dobbie grabbed Ryan just as he was about to close with me for six rounds. A small boy became so excited that he fell off a high-topped buggy, and during the melee which followed Jeffers dashed through the open door, tipping over a buxom farmer's wife and two children en route, and fled across the barnyard and far away.

" With a roar like the South Mountain on a spring morning, the court attendant tore out of the building and after the runaway. Of a truth, the grim hounds of the law were unleashed. Foremost in the hunt was Dobbie, who happened to be nearest the door, with duty and thoughts of re-election spurring him to unusual and astonishing speed; but he soon came to grief in a barbed-wire fence, where I found him struggling and gasping like a netted sturgeon. I unhooked the 325 pounds of wet and irate profanity, not without leaving numerous debentures of the rusty barbs on his person, and he accompanied me as part of the rear guard.

" It was a circuit court with a vengeance and without a definite schedule. We were liable to hold the next session anywhere. It looked as though the prisoner was moving for a change of venue, although not in a strictly legal form. Yet some near-jokers might say it was in a leg-al manner.

" Magee had used up all his sprinting energy in the first sine-die adjournment and had to fall back with the rear guard. He was so tired and weak I thought it safe to try some of my original humor on him.

" ' Do you think, judge, you are moving in this case in a strictly formal and legal way and according to Section XI. of the Civil Code?' I asked in my most cheerful and mirth-provoking manner.

AS IF IT AFFECTED THEM.

"The Deadbrokes are trying awfully hard to keep up appearances."
"Yes. They even try to wear a worrid expression when there's a break in the stock-market."

'Do you think you are pursuing the right course? It seems to me that your steps so far have been rather hasty and improper. You should not have allowed the defendant to waive trial in this informal and unexpected manner. You have very niggardly allowed his answer to the allegations to be filed ad referendum,' I continued. 'Now, in special courses of this nature, where the proceedings run '——

"'Go to hell!' panted the judge.

"'Really, Mr. Magee,' I taunted, 'you run this court in a most unusual and desultory and vacillating manner. It seems to me you are too eager, too hasty; that you hurry through your sessions with a little too much careless freedom and weird abandon. You do not exercise the proper amount of dignity and decorum vested in you as a justice of the peace. You do not keep in touch with the case—not close enough to the testimony and to the defendant. You have allowed the prisoner to take and exercise a writ of habeas corpus without the necessary documents and proper signatures. Perhaps he is even now going after the signatures. Judge, you ought to quash this altavia breach of the suit'——

FAR-SIGHTED.

"Did your landlord notice the leaky roof when he was around collecting the rent this morning?"

"No; but he saw the little window in the garret my boy Johnny broke."

"Magee stumbled and fell into a dead furrow while striking at me with the bung-starter, and I only heard the sputter of coagulated profanity as I raced by.

"The way that colored ex-parte order handled his feet made it look more like the Marathon race than a carte-blanche session of Justice's court.

"A couple of haymakers, of a low, rakish build, joined the chase and were soon leading nearly a quarter of a mile ahead of me. It was more than passing evident that unless something unusual happened I would not be in at the death. Already I needed field-glasses to see what moves my legal opponent was making. I was powerless to interpose the usual objections. It looked not unlike a party of New York war correspondents in pursuit of an insipid South American rebellion.

"Just as the negro was climbing the cinder bank on to the railroad tracks a fast freight rounded a curve, and he

His side. WHAT THEY SEE. Her side.

risked body and soul by swinging aboard. The haymakers were equally as brave, and in a jiffy were chasing the negro over the tops of the freight cars. A brakeman headed the game off in front, and Jeffers had to jump. By some strange trick of fortune the train had carried the negro around the posse in a wide curve and within a few yards of Constable Dobbie, who was floundering in the rear like a drowning mule in the canal. The escaping prisoner struck the cinders in a heap just over the wire fence from the bailiff, who gave a whoop and a gasp and rolled under the fence, leaving a section of a garment, and threw his bulky form across the negro.

PRETENDING.

"Mother, may I p'etend I'm a lion?"
"No, dear. You'll make too much noise."
"But if you p'etend you're another lion you won't mind the noise."

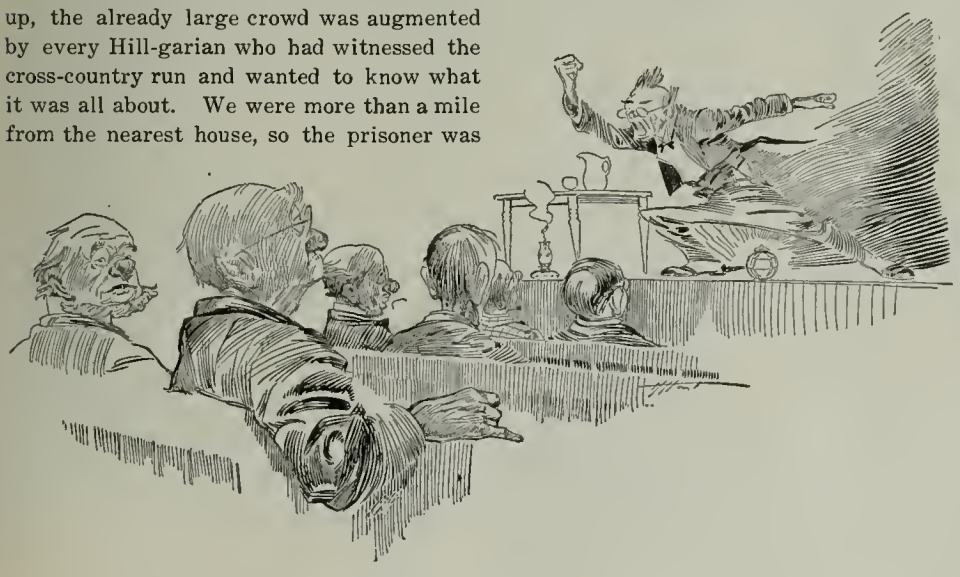
"Not until then did I entertain any fears for the life of my client.

"Magee came tearing up with a majority of the posse, and wanted to give the prisoner a death sentence then and there with the bung-starter, but he was so exhausted that I easily held him. The fat constable sat on the negro, his tongue hanging out so far you could have written a note of issue on it with a carpenter's pencil. I had great difficulty in getting him up, because he was too tired to stand and did not want to sit on the ground and catch cold. Although Jeffers was more dead than alive, he was bound hand and foot and held by two men. I began to think I would lose my first case.

"While we rested and waited for our breath to catch up, the already large crowd was augmented by every Hill-garian who had witnessed the cross-country run and wanted to know what it was all about. We were more than a mile from the nearest house, so the prisoner was carried to the shade of three large maple trees, where the trial was resumed ad finem.

"The judge silenced the crowd by beating a tattoo on the tree trunk with the makeshift gavel.

"'Hear ye! Hear ye! This 'ere premiscus and meanderin' court will come to order at once!' he commanded, hoarser and redder than ever. 'I thought I was only a justice of the peace, but it appears I am presidin' at a circuit court, with my territory dependin' on the prisoner's runnin' ability. We've caught this 'ere light-footed nigger for the third time, and we'll try him if we have to chase him to Afreca. The jury will take a squat in the grass to my left, and the trial of this dark-complected criminal will continue. I promised my aged mother never to kill a nigger without an excuse and to alwus temper mercy with justice, but if this treacherous coon bats another eye to jump, I'll spread his choculate remains over this medder until it looks like a .30-calibre Russian picnic in a Jewish township. I hope you ding-busted lawyers are too tired to talk; any way, I'm too tired to listen to ye, so make her brief and towards conviction. Whatever happens, the nigger will get all I can conscientiously give him, and I want to hint right here that my conscience is sweat wet and oozin' away rapid.'



ONLY THE SOUND.

"Do you call that sound logic, squire?"
"The sound 's all there, jedge, but I don't seem to ketch the logic."

"He was interrupted by a commotion in the crowd.

"'I'll swear out warrants fer all o' ye!' yelled a red-faced man with neck whiskers, breaking through the crowd and

WOMAN.

"Why does Margaret cry so?"
"She isn't happy with her husband."
"Then why doesn't she divorce him?"
"She says she wouldn't be happy without him."

shaking his fist under the judge's nose. 'Ye tromped down more than three-thirds o' my corn, and the other third ain't worth a damn!'

"'Shut up or I'll fine ye fer contempt, Hi. Whittenburg!' shouted back the judge, grinding his teeth and gesticulating wildly with the gavel. 'Get out! Get out! Don't stand there and tempt me! Stop standin' in the way of justice and interferin' with the rights of a prisoner ter get a fair trial. Officer, do your duty.'

"'Who'll pay me fer that field o' oats?' shouted another denizen of the sand hills who could not get inside the ring.

"'The same feller who'll pay me thet eleven dollars ye've owed me for fourteen year, John Bixley!' shouted back Magee, recognizing the voice. 'Now, let this 'ere trial continue to the bitter end, and may I be gored to death by bull heads if another angrified individual, without the good sense God gives to geese, comes a-rompin' in here and interferin' with judicial business, and keepin' us from home and family, and spi'l-in' the bar trade. I'll let loose and do something keerless thet will make Coroner Baxter ask the county fer an assistant. I've passed the limit of human endurance and the county line fer all I know, and I tell ye discretion and self-control are a-totterin'. Let this trial go on, and let it go quick, says I.'

"Jeffers announced that he had trial enough and offered to plead guilty.

"'I wish to withdraw my former plea of not guilty.' I announced, 'and substitute one of guilty, asking the mercy of the court.'

"'Withdraw!' echoed the judge. 'Withdraw! Withdraw out of the case if ye want to, but the mercy that black rascal gets wouldn't buy a beer if it was rainin' money'——

"Ryan whispered a few words to him, and he growled that he guessed it was all right and sentenced the prisoner for a year at hard labor. After being convinced that the prisoner could not be tried except on the one count, Magee announced that court stood adjourned, bit a chew off a Little Gem cigar and led the way back to the tavern for refreshments."

## A Last Resort.

PLAINLY, Mrs. Lackwit was troubled as she sought out her husband in his study.

"George, I'm actually worried about Johnny's future. He has absolutely no head for mathematics; and to-day the principal of the school told me that, much as he disliked to say it, our boy was scarcely able to compose a line of correct English."

Mr. Lackwit was less disturbed at the news.

"Let's not become discouraged, Maria," said he. "Johnny may never make much of a bank-president or a magazine editor, but his case might be less hopeful. At the worst, he can still become a writer of popular songs."

REVENGE.

FIRST SMALL BOY—"I'm goin' ter git square wid pa fer lickin' me ter-day."
SECOND SMALL BOY—"How yer goin' ter?"
FIRST SMALL BOY—"When de circus comes along I'm goin' ter say I don't care ter go."

1. IF SLANG WERE EXACT.
"Ah-ha, Ferdinand! I told your mother you were playing hookey."
FERDINAND—"Hully gee! then I'm in a——

## Their Romance.

WHEN "Romeo and Juliet"
Together they read through,
It seemed she was a Capulet
And he a Montague.
And every story, new or old,
They found themselves within—
He always was the hero bold
And she the heroine.

"When Knighthood Was in Flower"—she
Was Mary Tudor then,
And he, with Brandon's chivalry,
The hero once again.
By turns she was a happy maid,
Or damsel all forlorn;
By turns he was a dashing blade
Or butt of some one's scorn.

And so it went, their small romance—
He changed from slave to prince,
And she from grief to sunny glance—
But that was long, long since.
To-day they, married, sit and read
Within their inglenook—
He to his bank-book gives his heed,
And she to "How To Cook."

## At First Sight.

THE lady orator, a tall and angular female, was holding forth on the equality of the sexes and the rights of woman.

"Made from a rib!" she cried. "It is a canard devised by wicked men. Now, do I look as if I had been made from a rib? Do I? Can anybody say that I was? What kind of a rib was I made of? I pause for a reply, if there be one."

Here a small, unimportant-looking man rose and bowed, and said gently,

"Yes'm; I think you was made from a rib."

"You do?" she retorted, shaking a lean finger in his direction; "you do? You are another of the men who wish to claim credit for everything, are you? And so you think I was made from the rib of a man?"

"No'm," was the solemn answer; "from the rib of an umbrella."

## To Be Sure.

"WHAT is the difference," asked the inveterate maker of conundrums, "between a woman and a phonograph-factory?"

"Well," hazarded the obliging listener, "the output of a phonograph-factory is meant to be listened to, but the output of a woman has to be listened to."

"No," was the gleeful reply of the conundrum fiend. "You can't shut up the woman, but you can shut down the factory."

## Recognized It.

"THIS," smiled the fond young wife as she passed a plate of dessert to her husband, "is cottage pudding. I made it myself."

The man tasted of it.

"I'd have known it was cottage-pudding," he asserted.

"You would?" she asked, delighted.

"Yes. I can taste the plaster and the wall-paper. What did you do with the shingles and the bricks for the chimney?"

2. IF SLANG WERE EXACT.
——pickle!"

1.

## A Deduction.

"IF life began at the north pole, as our eminent brother asserts," said the first scientist, "what conclusion would you draw from that? What effect has that had on our present-day life?"

"Why," hazarded the second scientist, "doesn't it show that what we have hitherto considered the pole-seeking craze is merely an instinctive manifestation of homesickness?"

2.

## Rather Tame to Him.

THE intrepid explorer has reached a hitherto unknown portion of India. There he finds an obscure tribe of heathen, who are holding their annual festival of the Juggernaut. Having won their favor, he is permitted to witness the spectacle. Noticing that he seems to feel rather a small interest in the sight of the victims being crushed beneath the huge wheels of the gaudily-bedecked carriage, the chief priest says,

"Doesn't the exhibition appeal to you, sir?"

"In a way, yes," responds the intrepid explorer; "but you see, I used to run an automobile at home."

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WHEN a young man really enjoys hearing his best girl practice on the piano that is true love.

## Realistic.

"THIS," said the dramatist, who was elaborating the scenario of his new play to the manager, "is to be a realistic society drama. The heroine makes a thrilling entrance in an auto."

"What does she do then?" asked the manager.

"Why, of course she meets the hero and the villain and the soubrette and the rest, and the play goes on to the usual happy ending."

"Well, you start realistically enough, but you weaken on your finish."

"How's that?" asked the puzzled playwright.

"If she's going to come in on an auto she and a few of the rest ought to make their exit in an ambulance."

3.

## At the Concert.

*Fosdick*—"Why do you applaud such a long and wearisome composition?"

*Keedick*—"I've been sitting still so long that all my limbs have gone to sleep. I wish to restore the circulation."

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"I HAVE noticed," said Willie Spanker, "that a felt slipper is not felt so much as one which is not felt at all."

4.

A BARREL OF TROUBLE.

# Twiggy Gets Engaged

By W. J. B. MOSES

RMSTRONG found Twiggy —short for Van Twilliger —alone in the club reading-room.

"Hullo, old man! What's the matter?" he asked, for Twiggy, with his hands in his trouser pockets, was trying to hide his head in his collar, and had slipped down in his chair until further slipping was impossible, while an expression of the deepest gloom and dejection overspread his ordinarily pleasant, if not too intelligent, countenance.

"'Sthat you, Armstrong?" he murmured, without looking up.

"Sure it's me, old man. What's the bad news? Cheer up, you know; it mightn't be"——

"Aw, cut it!" said Twiggy.

"And if it is, it's probably all for"——

"Shut up, will you? It ain't anythin' to laugh at a man about. It ain't so funny as you think."

"There, there!" said Armstrong soothingly, and patted the wrathful Twiggy on the head, as if he had been a little girl. "There, there! Never mind, and tell a fellow all about it. That's a good Twiggy."

Mr. Van Twilliger sulked for a moment and then blurted out a single name.

"Miss Goldendorn."

"Oh, ho!" said Armstrong.

Twiggy grunted.

"Turned you down, hey?" asked his friend.

"Yep," said Twiggy.

"Well, you never took it so hard before, as far as I remember, and you're a man of a good deal of experience in that line, too. Cheer up! You'll be all over it in a day or so. There's as good fish in the sea, you know, as ever"——

"It ain't that."

"Isn't what?"

"Oh, I don't care anythin' particular about Gracie Goldendorn, you know. I ain't heartbroken or nothin'. It ain't that."

"What is it, then?"

Twiggy heaved a deep sigh and was silent. Armstrong waited.

"Fact is I *got* to be engaged next week."

"Got to be! Great Jerusalem! Why?"

Armstrong, who had been standing, with a rather indefinite notion that he and Twiggy were going into the smoking-room in a minute, now pulled a chair nearer and seated himself.

"Tell us all about it, old man," he said.

"Guv'ner," grunted Twiggy. "Said he'd cut me off 'f I didn't marry 'n' settle down. No more 'lowance. Time limit. Comes down on me next week. Told him already I was engaged; wanted t' jolly him up. Needed the money. Thought I could depend on Gracie—blank little flirt! Got to show credentials next week."

Twiggy relapsed into hopeless, apathetic silence.

Armstrong was matching his fingers and thinking. He knew Van Twilliger, pater, and realized the full seriousness of his friend's position.

"Did you tell him it was Gracie Goldendorn?"

"Nope; no names."

"Maybe you could find some one else."

"Me? In a week? Not much!"

"If I were in your place I think I could manage it," said Armstrong. He did not wish to boast, but he knew he had a persuasive way with him. Twiggy knew it, too.

"You?" he blurted out. "Course you could; but I ain't you."

"I suppose," said Armstrong, still thoughtful, "that there are a number of young ladies who would do. I suppose there are several girls in Chicago that you had just as soon marry as not, aren't there?"

"Yes; lots," said Twiggy, a trifle less glumly, for he had a great deal of confidence in Armstrong's ability.

"Now, how'd it be if you were to make out a list of, say, a dozen or so of the most eligible, and make a regular business of it? Go and call on them and propose in turn. You might strike one who had a secret passion for you, you know, or one who was just dying to get married, or one who thought your old man's money looked too good to pass up, you know."

"Secret passion be blowed!" said Twiggy. "Dyin' to marry be blowed! Mercenary motives be blowed! They ain't none of them that kind, and then you don't 'preciate what a mess I make of anythin' of that kind. Lord! I don't believe *any* girl will *ever* marry me!"

"Suppose you write, then, if you can't talk. That might do just as well."

"No good. Writin' 's worse 'n talkin'."

Armstrong mused in silence for a while.

"I've got it, old man!" he exclaimed, after a minute, "I've got it! I'll write the notes for you. I'm a great hand at that sort of a thing. You tell me who, and I'll write the notes."

"Oh, write 'em to any one you like. It's no good, anyway."

Nevertheless, Twiggy sat up in his chair and pulled himself together.

Armstrong moved to a writing-table, selected some of the best club stationery and paused.

"See here, old man, you'll have to give me the names, you know," he said seriously.

WHAT IMPUDENCE!

*Miss Chic*—"You impudent thing! The idea of addressing me because we were raised in the same incubator!"

"Oh, just write to any of the girls that you know that I know," said Twiggy, rising and coming over to the table.

Armstrong dipped his pen in the ink and paused again, reflecting.

"I've only been in Chicago two years. It strikes me that in a case of this kind the chances would be better if we'd go back a little. The girls you've been calling on and dancing with lately have most of them refused to be Mrs. Twiggy, once or twice already. They'll think you are trying to jolly them. Can't you scare up a few friends of your youth and boyhood that would do? Some that you used to be sweet on, you know, that aren't married yet. Some of them may be having tender memories about you, or may have let so many good chances slip since that they're waiting to jump at the next one."

"Suppose so," grunted Twiggy.

"Well, we want about a dozen of them. Tell me their names, what they look like, what your relations used to be, and I'll do the rest. First, any girls you used to know in high school that would do."

"There's Madge Rhymer."

"What's she like?"

"Blue eyes, brown hair, red cheeks. Father keeps a grocery store. Nice girl, though. Old man's well off, too."

"Would she suit your father?"

"Aw, he won't kick 'bout fortune, family or anythin', 's long's the girl's all right."

"What's Madge's disposition?"

"Good-natured, sentimental sort. Thought she'd be married long ago."

"Good! I'll say—sitting lonesome in the club reading-room—dreaming of old days—longing for a home of your own—vision of blue-eyed, red-cheeked schoolmate—have never forgotten—forgive the apparent suddenness, but feel—could never be happy with any one else."

Armstrong was writing as he talked.

"Ain't you a corker, though!" commented Twiggy admiringly.

"Who's next?"

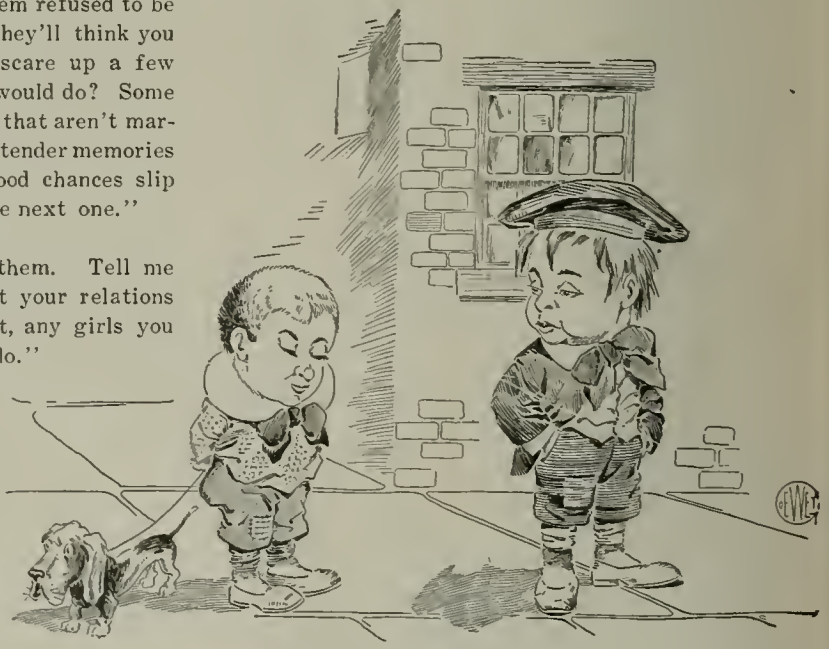
"Well, there's Anna Franklin. Knew her in school, too—mighty fine girl! Haven't seen her for years, but she's governess for the Masons."

"Would you"——began Armstrong gravely.

"Hang it, yes! Marry any one. I don't care. She's a nice, quiet, bright girl; smooth, gray-looking, shy sort of a person; gray eyes, light-brown hair"——

"I'll bet she's bored to death being governess. I'll say—decided that it was time to get married—looking over all my past acquaintances—know no woman so well fitted to make a home for a man—I'll bet she's longing for a home of her own—nowadays—no romantic notions—should be sensible and intelligent agreement—I'll make it business-like, you know. That ought to answer."

And then he went on to a third, a fourth, a fifth. Twiggy cudgled his brain to think of pretty girls whom he had once known, but who had rather drifted out of his life—girls whose whereabouts in the city he knew, and whom he was sure were not married. At last the required number, an even dozen, was made up, and Arm-



THE FUNNY PHONY DOG.

"What do you call your dachshund, Tommy?"

"His Master's Voice."

"How did you come to name him that?"

"Pop named him, 'cause his shape reminded him o' the phonograph in the flat right over our heads—thin music long drawn out."

CONSPICUOUS.

"I saw you on the boardwalk this morning."
"Did you? I'm so frightfully tanned, it's a wonder you knew me."

strong had a pile of brief, masterly love letters before him. He read them over with some pride.

"Couldn't 'a' done better 'f you'd known 'em all your life 'n' been stuck on 'em yourself," was Twiggy's verdict

"If they're prompt, as they should be in such a serious matter, you'd ought to have all the replies day after to-morrow morning. I'll come up to your room then and see how it turns out."

Twiggy became suddenly gloomy again.

"Aw, I say, it's only a jolly, you know, Armstrong. They'll say, 'Very sorry, much obliged for the honor, couldn't think of it—that sort of thing, you know."

"I'm not so sure about that. It seems to me reasonable that there should be one favorable answer out of a dozen, and one's all you want."

"Lord, yes! I don't want more 'n' one."

They went into the smoking-room together and afterward had luncheon. Twiggy got more and more gloomy as the day advanced. He had painful visions of his father's anger when he discovered that he had been deceived in the matter of the engagement. It was all up with him, he declared several times, and wondered what a "poor feller" like him could do "for a livin'."

Armstrong tried to cheer him up, but not very successfully. The next day Twiggy was still deeper in the dumps than before. He talked of the comparative virtues of laudanum and corrosive sublimate. On the morning of the second day after the proposals were sent off, Armstrong went early to his friend's rooms.

Poor Twiggy was slumped down in a big chair, the picture of acute misery. A dozen or more dainty notes lay in a pile on the table beside him. Some of them were tinted, some exhaled a faint perfume, almost all of them had a wafer of sealing wax on the flap.

Armstrong was dismayed when he looked at his friend's face. He saw at once that his scheme had been a failure. He realized what it meant to the poor, helpless beggar to be turned adrift in the world without a dollar. It was really a serious matter. He wished to speak as kindly as he could, but he could not restrain an exclamation of surprise at first.

"What! Not a single acceptance in the lot?"

"Aw, that ain't it," groaned Twiggy.

"What!"

"They've *all* accepted."

"What!"

"Yep; 'n' that ain't the worst."

He reached out his hand to the pile of letters and selected one from among them.

"Note from Gracie. Says she's changed her mind—awful sorry—*she* wants to marry me, too."

"Well, at any rate you're engaged," said Armstrong blankly.

"Engaged!" muttered Twiggy. Engaged! I should say I was!"

A ray of hope seemed to enter his breast. He gathered all the dainty envelopes in one hand and shook them at Armstrong.

"Yessir, I'm engaged, 'n' I can prove it." he shouted, as if addressing an irate parent. "State the qualifications, guv'ner, 'n' I'll satisfy you. Brown hair, black hair, yellow hair, red hair; blue eyes, brown eyes, gray eyes, green eyes; tall, short or medium; thin, fat or slender; pug nose, Roman nose, Hebrew nose or Grecian—I can give you your choice in daughters-in-law, and don't you forget it."

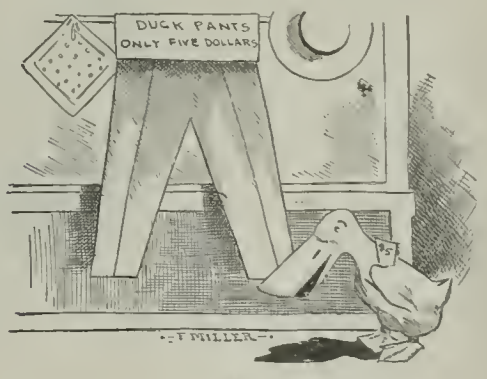
## Sindbad's Luck.

THERE was an old sailor named Sindbad,
Who was used to find currents and windbad;
But he met an old snide,
Who soon broke him to ride,
And his shoulders and withers got skindbad.

Yet still he was lucky, this Sindbad
(Though shoulders and withers were skindbad).
Living early, he missed
Every chance to enlist
In a navy whose foods were all tindbad. S. W. G.

THERE are things better than money in this life, but it takes money to buy them.

THE key to success is not the night-key.




A MISFIT.

"The price is all right, but, great quacks! they'd have to be altered a lot."

## Perennial.

"I SUPPOSE Lizzie Oletimer is glad it is leap-year," said the soft-spoken Heloise.

"I don't suppose it makes much difference to her," replied the mellow-voiced Irene. "She has been jumping at every chance she saw for fifteen years."

## At the Minstrels.

"MISTAH JINGLESNAPPER," said Mistah Johnsing, "I has er c'nund'um fo' yo' dis ebenin'."

"Yo' has? Den, suh, tell me what hit is."

"What am de diffunce ertween a drop-curtain an' a actoh?"

"Easy, simple! De curtain gits a roll an' de actoh gits a rôle."

"No, suh; no, suh!"

"Den what is de diffunce?"

"De actoh in his time plays many pahts, and de curtain in its time pahts many plays."

At this juncture Mr. J. Roozlety Flopper, the eminent contra-tenor, arose and sang his lovely ballad, "The moonshine of Kentucky is the sunshine of my life."

## Sure.

"SIR," said the young housewife to the market-man, "is this good lard?"

"Yes, mum."

"But has it been properly tested? I read in the kitchen department of the *Ladies' Fireside Helper* that all lard should be subjected" ——

"It's all right, lady. We try every pound of it before we sell it."

HAD ALL SHE WANTED.

BOOK-AGENT—"Mrs. O'Toole, I have here a little work, fully illustrated"—— MRS. O'TOOLE—"Well, young man, Oi hov here a good dale av wur-ruk, fully illyshtrated, be th' token. Yez kin see it wid yer own eyes, so be aff wid yez!"

HE REPENTS.

SHE—"You only married me for my money."

HE—"Serves me right for trying to buck up against one of those get-rich-quick games."

## Criticism.

"RATHER egotistical, don't you think."

"Yes. He claims to be wedded to art, but he seems to have an impression that he's the better half."

## A Real Freak.

"THE armless wonder," said the fat lady, "is a man of excellent traits. He has always laid aside half of his earnings, and now he has enough money to retire on."

"Yes," commented the Circassian princess, who was bleaching her wig preparatory to accepting a situation as an albino; "I have always thought the armless wonder was forehanded."

## A Natural Mistake.

THE passenger has been lying back in his seat, half dozing, for an hour or so, when the train slowly pulls into the yards at the outskirts of the great city. Still in the border-land between sleep and waking, the passenger looks from the window. His glance falls upon a huge freight car on a siding. One look at the display of foot-high letters on the freight-car is enough. The passenger fumbles in his pocket and yells,

"Here, boy! bring me one o' those extras."

---

"I TELL you that new editor is a hustler."

"Gets the news, does he?"

"Does he? Say, last week he scored three scoops on the sewing-society, one on the millinery-store, one on the dressmakers, and four on the woman who clerks in the post-office."

# "The Night before Christmas"

*By J. W. Foley*

ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

AP, rap, rap.

"George, is that you?"

"Yes, papa. Say, is it six o'clock yet?"

"No, sir; it isn't six o'clock, or twelve o'clock yet. What are you doing out there in your night-dress?"

"I didn't know but maybe it was six o'clock and I could get up. I ain't a little bit sleepy."

"Well, you go right back to bed this minute. Santa Claus hasn't been here yet, and if you don't go to bed he won't come at all."

"What time do you s'pose he'll come, papa?"

"I haven't an idea. Maybe two or three o'clock."

"Can I get up at six o'clock if he comes and goes away before that? I don't believe I'll be sleepy then."

"You can get up as soon as it's daylight, George. Now go back to bed and be a good boy."

TWELVE O'CLOCK.

Rap, rap, rap.

"Say, papa, what time is it? Is it six o'clock yet?"

"Why, George Robinson, it's only twelve o'clock! What in the world is the matter with you? Why don't you go to bed and sleep, like a nice boy?"

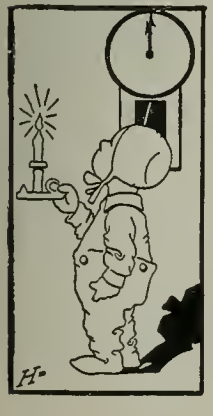
"Well, I ain't sleepy, that's why. How soon do you s'pose it will be daylight?"

"Oh, not for a long time yet—three or four or five hours."

"I wonder how soon Santa Claus'll come?"

"Well, he won't come at all if he hears you prowling around the house. Why don't you stay in bed?"

"I don't know, papa. I ain't sleepy to-night, someway. Can't I come in your room and sit up a while?"



"No, sir; you can't. You must go right to bed and go sound asleep and give Santa Claus a chance."

"Say, papa, will you be sure to wake me at six o'clock if I should go to sleep?"

"Yes; we'll wake you up. Now run to bed."

ONE O'CLOCK.

Rap, rap, rap.

"Say, papa, is it six o'clock yet?"

"No; it isn't six o'clock. It's only one o'clock, and here you are keeping everybody in the house awake."

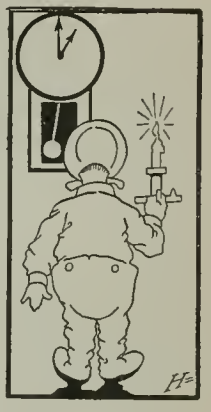
"Say, papa, will you wake mamma up and tell her I can't sleep?"

"George Robinson, you go right back to bed and don't let me hear from you again till daylight. Your mother is tired and doesn't want to be waked up."

"What's that noise downstairs, papa? Is that Santa Claus?"

"There isn't any noise downstairs, George. You're dreaming."

"I thought sure I heard somebody. Did you or mamma go downstairs for anything?"



"No, sir; we didn't. But either your mamma or I will get up out of this bed for something if you don't hustle back to bed and go to sleep."

"Papa, I ain't a bit sleepy; but if I should go to sleep, will you be sure to wake me at six o'clock so I can go down and look at my things what Santa Claus brought?"

TWO O'CLOCK.

Rap, rap, rap.

"Say, papa, is it six o'clock yet?"

"George Robinson, you go back to bed without another word. Such actions I never heard of."

"Say, papa, I thought I heard somebody coming upstairs again. Did you or mamma come upstairs for anything?"

"George Robinson, you go back to bed!"

"Well, did anybody come upstairs? It sounded awful soft, like tiptoes. Do you suppose it was Santa Claus?"

"George Robinson, in another minute I'm coming to that door, and then you'll wish you'd gone to bed and to sleep, like a nice boy."

"I ain't sleepy, papa, that's why. My! it's an awful long night, ain't it?"

THREE O'CLOCK.

Rap, rap, rap.

"Say, papa, is it six o'clock yet?"

"George Alexander Robinson, if I hear you rap at that door again to-night, you'll not get a single thing to-morrow that Santa Claus left for you."

"Well, I can't sleep, papa, that's why. How soon will it be daylight, do you s'pose?"

"George Robinson, you go back to bed!"

"Can't I go downstairs in the dining-room and get a drink?"

"You get a drink in the bath-room, and then go straight to bed."

FIVE O'CLOCK.

Patter, patter, patter.

"George Robinson, is that you going downstairs?"

"No, sir; I was just going down to the front door and look out and see if it was daylight yet."

"Well, you go straight back to bed!"

"Well, is it daylight yet, papa?"

"Did you hear me tell you to go back to bed?"

Patter, patter, patter.

Silence.

SEVEN O'CLOCK.

Rap, rap, rap.

"Say, pop!"

"Is that you again, George?"

"Yes, pop; and, say, pop, get up quick and come on downstairs! It's daylight!!!"

## The Distribution of the Toys.

MRS. STILES VAN BROCKLIN, whose time was divided among her twelve women's clubs and away from her children, took an off day, at Christmas, to visit a toy-shop in the interest of her six offspring. Loaded down with her gaudy purchases, she had reached her front yard, where the children were making a snowman, when an elegant equipage jingled up to the curb and stopped.

"Oh, Mrs. van Brocklin!" cried a lady from the coach, "come with me to the Social Problem meeting."

Exclaiming that she had forgotten all about this meeting, the mother quickly approached the oldest of the children about the snowman and pressed the toy packages in his arm.

"Take these inside and distribute them among your brothers and sisters," she said; and the next moment she was whisked away in the friend's coach.

That night, when she returned home, she was struck by the surly and tear-stained faces of her children.

"Put the dears right to bed," she ordered the nurse, taking in the situation with the quickness and accuracy of the average club woman. "I can see they're tired out and sleepy after so much excitement with their new toys."

"It ain't that, ma'am," returned nurse. "You"——

"I didn't bring them just what each wanted, perhaps? Well, it's hard to please so many"——

"It ain't that, either, mum; but you gave all the toys to the boy next door!"

### On Her Dignity.

*Mr. Tambo*—"Is yo' gwine ter hang up any mistletoe dis Cris'mus?"

*Miss Sambo*—"'Deed I isn'. I's got a little too much pride ter advertise fo' de ordinary co'tesies dat a lady hab a right ter expec'."

A NON-UNIONIST.

*Walking delegate* (of the teamsters' union)—"Got yer union card?"

### A Revised Version.

'TWAS the night before Christmas, and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
And this was the reason, my dearest Babette—
The house was a new one, and wasn't let yet.

### The Food of Love—Canned.

"IF MUSIC be the food of love, play on."
Aye, play till every starveling pair be wedded.
Sweet phonograph, or dulcet gramophone,
Pour out love's breakfast food in rag-time, shredded.

## Henry's Amusement.

"WHAT are you reading that tickles you so?" asked Mrs. Penhecker.

"Nothing but the funny column in the paper," explained her husband.

"Let me see it," said the wife, taking the sheet from his hands. Looking over it carefully, she said, "Why, there is no funny column in this paper. This page is all advertisements, too, except one item of news which tells of a cruel man in Wisconsin who compelled his wife to shovel snow off the walks all one morning."

"I—I—I was just laughing over the advertisements," ventured Penhecker. "I was thinking how glad you would be to see so many bargains offered. I had not noticed the news item you mention."

But when he could not tell the names of the firms publishing the advertisements Mrs. P. fixed him with a baleful glare.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

MUGSY—"Fer two cents I'd knock yer head off!"
WILLY GUDBOY—"I'm sorry, Mugsy, but I haven't got the money—honest!"

HOLIDAY NOTES.
Physical culture by mail.

A CONSTANT REMINDER.

MRS. JONES—"If I should die would you ever forget me?"
MR. JONES—"I think not. The doctor says my dyspepsia is incurable."

## Parliamentary Ruling.

"HE said he could not help kissing you," whispered the first congressman's daughter. "He said when he sat beside you in the conservatory and looked into your eyes he was moved by an irresistible impulse and simply had to kiss you."

"Did he?" smiled the second congressman's daughter, who was listening with some interest to the apology thus being made for the boldness of the handsome cousin of the other girl.

"Yes. He said it was your eyes that won him. He"——

"Well, he'll have to come round and correct the minutes of that meeting. The eyes won it, but the nose got it."

---

THE only office that seeks the man is that of the tax-collector.

APROPOS OF MATCH-MAKING.

THE LADY MATCH—"Darling, some silly people say matches are made in a factory."

THE GENT MATCH—"Sheer nonsense, dearest. *We* know they are made in heaven, don't we?"

## Accurate.

"SIR," says the Boston reporter, "our office is informed that your purse was stolen from you last night. Is there anything in it?"

"Not by this time, doubtless," answers Mr. Emerson Waldo Beeneeter, relapsing into an attitude of perturbed meditation.

## Of Course.

"YES," said the starfish; "I am going on the road again this winter with my tank drama."

"That's good," replied the bass, who was booked for forty weeks in grand opera. "Who's the angel for the show?"

"Oh, the manager found an old lobster to stand for the bills."

---

VIRTUE that is made of necessity cannot be expected to outlast the material.

A BLESSING.

FIRST POLICEMAN—"Sergeant Cahill says thot thim automobiles do be a great blessin'."

SECOND POLICEMAN—"Whoy wudn't he? He's bin promoted twoice fer shtoppin' runaway harses shcared be automobiles."

# Gone, but Not Forgotten

*By A. B. Lewis.*

THE RURAL mail-carrier looked at his watch and saw that he had some time to spare, and he drew up at the gate of a farmhouse, in front of which sat an old farmer smoking a corn-cob pipe and wearing a sad expression on his face.

"I suppose, Bill, you're mighty glad the summer boarders have all gone," remarked the carrier as he settled back in his cart.

"Wa-al, I dunno 'bout thet," was the reply.

"You don't? Why, it always struck me you was mighty glad to get them city folks off the farm."

"Yep; I—I reckon I wuz."

"Only last spring you was tellin' how they broke down fences, ruined apple trees, and smashed croquet mallets."

"Yep; them's the very words I used."

"And yet you ain't glad they've gone, eh?"

"Wa-al, no, Tom; I somehow ain't. It's bin mighty lonesome since they went, to tell the truth."

"Lonesome? You dont' mean it!"

"Yep. We never had no sich summer boarders here afore, as I kin remember. There wuz thet Mr. and Mrs. Blankley from Brooklyn. By gum! but the way she tore into him mornin', noon an' night kept us so excited thet the time fairly flew. Then there wuz thet young couple from Staten Island. They spooned so much they didn't hear the dinner-bell half the time. Gosh! but they wuz a circus, an' I bet I got forty meals the best of 'em. They wuz so much in love they couldn't eat. An' the widder from Nyack, who set her cap fer a feller from Yonkers. By gum! but she kept me an' the old woman laughin' till we could hardly do our work."

"Did she git him, Bill?"

"She landed him, Tom, a day or two afore he went, an' she wuz so tickled thet she had the blind staggers, an' we had to rub her temples with hoss-linament."

"Many scraps among the boarders this year, Bill?"

"Scraps or sunthin' else goin' on all the time, an' I never put in sich a grand summer. By gum! you orter bin here the day the feller from Hoboken thrashed the feller from Albany in a game o' croquet. I let a hull day's plowin' go an' hung around, expectin' 'em to go at it ag'in; but the Albany feller had had all he wanted. I put two dollars on his board-bill to pay me fer the time I lost. Do you s'pose, Tom, I could keep winter boarders?"

"No. Them city folks is too blamed busy sellin' gold-bricks in winter to think about their health."

"Yep; I s'pose they be. Wa-al, I'll hev to go out an' pick a fuss with the hired man, or I'll git so blue I'll sell the farm an' move to the city. Snakes! but I'd give a hull dollar to see a circus."

"Well, good-bye, Bill," said the rural mail-carrier as he took up the reins again.

"Good-bye to you, Tom. If you meet any one thet is lookin' fer a farm cheap you might send him around."

"Oh, cheer up, Bill, and you'll be all right in a day or two."

But a tear trickled down the old farmer's face as he arose and started toward the barn.

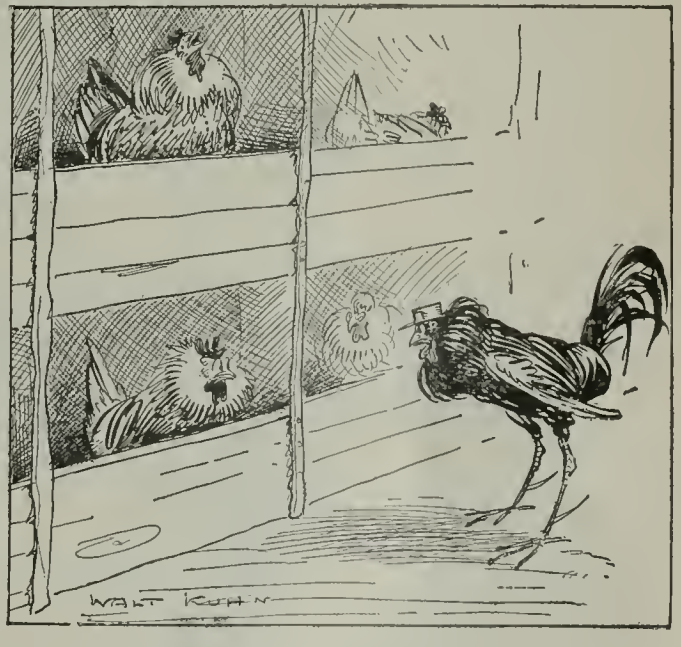
## A Bumper Crop.

"YA-AS," said the man from southern Kansas, "I reckon that year was what you might call a banner year with a bumper wheat crop. W'y, do yu know that Sile Edwards—neighbor o' mine, Sile was—had sich a stand o' wheat on a ten-acre field o' his'n that he had t' rent th' field next t' 'im t' shock about half of it—wasn't room fer th' shocks on th' ground it growed on."

## Government Heads.

*Knicker*—"Nature abhors a vacuum."

*Bocker*—"But folks seldom discover it till it is in the dinner pail."




SLEEPER TROUBLES.

*Miss Broiler*—"I say, porter, kindly ask that old hen in the upper berth to stop her loud clucking. I can't get a wink of sleep."

JONES WON THE TURKEY, BUT HAD TO TAKE HOME QUITE A "LOAD."

## One Way To Do It.

"THE problem is this," said the teacher. "I have fifteen apples, which I am to divide among twelve boys. Now, how shall I distribute the apples?"

After considerable chewing of pencils and scratching of paper the little Wise boy raised his hand.

"Well, Johnny?"

"You should give one apple to three-fifths of a boy."

## War as It May Be.

(Extract from "With Neither Side in the Late War.")

"IT was in the thickest of the battle when the captain's hoarse order rang out, 'Repel boarders!'

"Instantly, with that trained precision found in no other navy, each sailor advanced and offered the enemy a plate of hash."

## Domestic Tribulations at the Zoo.

*Mrs. Monkey*—"I wish you'd drop in and see our milkman, Charlie, and give him a good calling down."

*Mr. Monkey*—"Why, what's the matter now?"

*Mrs. Monkey*—"I told him to leave three cocoanuts this morning, and he only left two, and one of them was only half full."

## A Mining Boom.

"GREAT activity in Idunno mining stock to-day!"

"You don't say so!"

"Ye-ah. Bill Sykes took forty thousand shares and eight dollars cash for that horse he was askin' twenty dollars for yesterday."

"Well, he made eight dollars on the deal, any way."

## Logic.

BETWEEN the acts, like other men,
He stole away a while,
And when he came to her again
His face betrayed the "smile."

"No one will know," he softly said
(A foolish thing to say);
"For every time you turn your head
It takes my breath away."

## A Polite Reply.

"DON'T you think Miss Squairface ought to take more beauty-sleeps?" asked the dearest friend of Miss Squairface.

"Well," answered the young man who was trying to make an impression on the dearest friend, "possibly she suffers from insomnia."

ITS PECULIARITY.

"My! what a peculiar style of riding!"

"Ya-as; I s'pose it does seem peculiah ter people wot's neber rid enny ob dese razor-back hosses."

## Her Song.

WHEN I the togs hang on the line,
And see through fogs blue skies that shine,

I wash the shirt, I wash the cuff;
I wash the skirt, I wash the ruff.

And while I wash, alert, elate,
I holler "bosh" and "scat" at fate,

And sing a prime old song that's sweet
While keeping time with both my feet.

---

EVERY man thinks every other man has his price.

## Fully Qualified.

"AND," says the plutocrat who is engaging his corps of servants, "you say you would like a situation as chauffeur?"

"Yes, sir," answers the applicant.

"Well, did you ever run an automobile?"

"No, sir; but I was a mule-teamster in the army for four years."

IMPOSSIBLE.

"Can you spare a poor man a cent?"
"No; I am an artist."

VERY FUNNY.

KNOCKABOUT COMEDIAN (*on the ground*)—"Say, old man! cut that out. You're altogether too strenuous, and the audience might call for an encore."

VERY DEEP.

"So that quiet chap is in love with Dolly? Well, they say still waters run deep."
"Oh, yes. She's got into him deeper than any chap she ever met."

IN THE FUTURE.

"Are we near the earth, captain?"

"Oh, no; we have only reached the roof of the rolling-pin building."

## The Explanation.

"HE IS one of the nouveaux riches."

"Is he? I thought he was a European nobleman of a very old family."

"That's it—didn't have a cent until he got married."

## Sold Himself.

*First citizen* (indignantly)—"I am surprised that young Longhead would lend himself to any such scheme."

*Second citizen*—"Lend himself?" Why, man! he was bought."

## Disqualified.

"YOU will never make a reliable reporter."

"Why not, sir?"

"You never told the calibre of the revolver used in that murder story you wrote up yesterday."

## The Idea!

*Bachelor* (crustily)—"The worst about marriage is that when a fellow proposes it is generally a plunge in the dark."

*Justwed*—"Great heavens! you wouldn't have a fellow propose when the gas is going full tilt, would you?"

## Just So.

"SAY, pa!"

"Uh?"

"Pa, what is mince-meat?"

"A sort of gastronomical merger, my son."

## Better Yet.

WE SEE Pipes, the plumber, sitting in deep meditation, a contented smile hovering upon his face.

"Ah!" we venture gayly, "building air-castles?"

"Better'n that," he tells us. "Plumbing them."

## An Old Story.

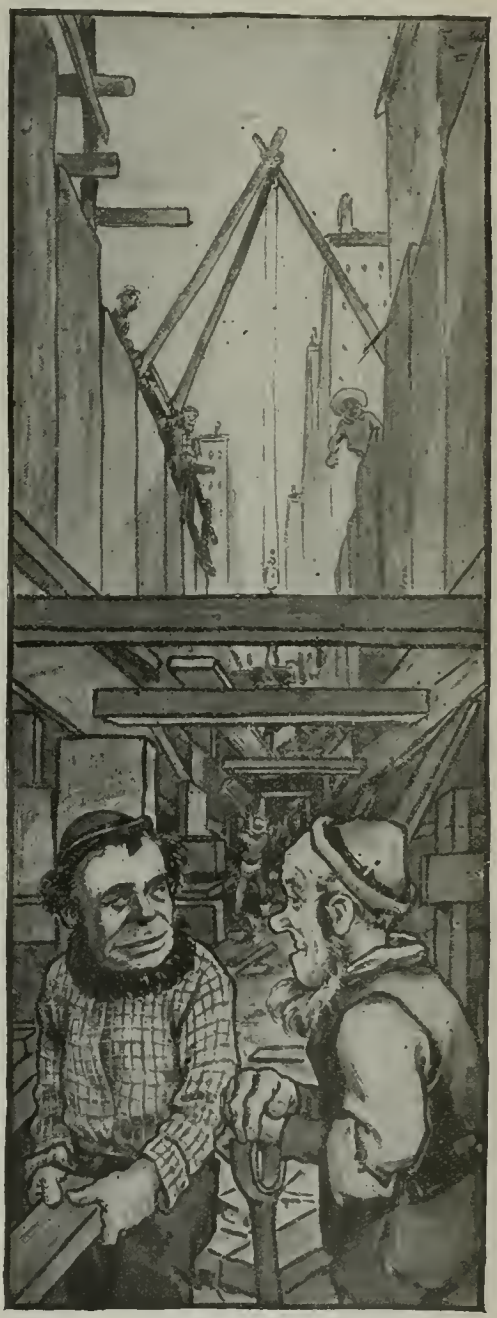
*The clergyman*—"Yo' mus' be nigh ninety-six, auntie, an' yo' prob'ly ain't got long ter lib"——

*Auntie Black*—"Good Lawd! Yo' done tol' me dat w'en I was only eighty."

## The Benefit of a Doubt.

*Maude*—"I wonder if it is really so that Agnes is engaged?"

*Anne*—"Well, I sha'n't believe it till I see it denied in the papers."



UNNECESSARY EFFORTS.

KEEGAN—"Old man Rafferty near had a fit whin he heard his darter an' young Rooney had bin married fer six months."

REGAN—"Cud yez blame him? There 'd bin treatin' th' young blackguard loike a gintlemon fer six mont's, jist thryin' to git him into th' family."

BEACH NUT.
SUGAR CURED
WE WILL HAV FRESH VEEL Thursdy A.M.
CASH PAID FOR HIDES & PELTS.
FINE KAND GOODS.
ORNGES 25¢ DUZZEN
FRESCH SALT MACKEREL 2 lbs FOR 6¢.

WHY IT WAS NEEDED.

"Ma wants five cents' worth uv dog-meat."
"So your ma's got a dog, has she?"
"Nope."
"A cat, eh?"
"Nope."
"Hain't got a summer boarder, have ye?"
"Nope."
"Great snakes! what is it she's got, then?"
"Oh, ma hain't got nothin'—it's paw. He got a black eye at th' election."

## Hardihood.

WILD and fiercely raged the tempest,
Man and creature trembled mute;
While my chimney, never blanching,
Took that time to clean its soot.

## There Are Others.

"WHAT kind of a chap is he?"

"Oh, his conversation consists of twenty-eight dollars' worth of talking to every nickel's worth of horse sense."

## Mutually Struck.

*Sinker*—"Did you make a hit with the girl's father?"

*Drawun*—"Did I? Well, I should say I did! He struck me for a loan the first thing."

OVERHEARD AT HUNTINGTON.

MR. BOTTLE—"Come on! Let 's run a race."

JUG OF MOLASSES—"Oh, no, thank you; I don't run well in cold weather."

## Complying with His Request.

MARK me well!"

"Sure!" obligingly replied the reformed pirate who was doing the job. "I'll tatoo 'Cured by Bowersock's bitters' on your back."

## More Descriptive.

"SO YOU are keeping an intelligence-office, I hear."

"I call it a 'servants' exchange.' Seems more descriptive."

## Scientific Note.

IN Germany there was a heifer
That ate some luscious hassenpfeifer.
The rest is queer;
It spoiled her ear—
Indeed, it made the heifer deifer.

TRUE CHARITY.

MR. JONES—"Are you a professional beggar?"

MENDICANT (*hopefully*)—"No, sir; I am not."

MR. JONES—"Then I won't give you anything, for fear of making you one."

HER FORTE.

Mrs. Johnson—"Oh, yo' cheap, worn-out, wuthless, no-account bag ob nuffin'! Yo' ain't wuth two cents!"
Mr. Johnson (*admiringly*)—"Good Lawd, Hannah! what an insurance-adjuster yo'd make!"

## The Peels.

WITH majestic grace the stately ship cleft her way through the fog. All, indeed, was light and happiness aboard. Suddenly peel after peel rent the air. Swiftly a tug came to her side and hailed.

"Do you need assistance?" asked the captain of the tug.

"No," answered the captain of the steamer. "It's only these country excursionists throwing their banana-peels overboard."

CRACKING NUTS WHILE UNCLE JERRY PLAYS THE FIDDLE.

## An "L" Incident.

BY JOVE!" said the excited passenger, "there's a vacant seat in the next car." And jumping to his feet, he would have dashed madly forward had not his friend grasped his arm.

"What's the matter? Haven't we seats already?"

"So we have!" said the first passenger, sinking back. "Upon my word, it's so unusual I didn't realize it."

WHAT THE CARDS PREDICTED.

MURIEL—"Next summer, dear, you will take a long journey abroad and become engaged to a tall, fair man with heaps of money."

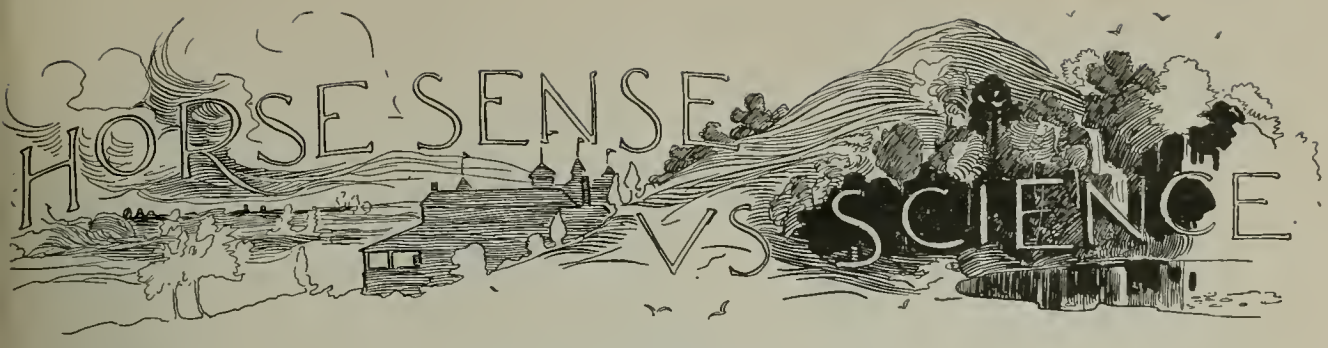
MILLICENT—"Fine! That will just suit me to a t."

MURIEL—"But the next card says that a dark man will come along and cross your t."

THE MODERN LOVE-LETTER.

"I've brought your letters back. Where are mine?"

"They are in my safety-deposit vault at the bank. I regard them as my share of the assets of our joint enterprise thus far, and shall keep them. You know, love-letters are often equivalent to gilt-edged securities in these times."




By W. D. NESBIT. Illustrated by C. J. TAYLOR.

NOW, there was once a plain, common, every-day sort of a man who owned a nice tract of land, with a mountain in the centre, and he conceived the idea that it would be a good place for a summer hotel.

So he built one.

After it was finished he was not altogether satisfied with it.

While the scenic surroundings were beautiful and good to see, there seemed to be something lacking. Some way or other, the general arrangement of things was not what it should be; so he sent up to the city and hired a professional landscape artist at one hundred dollars a day to come down and see what could be done.

The professional landscape artist came in good time and spent two or three days meandering over the mountain-side and through the valley. He would go away about two miles and squint at things through a pair of field-glasses, then make copious notes in a dainty little red book.

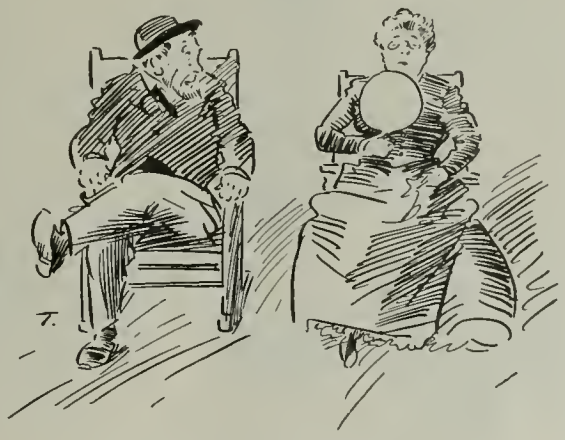
When he had finished his observations he called the plain, common every-day man to his side and said,

"Now, you see, your hotel is magnificent. It has a noble style of architecture and is wonderfully well arranged."

"Yes, sir," said the plain, common person.

"But it lacks the surroundings it should have. Now, I have been looking about, and on the other side of the mountain I find a beautiful lake and a rippling waterfall; also a number of majestic foliage-trees. What you will have to do is to tunnel under the mountain and put in staging to support it until you can install a pivot right under its centre. This pivot we will connect with a pulley system and set up an immense engine off to the west of the hotel. When all is ready we will turn on the power and gradually whirl the mountain around until the lake and the waterfall and the majestic foliage-trees face your hotel. Then you will have the greatest place in the country."

"THE MOUNTAIN WAS UNDERMINED."



"'IT'S ALL PRETTY, PAW,' SAID HIS WIFE."

"You know your business," said the plain person who had the money.

So they went ahead, and at the end of a couple of years the mountain had been undermined, jacked up, pivoted, and turned successfully. It was indeed

## HORSE SENSE VS. SCIENCE

a marvelous change, and the new resort became immensely popular.

One evening the plain, common, every-day person sat with his wife, talking of what had been done and rejoicing that at last the hotel was surrounded by the right kind of scenery.

"It's all pretty, paw," said his wife; "but it seemed to me all along that there was a much better way than that landscape feller thought up."

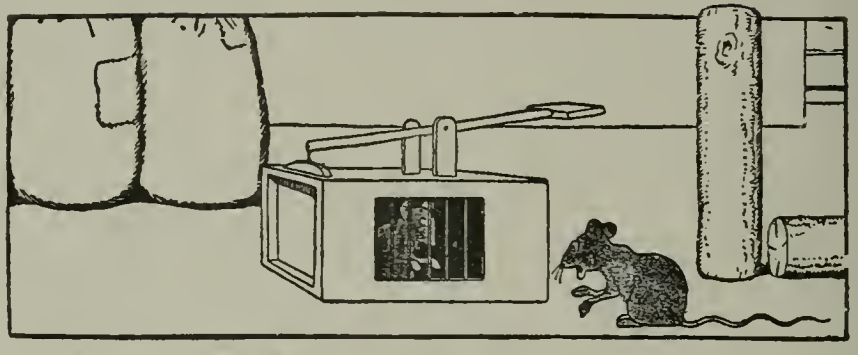
"FIRED THE CLERK."

"Oh, he knew his business, maw. There's no use talking — them fellows knows what they're doin'."

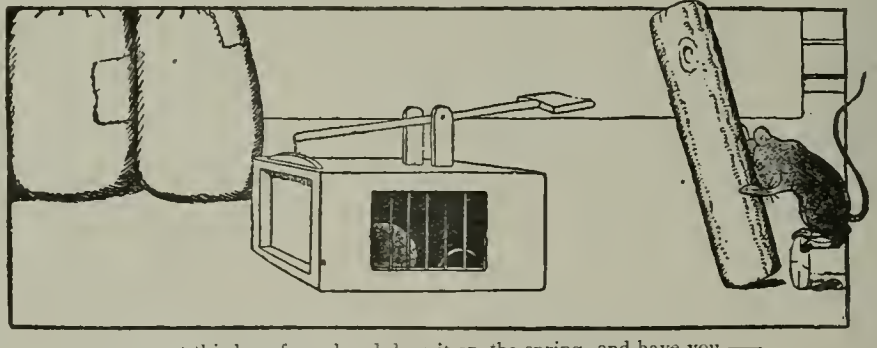
"I know; but I kind o' thought it would have been some quicker, anyhow, if we had put the hotel on rollers and moved it around to the other side of the mountain."

And the plain, common, every-day person went into the hotel and fired the clerk just because he was a college graduate.

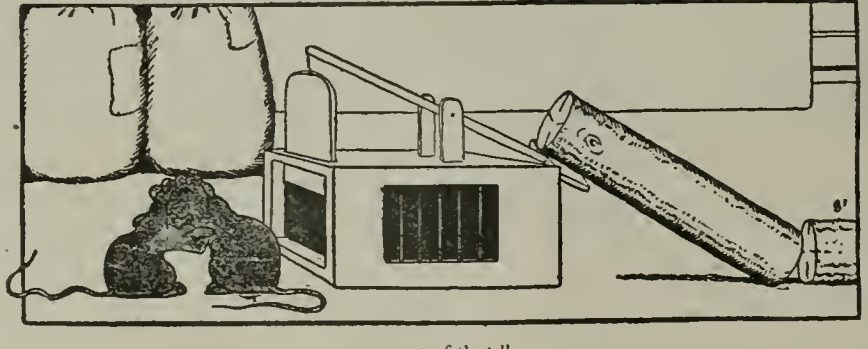
SAVED AGAIN.



MR. MOUSE (*to Mrs. Mouse*)—"My dear girl, how foolish of you to get caught in one of those traps! I must——



——get this log of wood and drop it on the spring, and have you——



——out of that."

### The Wonders of Science.

IT WAS a beauteous summer night. The bride and groom sat on the deck of the ship, afar on the bosom of the blue Atlantic, on their way to the Riviera, or some other place with an unpronounceable name. Tenderly she gazed at the brilliant stars that blazed through the entrancing hue of the night sky.

"Is it not wonderful?" she mused. "Just to think, all those stars shining and shining and shining there through all the ages."

"It's very fine," agreed the practical bridegroom.

"And that gauzy band across the heavens," she murmured in girl-graduatish accents; "that filmy fleece of star-dust which we mortals know as the milky way! I wonder how it has been preserved in all its gossamer purity through all the centuries that have gone?"

Knowing that this was a time for him to show his complete knowledge, the young husband ventured, "Maybe they use formaldehyde."

### Invidious.

*Madge*—"He tried to kiss me, although we are not engaged."

*Dolly*—"What made him think he could do it?"

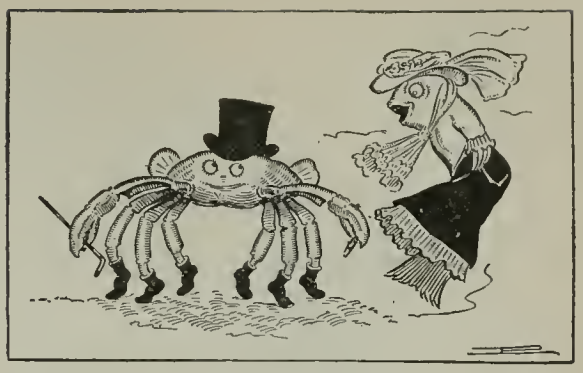
*Madge*—"I suppose it was because he has been in the habit of calling on you."

---

IF a married man admits he's a fool it is his wife's duty to agree with him.

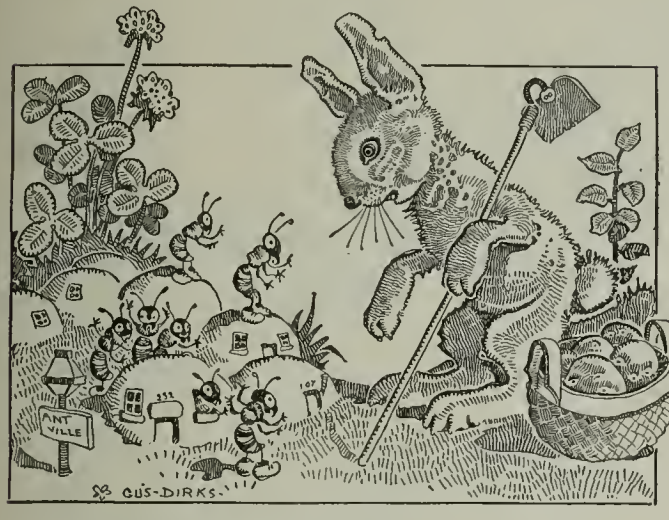
## He Denounced It.

"I IS requested," said Parson Blackberry while informing his flock of future services to be held; "I is fuddehmo' requested to denounce de ingagement ob Miss Lily Petunia Robison an' Mistah Jeems Amalgamated Tompson. De noose will be tied in dis hyer buildin' nex' Friday ebenin', weddah puhmittin'. It wah de intentions at de fust staht-off ter hab er 'possum weddin'-dinnah in conclusion ter de suspicious affaih, but de despective bridegroom hab concluded dat, owin' ter de solemnitous nature ob de 'casion, hit'll be bes' fo' me ter denounce dat dere will be no suppah ner dinnah, as fust 'spected. I's shuah de con'gation jines me in 'stendin' precipitations ter dis lovin' couple an' wishin' dem many happy retuhns ob de day."



RIGHT IN IT.

Miss Cod—"I do so admire tall men!"
Mr. Crab—"I am a six-footer myself, Miss Cod."




A COMPLAINT.

Ant—"Say, Farmer Rabbit, who gave you permission to plant potatoes right on our main street?"

## Honor to Whom Honor Is Due.

"AND now, gentlemen," says the chairman of the committee on awards at the millinery exhibition, "the question before us is to whom shall the chief prize go. Of the many pattern-bonnets submitted, that of Miss Meekleigh is far and away the most artistic."

"But," protests a more experienced member, "the bonnet exhibited by Madame Sokkettuum is far and away the most expensive."

A few minutes later the medal was pinned on Madame Sokkettuum.

---

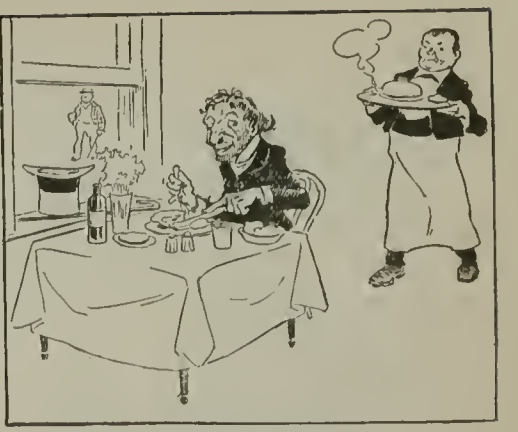
"HE'S a very distinguished actor, I am told."
"No; not an actor—a star."

SO IT APPEARED.

"Say, mister, your head is upside down!"

1. HAMFAT—"This will work all right. You just swipe the hat.——

2. ——Now to place the tile in the right spot.——



3. ——Waiter, the best in the house is none too good for me.——

## The Real Excitement.

"NO," said the athlete; "there isn't half enough excitement in the games any more. I've played baseball and football and polo and shinney and lacrosse, but it seems to me they are all too gentle. What I would like to get into is some kind of sport that guarantees a hot time and lots of good fighting."

Here his friend suggests, "Why don't you join a labor union and go on strike?"

## Why He Fled.

DEMOSTHENES was rehearsing at his home one of his most brilliant orations. "Yes," said his wife; "that's very fine. Now, won't you just step out and discharge the cook?"

Suddenly remembering an engagement down town, he fled from the house with fear upon his face.

4. ——Whoo! there goes my best hat.

5. ——I'll catch that thief or lose a leg.——

6. ——Now, Horatio, it's your turn for dinner."

ONE WAY TO GET A DINNER WITHOUT PAYING FOR IT.

## A Suggestion.

IF ON some resolution strong
You now would have your nature bent,
Refrain from making that old joke
About umbrellas keeping lent.

## As It Sounds.

*Mrs. Newrich*—"Marie's trip abroad has given her quite a smattering of French."

*Mr. Newrich* (disgustedly)—"Quite a sputtering I should call it."

## Their Identity.

*Inquisitive party*—"What are those peculiar-looking things?"

*Dealer*—"Pressed family skeletons for the closets of flat-dwellers."

ABSENT-MINDED.

PROFESSOR RHINOCEROS—"Now, what in thunder can I have done with that candle-extinguisher?"

## Don't.

IN THE town's big business battle,
In the bargain-sales of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Don't go shopping with your wife.

---

THE Pathfinder paused in the trail.

"This is easy!" he exclaimed, "but suppose Fenimore Cooper had made me find my way in New York"——

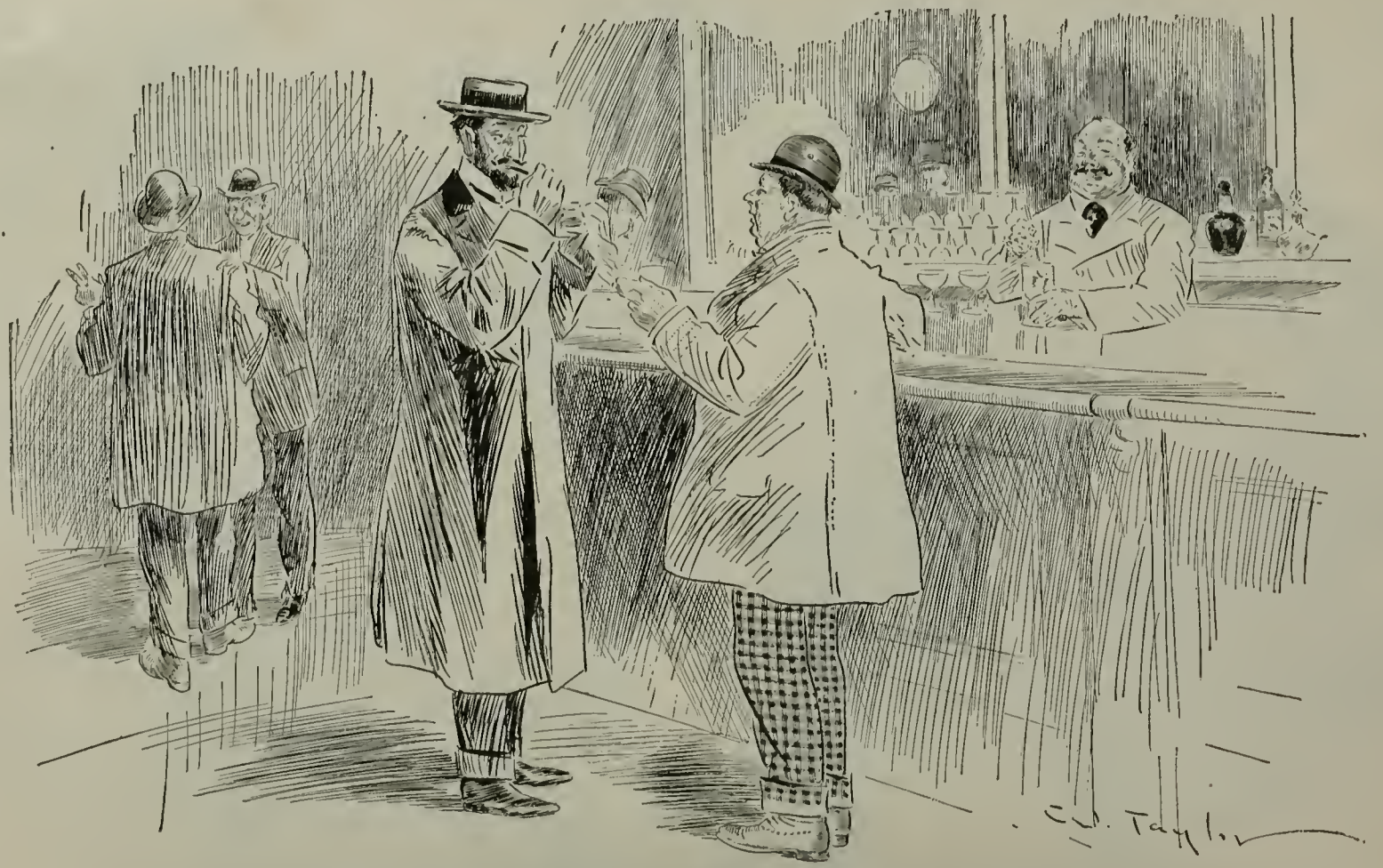
Shuddering at the thought, he hastened on, wishing only that he had been provided with rubber heels instead of leather stockings.

---

NIVER lick a felly thot's bigger 'n you, me b'y.

ANOTHER VICTIM.

PHILANTHROPIST—"You say bad literature brought you here? What made you read it?"
CONVICT—"I didn't—I wrote it. I wuz a poet an' had ter steal ter keep from starvin'."



BOTH SATISFIED.

RICHMOND—"They tell me Newpop was hoping for a son, while his wife wanted a daughter."
BRONXBOROUGH—"So I understand."
RICHMOND—"Well, they got both."

## Downright Abuse.

I'VE sure been called a lot of things
  Since I've been fooling 'round on earth;
They've even called me names, b' jings!
  That cast reflections on my birth.
They've called me "grafter," "snide," and
    "crook"—
  Yea, they have named me worse than that;
But here comes some man with a book
  That calls me "proletariat"!

Now, I have lived the best I could—
  I've paid my debts when necessary;
I've been, I reckon, average good
  For one so human and contrary.
But all my effort in the line
  Of keeping straight, and all of that,
Is wasted; and my eyes run brine,
  If I'm a "proletariat"!

I don't know what the word can mean,
  And, tell the truth, I'm scared to learn.
Far as I know I've never seen
  A sample, and don't care a durn
If I should waste the brief remains
  Of what short time I have at bat
Without once getting through my brains
  The sense of "proletariat."

Yet while I live and have my health
  I'd have the whole world understand
That, though I've neither fame nor wealth,
  There's none that dares to lift his hand
And swear that I, peace-loving man
  That tries to side-step family spats,
Could e'er be listed with the clan
  That's labeled "proletariats."

S. W. GILLILAN.

## To Be Eaten.

*Missionary*—"How are you going to take me?"

*Cannibal*—"With a grain of salt."

A WINNER.

There was once a clever giraffe,
Who at racing gave others the laugh.
  At the wire, 'tis said,
  He just stuck out his head
And won by three feet and a half.

THE FINANCIAL SIDE OF IT.

*Miriam*—"A gypsy woman told me to-day that I would be married inside of a year. She said she could see a wedding-ring upon my finger."

*Billy Gotham* (gloomily)—"Could she see where the coin was coming from to pay for it?"

## "I Told You So."

AUNT DINAH was laboring over the wash-tub in the side yard near her cabin, when suddenly and mysteriously a little negro, as if fallen from the skies, sprawled upon the grass near by, picked himself up slowly, and began to whimper.

"Hey, yo', Sam!" cried Aunt Dinah, "didn't I done severely warn yo' 'bout dat? Didn't I caution yo' elaborately? Ain't I done tole yo' ter quit foolin eroun' dat mule?"

## Worse Yet.

JONAH was wrapped in meditation and whale.

"Yes," he remarked; "it is bad to be down and out, but it is worse to be down and in."

Herewith he anxiously awaited the dénouement.

## An Epitaph.

THIS epitaph has been suggested for a dentist's monument:

"View this gravestone with all gravity;
  Below I'm filling my last cavity."

A SURPRISE.

ARCTIC EXPLORER—"Oh, yes; we lived on 'canned food' for two years while in the arctic."
GIRL—"Why, I didn't know there were country boarding-houses in the arctic."

## Hurroo!

'TIS a great day for America—
On every bush and tree
The mocking-bird is singing sweet,
"Old Ireland must be free."

Hurroo! The bands are playing, and the mud is two feet deep,
And German music wakes the Gael's long, hibernating sleep.
The big grand marshal loudly gives the order to "fall in"—
He's like a Russian general, for his mother was a Finn.
His aids are Isaac Silverstein, of good Mulcahy stock,
And Domenico Silvestro—you can bet be's no sham rock;
For he drill's the real article—his mother's a McQuade.
These are the boys that "fear no noise"—the Irish on parade.

Hurroo! From Ballyhooly, Mullingar and Garryowen,
Kilshandrumbeg and Drogheda, Killala and Athlone,
The brave gossoons to Irish tunes, with sauerkraut flavored fine,
Are marching gallantly and striving hard to keep in line.
To-day the proud Corkonian walks beside the wise "Far-down"
'Neath the green flag of old Ireland—"the harp without the crown."
Sure, if the Sassenach could see, 'twould make him sore afraid—
Such a formidable army is the Irish on parade.

Hurroo! The pretty colleens laugh and cheer along the way;
"Shin Fane" and "Faugh-a-ballagh" are the slogans of the day.
See the wily politician with a shamrock on his coat.
He rides in state and throws the bate to catch the Irish vote.
The corpse of poor old Ireland he'll drag around next fall
At the ignominious cart-tail in the cause of Tammany Hall.
He waves the whiskey-bottle — 'tis the emblem of his trade.
Alas! they're in the boss's grip—the Irish on parade.

'Tis a great day for America—
On every bush and tree
The mocking-bird is singing sweet,
"Old Ireland must be free."

EUGENE GEARY.

## Those Happy Years.

"FOR five years his married life was ideal," said the friend.

"For five years only?" asked the other.

"Yes. During those years he was lost with a polar expedition."

## Pity the Poor Millionaire.

THE multi-millionaire looked sad. To the body of men who had approached him for a large donation he said:

"I am sorry to refuse, gentlemen, but even I feel uncommonly poor to-night."

"Doubtless," said the spokesman, "we have come too late, and you have already given away vast sums to some other charity."

"No," said the multi-millionaire, and this time real tears stood in his eyes; "not that. My wife has been buying a new hat."

## The Other Words.

"YOU do well to complain that I make life miserable for you!" said the wife. "It sounds well when I recall how, when you proposed to me, you begged and begged of me to say one word and you would be happy forever."

"Yes," blurts out the harassed husband; "but you didn't stop on that one word!"

## "What Shall We Say?"

"WHAT is the delay?" asked the prosecuting attorney of the foreman of the grand jury. "Haven't you indicted those corporation men?"

"Yes; we indicted them an hour and a half ago," responded the foreman. "But the jurymen are in a deadlock over the wording of the apology that must go along with the indictment."

## Making It Easier for Him

THE conventional husband was making the conventional spring-bonnet remarks.

"After I have worried all winter over the money I was trying so hard to save," he said, "I find that you have spent it all for your new hat."

"Yes," replied his sweet young wife. "I want to relieve you of as many of your worries as possible."

A CLOSE CALL.

HIS IDEA.

CHIMMIE—"Will youse marry me?"
MAGGIE—"Can youse support a wife?"
CHIMMIE—"Dat's w'ot I wants ter find out."

MODELS OF PATIENCE.

MRS. GADDINGTON—"They have postponed the wedding four times."

MRS. BUFFINGTON—"Well, I hope they'll do as well with the divorce."

## A Practical Connoisseur.

*Mrs. Cobwigger*—"What a beautiful collection of antiques you have, my dear!"

*Mrs. Parvenue*—"It should be. My husband knows all about such things, and had them made to order."

## The Happy Future.

*Mrs. Waggles*—"Everything we have here in the house is so old it is shabby."

*Waggles*—"Have a little patience, my dear. When they get a little older they will be antique."

## The Man and the Hour.

*Mrs. Mason-Lodge* (waking suddenly)—"Is that you, Henry? What time is it?"

*Mr. Mason-Lodge* (comfortingly)—"'Sh, dear! 'S mush earlier 'n us'ly is at thish time, I 'sure you."

## Logic.

*Teddie*—"Pa, where do we get our milk from?"

*Father*—"From cows, my son."

*Teddie*—"And where do cows get their milk from?"

*Father*—"Why, Teddie, where do you get your tears?"

*Teddie* (after a long, thoughtful pause)—"Do they have to spank cows, papa?"

## Fame.

*First Colombian revolutionist*—"I tell you, we are putting up a pretty stiff rebellion this time."

*Second Colombian revolutionist* (proudly)—"Stiff? Why, I understand there was a magazine article written about us last month."

HIS PREFERENCE.

SUMMER GIRL—"Don't you love the scent of new-mown hay?"

VACATION MAN—"Oh, passionately—but I'd a little sooner buy it by the ounce at a drug-store!"

AMBIGUOUS.

FARMER JONES—"What time does the next train leave here?"
MOOSE MEADOW STATION-MASTER—"Oh, there's two leaves before that, but they hain't got in yet."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

MORGENSTERN—"Good-evening, Rosenstein. I see you've got your new clothing-factory started—the Rebecca Suit Company, you call it. Why did you name it after a woman?"

ROSENSTEIN—"For luck. It's the name of an old flame of mine."

## Worse Yet.

"MY dear," said Mr. Penheck timidly, pausing in his occupation of dusting the chandelier, "did you mail those letters I asked you to post for me?"

"Of course I did," answered Mrs. Penheck, deep in her perusal of the evening paper.

"It is strange," commented Mr. Penheck, with a touch of doubt in his tone, "that I haven't received any answers yet. One of the letters was to Brother William, and"——

"Maybe somebody forgot to mail the answers," interrupted Mrs. Penheck. "Don't always be hinting that I am the only woman on earth who forgets to mail letters."

"I am not hinting, my angel," faltered Mr. Penheck as he started toward the kitchen; "but I certainly think it strange"——

"Now just wait," ordered Mrs. Penheck, dropping her paper. "Let's get this all straightened out right now. I don't want those letters bobbing up at every meal for the next month. When did you give them to me to mail?"

"It was either last Monday or Wednesday"——

"Good heavens, man! don't you know what day it was?"

"I am trying to decide. I can't remember whether I wrote them after I had hung out the clothes or after I had finished the ironing."

"It must have been after you finished the ironing. You evidently had them on your mind while you were ironing, for my white-duck skirts are simply not fit to wear to business."

"Well, whenever it was, I remember I made some memoranda on my desk-calendar. That will prove it," Mr. Penheck said with a triumphant smile, going to his own little desk in the corner of the room. "Why, here are the letters!" he cried. "I must have forgotten to hand them to you."

"I guess you did!" sniffed Mrs. Penheck; "I guess you did! I do think it is time you were learning to know your own mind, Henry."

"But I"——began Mr. Penheck.

"But nothing! Am I to eat at home this evening or go to a restaurant? Next thing I know you'll be accusing me of forgetting to eat my dinner when you have forgotten to put it on the table."

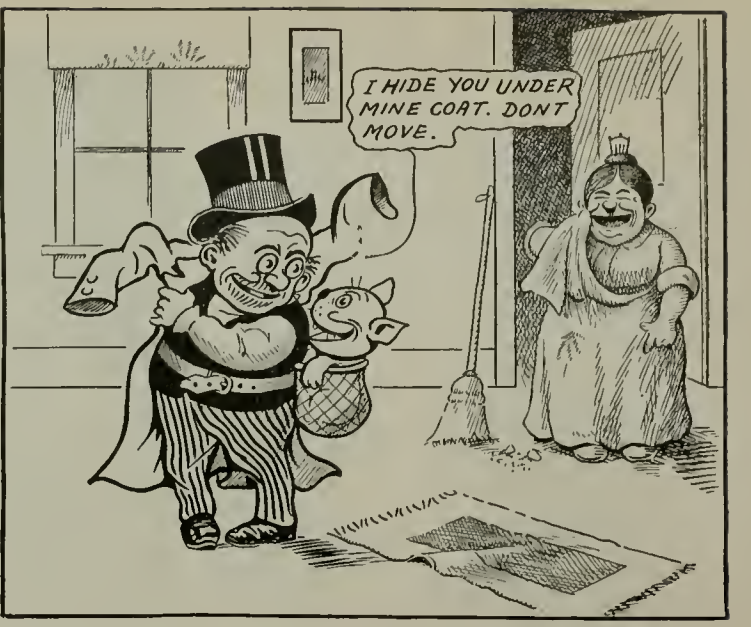
Mr. Penheck hurried to the kitchen, while his wife added the disputed letters to a bunch of others which were in her ample pocket, and which she had forgotten to mail.

"I'll post the whole batch on my way to the office in the morning," she said, "and then Henry will get enough letters in reply to keep his mind off my summer clothes until the weather gets cooler."

PROVEN!

"Hivin fergive me fer iver makin' th' shtatemint thot a dude wor no use in this wur-ruld!"

1.

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HERR TUFFLUCK WAS PREPARED FOR THE JOKERS

## The Social Calendar.

"YES, I have been so busy with my visits this week," said the impressive lady. "I Mondayed in Chicago and Tuesdayed at Peoria. Then I Wednesdayed at home and Thursdayed in Michigan city. I Fridayed with friends at Moline and Saturdayed at Waukegan."

"Yes?" asked the friend. "And where do you expect to to-day to-morrow?"

## Reserve.

*Assistant*—"They say the report is to be accepted with reserve."

*Editor*—"Certainly. We'll just issue three extras—one giving the report, one confirming it, and one stating that there's no truth whatever in it."

## The Rale Railroad.

"MISTHER O'TUNDER," said Mr. O'Toole, "can ye tell me wan thing?"

"Oi kin tell ye more nor thot," asserted Mr. O'Tunder.

"Thin tell me this: Is a railroad a rale road?"

"It is not, Misther O'Toole. A rale road is wan thot has harses on it an' a railroad is wan thot hasn't, by raison of th' fact thot a harse hasn't th' convayniences fer walkin' on a railroad thot it has on a rale road."

## Invidious.

*Madge*—"Physical culture is just splendid. I'm taking beauty exercises."

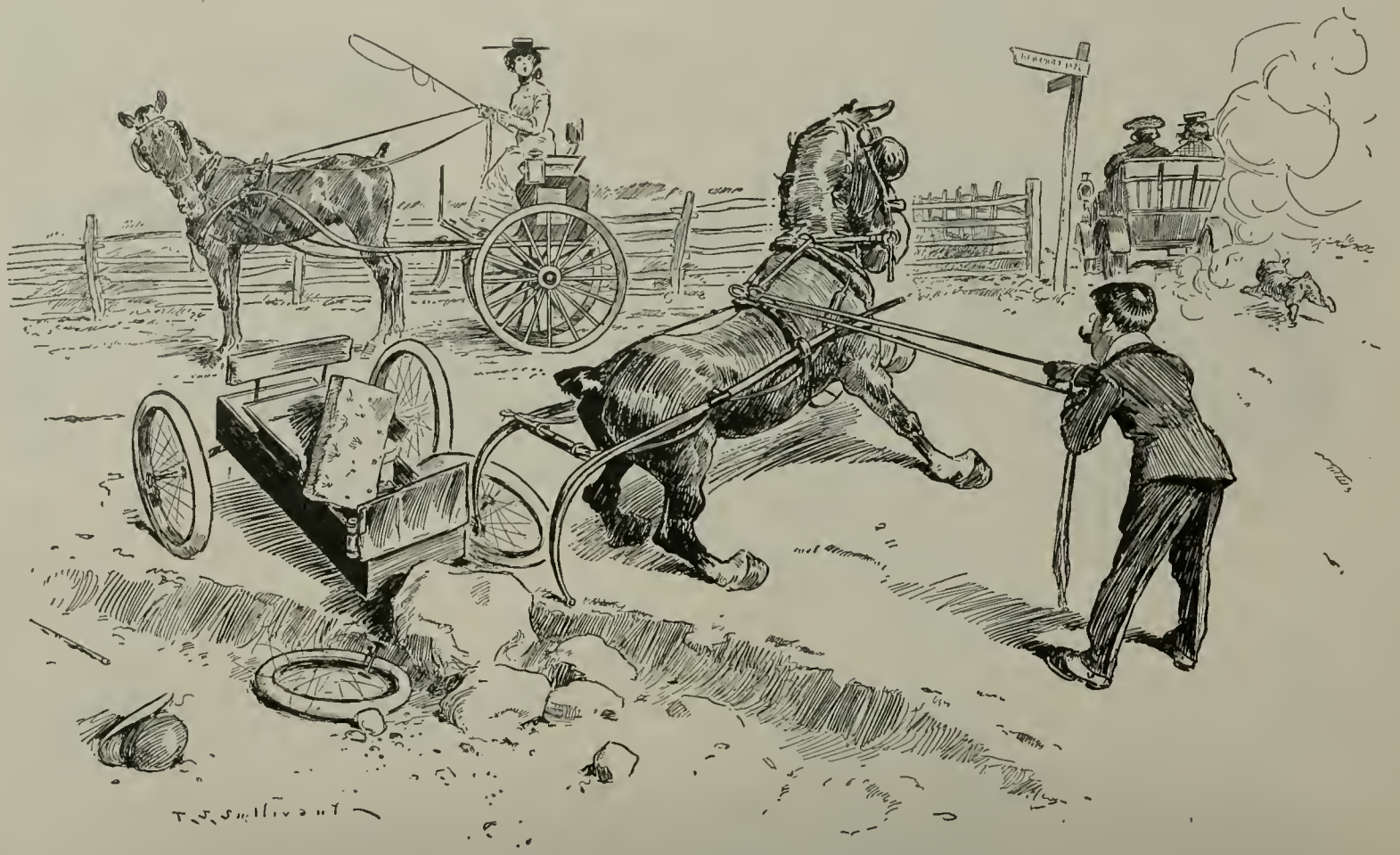
*Marjorie*—"You haven't been taking them long, have you?"

## An Aboriginal Toot.

OH, WE'RE the tame Indians that whoop with a will
And yank in the shekels for Buffalo Bill.
We're not half as wild as you'd think from our yells;
We're fond of pink tea and we eat caramels.
You'd never suppose, as we whirl 'round the course,
All gaudily painted, upon the wild horse,
That we're aborigines, cultured, refined,
And striving each day to develop the mind.

We read all the papers, we like the Greek play,
And shout for dear Boston the bean-bound "hooray!"
We never scalp babies or murder a soul,
Or eat the bow-wow that's cooked à la Creole.
We love color studies of mountain and shore;
We're fond of Beethoven and Schubert and Spohr.
We love Charlotte russe, though we're not above hash,
And still we are Indians who're out for the cash.

And that's why we caper for Buffalo Bill
And let out the war-whoop that's strident and shrill,
And hurl the long lasso and do the war-dance,
To give the big crowd a good taste of romance.
'Tis over to London we're shortly to sail—
The canvas and smoke flap about in the gale.
And when we are there we'll be Indians of taste,
And always æsthetic and never strait-laced.
Of Watteau and Whistler we'll dream with a will,
And shout loud the praises of Buffalo Bill.



HIS FAILING.

SHE—"Your horse seems strongly prejudiced against automobiles."
HE—"Yes; he's nearly as bad that way as a chap who doesn't own one."

## Fable of the Two Girls.

ONCE there was a little girl who was always saying naughty things, and a wise fairy cast an enchantment upon her, so that each time she spoke noxious lizards, snakes, toads and other reptiles seemed to leap from her mouth.

And there was another little girl who was always saying nice things, and the same wise fairy so wove her spells that diamonds and rubies and money fell from this girl's mouth when she would talk.

And what became of these girls?

The first one was engaged by an astute dime-museum manager and became fabulously rich.

The second one was gobbled up by a trust that made her talk herself to death.

THE REAL STUFF.

MAGGIE—"Is dat a love-story yer readin'?"
CHIMMIE—"Betcher life it is! Dere's a murder in every chapter."

HIS CASH VALUE.

They say she married money.
'Tis true to all intents;
For though he is not wealthy,
He looks like thirty cents.

## A Natural Supposition.

THE man comes home about an hour after the firemen have been summoned to his residence. The fire is out, but the front of the house is decked with broken furniture, rumpled carpets, disarranged bedding, pieces of cracked bric-à-brac, and smashed pictures. Surveying the scene for a moment, he goes into the house, meeting his wife in the hallway.

"I thought you weren't going to clean house until next week," he comments.

## Another Freak.

*Visitor*—"What's this man here for?"

*Museum-man*—"He was seen at a matinée with his wife."

## Trying the Fad.

THE cannibal king pores long and earnestly over a package of circulars which have been taken from the person of one of his captives. At last he says,

"Well, these arguments in support of the different diets certainly do interest me. I believe I will try a change." Summoning his chef, he orders, "Serve that health-food man for breakfast tomorrow."

---

LOVE laughs at locksmiths, but that is before marriage.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

MIKE—"Begobs! we won th' shtrike, afther bein' out tin months."
PAT—"Tin months? But phwy ain't ye workin'?"
MIKE—"Oh, we voted t' take a week off t' cilibrate th' victory."

NO MORE HORSE-STEALING IN THE WEST.

BUNCO PETE (*the confidence man*)—"Hello, Ike! What are you doing so far away from home?"
ALKALI IKE (*the horse-thief*)—"Well, I had to come east to pick pockets. Since they introduced automobiles in the west there's 'nothin' doin'' out there."

## The Good Advertisers.

"WHAT type of ze American girl is it," asks the count, "zat is always conspicuous at ze seashore by ze shortness of ze costume, and in ze ballroom by ze shortness in ze ozzer way of ze costume, and in street-dress by ze what you call drop-stitch and ze like?"

"That?' we answer airily. "Oh, that is the display type."

## Local Repartee.

"PARDON me, gentlemen," said the individual who had just moved into the little town as he entered the grocery, "but is there a chicken-raiser here?"

"Why don't you take an axe?" asked the village Talleyrand. "A razor will lose its edge if you use it on a chicken."

THE REAL THING.

TEACHER—"A bee's sting, magnified a thousand times, looks like a saw."

SCHOLAR—"Yes'm; and it feels like a buzz-saw without any magnifying at all."

## Apprehension.

"WHY, yes; my boy is quite ingenious. In fact, he is so interested in machinery that I'm afraid he may become an inventor."

"Afraid?"

"Yes; because, you see, if he should invent anything of value the chances are a hundred to one that somebody else will make all the money out of it."

## A Winner.

"WHEN you pucker your lips that way," says the billiardist to his sweetheart "it is my cue for a kiss."

"Is it?" she smiles. "Well, I don't carom many you take."

For she had not yet learned the additional interest that may be given the game by the establishment of a balk-line.

WHAT HE WAS AFRAID OF.

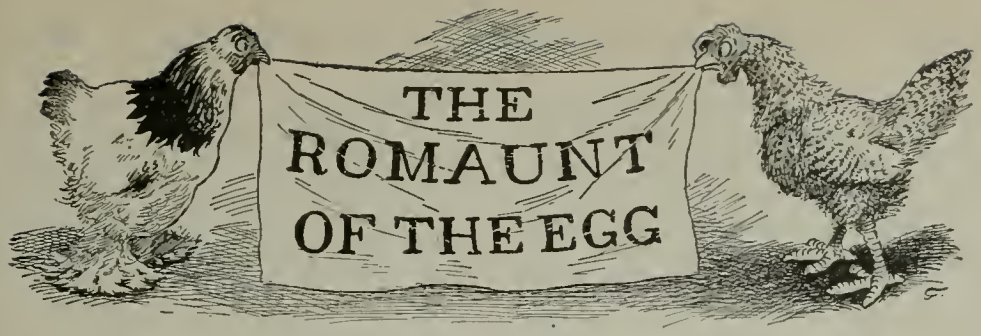
COHEN—"I bite effery dime I take, to see eef it is goot."

ISAACS—"But ain'd you afrait ohf microbes?"

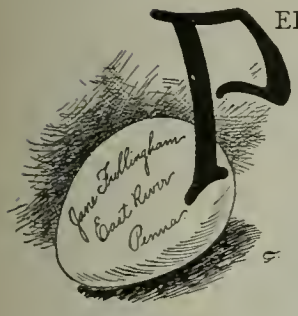
COHEN—"Vell, yes; bud nod so much as I am afrait ohf bad money."

MUST GET THEIR MONEY'S WORTH.

MRS. COHEN—"Oh, Jacob! I can't hold on a minute longer."
MR. COHEN—"You must, Repecca! Ve are paying feefty cents an hour for dis blame boat. Remember dot!"




By W. D. Nesbit. Illustrated by H. C. Greening.




ERCIVAL ILPHERSTONE, twenty-two and impressionable, clerk in a grocer's shop, found life a dull, empty thing. Life is peculiarly empty to most of us at twenty-two, as at that ripe age we throw aside the illusions of youth and must wait for the filling-up process of the illusions of later years. So it was with Percival Ilpherstone. To him there was little sunshine in an existence which consisted of getting up before breakfast, racing through that meal so as to be at the store early enough to sweep it out before the business of the day began; then putting in eighteen hours of twisting faucets on syrup and vinegar barrels, assuring inquisitive ladies that the dried currants were pure and fresh, the cheese mild and rich, and the sugar choice and unsanded. And on the particular day when this veracious chronicle opens he was more than ever impressed with the hollowness of life, for he had been assigned to the uncongenial task of uncrating a consignment of cold-storage eggs and placing them in a tub where they might be labeled "Strictly Fresh," and set near the doorway as if they had been deposited there by some honest farmer who had come in to trade the product of his poultry yard for the necessaries of life.

Percival even found it impossible to whistle. There seemed to be nothing in him but groans and stifled curses.

"Nice thing to look forward to," he grumbled. "'Spose I'll have to lead a life made up of sorting eggs and knocking the heads out of flour barrels. It's enough to disgust a man. Hello! What's this?"

He had taken up an egg and noticed that something was written upon it. Carrying it to the cellar window, where he might get a better light, he read the inscription carefully. The writing was,

"Jane Fullingham, East River, Pennsylvania."

"Now," Percival mused, "I wonder who Jane Fullingham is, where East River, Pennsylvania, is, and what Jane Fullingham wants. Let's see—evidently Jane is in East River, and East River is in Pennsylvania. Now, what do girls put their names and addresses on eggs for? So that they may be discovered by handsome, honorable young men, who will write to them and in time marry them. Shucks! It makes me tired."

He put the egg on the window-sill and returned to the crate. But this time he had ceased groaning and mumbling, and really was whistling a little tune as he worked. Once in a while a smile would stop the whistle, but in the main it went along so merrily that the grocer came to the head of the cellar stairs and listened, then tiptoed back to the front of the store and told the other clerk that he was glad to hear Percival whistle, as he had had such a grouch on himself for a month or so that he drove away trade.

When young Ilpherstone had sorted out all the eggs he went to the window and again inspected the one with Jane's name and address upon it.

"Plymouth Rock egg," he murmured to himself. "Good, solid farming family. Reckon Jane is a rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed girl, fond of fun and full of mischief. Well, I'll look this up. But I won't let Jane have any fun with me. I'll find out something about her first."

"'I WROTE MY NAME AND ADDRESS ON ONE OF THE EGGS.'"

All that day he was clever and cheerful, waiting on customers with an alacrity and willingness that made them buy twice as much as they had intended. That night, tired as he was, he sat up until midnight composing a letter to the postmaster at East River, Pennsylvania. In the letter he asked politely for information as to Jane Fullingham, intimating that upon the response to his inquiries depended a matter of much importance, but urging the necessity of the postmaster's keeping all knowledge of the letter from the Fullingham family for the present.

In due time there came a letter from the postmaster, stating that Jane Fullingham was the daughter of Hiram Fullingham, president of the East River bank; that she had just been graduated from college and was spending a vacation at home before taking a trip through Europe; was interested, and next she was curious. When a woman becomes curious, and a man is the object of her curiosity, he is in good or bad luck as the case may be. Jane knew and liked the cousin to whom Percival had referred, and she wrote to that cousin immediately, asking all about the young man. She did not intend writing to him until she should hear from the cousin—but she did. As she told herself, it was all too funny for worlds!

Then came another letter from Percival, with one from the cousin saying that he was a nice young fellow, but that the only drawback to him was that he was young, and, possibly, a trifle too self-confident. Naturally this satisfied Jane, and she continued corresponding with Percival. Also, naturally, it was not long until he had visited East River, met Jane and her family, won the confidence

"HE READ THE INSCRIPTION CAREFULLY."

that she was a popular young woman socially, and that she came of a mighty good family, and that he hoped this found Mr. Ilpherstone in good health, as it left him, remaining yours truly.

Percival lost no time in writing to Jane Fullingham. He couched his letter in the most graceful and gracious verbiage, assuring her that he appreciated the spirit of amusement-seeking which had prompted her to give him her address in such an unconventional way, but asserting that he was not altogether unfamiliar with her, as he had a cousin who had attended college with her and from whom he had heard much and often of her. Under the circumstances he would be delighted if she would favor him with a reply to his letter, remaining her humble servant and well wisher.

That Jane Fullingham was surprised when she received this letter is stating her sensations entirely too mildly. She was astonished, and then she was amused; and then she of her and her father, and at last was given a position in the East River Bank.

In the meantime the egg had been forgotten. Not that Percival had permitted it to escape his memory. He had "blown" it and was saving the shell, carefully packed in cotton, in the bottom of his trunk. But some way or other, every time he talked with Jane there had been matters of far greater importance than eggs to discuss. Well, the affair ran along, as all such affairs do once they are started, and terminated in Percival's asking a certain question and Jane's giving a certain answer, which resulted in what the East River *Herald* termed "the most important social and matrimonial event that ever has obtained in the haut monde of East River." In other words, Percival Ilpherstone and Jane Fullingham were married. Now we come to the egg.

The happy young couple received many presents, of course. And among the cut glass, silver, and other

things prominently displayed was an egg—just a common, ordinary, every-day egg—resting in a velvet case lined with purple silk.

"What in the world is this?" exclaimed Mrs. Percival Ilpherstone, after the guests had gone and she and her new husband and the rest of the family were inspecting the array.

"That?" laughed Percival. "Why, surely you know what that is."

"Of course I know it is an egg. But what is it doing here? What a funny present!"

"Funny? Why, I gave it to you."

"You?"

"Yes. Don't you recognize that writing?" And he pointed to the inscription: "Jane Fullingham, East River, Pennsylvania."

"It's my name," she said; "but how did it come there?"

"How? Why—why—you wrote it there."

"Never!"

"Why, what do you mean? Didn't you write your name and address on that egg, and didn't I find it in the crate I was unpacking, and didn't I write to you, and didn't you write to me, and didn't I come here, and didn't you marry me?"

"Why, Percival! Are you out of your head?"

At this, Jane's grand-aunt, who had been looking on with a rare twinkle in her kindly eyes, spoke:

"Wait a minute, children. Don't have your first quarrel so soon after you have been married. Let me see that egg."

She took the egg, looked it over carefully, laughing softly all the time, and then replaced it tenderly in the case.

"Mercy me!" she cried. "I never dreamed of seeing that egg again. Hiram, do you remember when we were children and lived on the old farm?"

"Yes, aunt," answered Percival's father-in-law.

"Well"—she blushed finely—"well, once, when I was helping your grandpa pack eggs to ship to the people that stored them for better markets, I—I was just a foolish girl then, you know—I wrote my name and address on one of the eggs. 'Jane Fullingham, East River, Pennsylvania,' is what I wrote, and here it is on this eggshell. If that isn't the strangest thing!"

"Well, Aunt Jane," declared Percival, "you are entitled to my undying thanks for being just a foolish girl, anyhow."

"And mine, too, aunty," laughed Mrs. Percival Ilpherstone.

BUY ONE OF OUR CHOPPING MACHINES AND MAKE BREAKFAST FOOD OUT OF LAST YEARS STRAW HATS.
HAY GRAIN AND
NEW POTATOES
STRICTLY FRESH
FREEMAN

"HE WAS SO CHEERFUL THAT CUSTOMERS BOUGHT TWICE AS MUCH AS THEY HAD INTENDED."

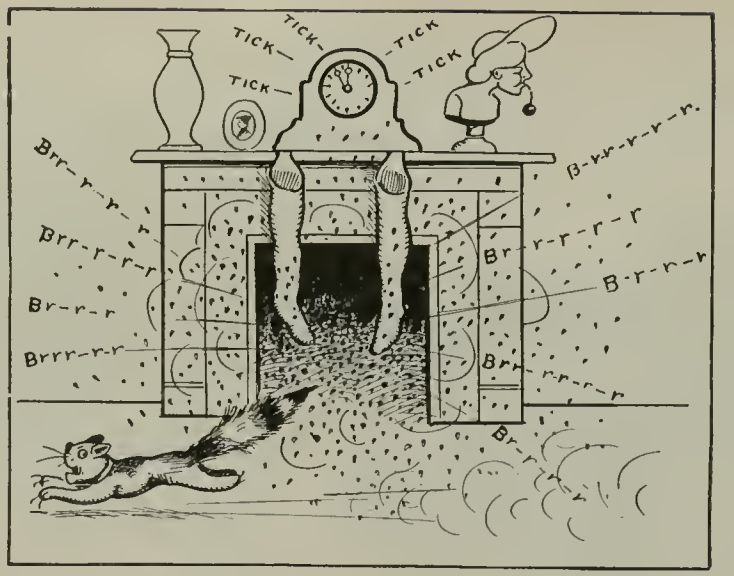
"But just think," said Percival, "just think of it. Your aunt Jane wrote her name on there when she was a little girl—that must have been before the civil war. And those eggs only got into the 'strictly-fresh' class about a year ago."

"It only goes to show," asserted Uncle Eben, who was Aunt Jane's husband, "that you never can tell how or where an egg or a love affair is going to end."

## Error.

SHE was a dainty, graceful thing
Of ribbons, lace, and bows;
She had a smile to match the spring,
A mouth to match a rose.
A glance at me and I was won—
To win her then I swore.
It was a thing that I had done
Before.

I dared to walk beside her—oh,
What rapture thus to walk!
I dreamed of music that should flow
When she with me should talk.
So close I bent me to her face—
Just then the saucy elf
Turned suddenly and whispered "Chase
Yourself!"

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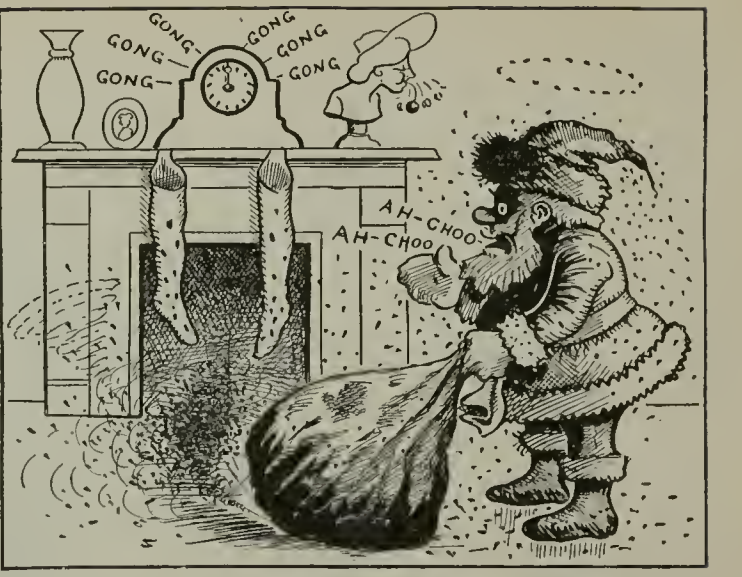


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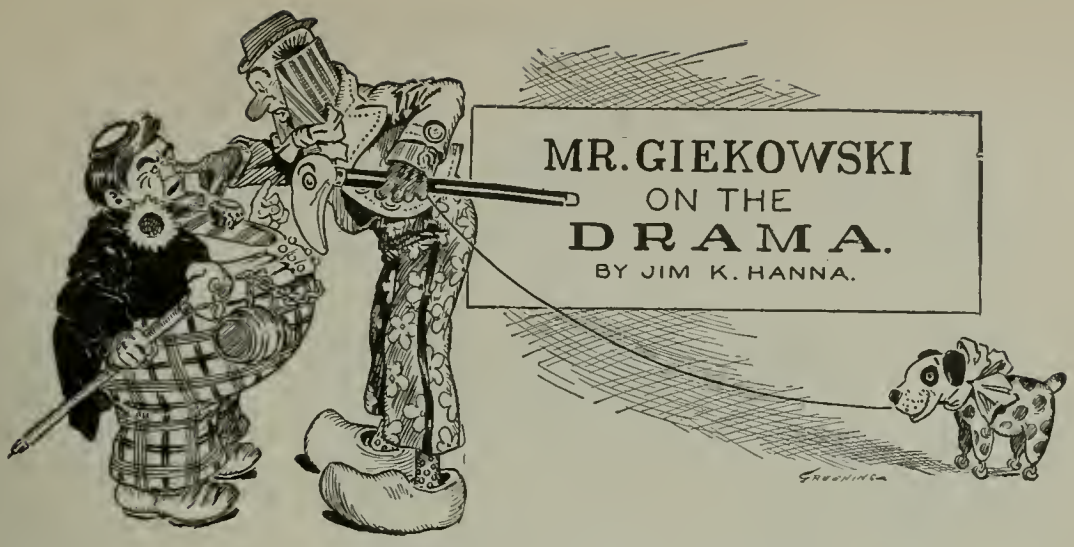
'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS AND THE FAMILY USED SOFT COAL.




ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. GREENING.

MR. GIEKOWSKI was a small man with a round head, principally hairless, and eyes that looked seriously through a large pair of iron-rimmed spectacles. By birth he was a Polish-Frenchman, and by nature be was an investigator of human beings. You might have called him an anthropological detective, except for the fact that the name did not fit him very well—but neither did his clothes.

Mr. Giekowski had come to America to study America and the Americans, and not knowing the American language—although he had some slight smattering of English—he set about learning it in the quickest and most logical manner possible. He attended the theatres and read books, and thus he acquired in a very short time a fluency and breadth of diction that many Americans never succeed in compassing.

If, in his search for the idiom, he ended by securing a somewhat conglomerate speech, we must not blame Mr. Giekowski. If his theatrical ventures were with Weber and Fields, the "County Chairman," and the vaudeville stage; and if his literary pursuits brought to him Mr. Dooley, George Ade's classic works, and Mr. Barrie's stories, it was no fault of his. Mr. Giekowski did his best, and that the American literary and dramatic language is often peculiar in its idiomatic structure and verbal form is certainly not to be held against Mr. Giekowski.

One evening he met Mr. Muggins, a gentleman who holds an important position behind a necktie counter in a Sixth-avenue store, and over a bottle of rusty red claret, in a French table d'hôte restaurant—dinner with wine, forty cents—Mr. Giekowski gave a few opinions of literature and the drama.

"Shure, now, Misther Muggins," said Mr. Giekowski, "an' it's a grand show I was after seein' lanst noight down by der tee-a-tur, und it iss noddings vat you call a show mit some oxpensiveness to get into it. Not on your life, cully; de price was dead easy. See?"

"Ten, twenty, thirty?" inquired Mr. Muggins.

"So iss it," agreed Mr. Giekowski. "It is wan of

"THE FLOSSIE SEESTAIRS."

dem continuations in der performings shows. Not iss it, anytimes, when somedings on der stage ain't. Yes? I make a goot langwidge?"

"Oh, mercy me, yes!" lisped Mr. Muggins.

"Verra weel," continued Mr. Giekowski. "Ye ken richt weel it's whit ye ca' vodderviller. An' a richt gran' shaw it wis. Shure, now, Misther Muggins, give me vaudeville ivery toime phwin Oi want to shtudy human natur'. It's an illigant thing human natur' is," said Mr. Giekowski, "as set forth before us upon the vaudeville stage of the tee-a-tur. Where iss it, Mister Muggins, can a man sooch a studyings make of der beoples of der United States as by der continuations performings show? When I by der continuations performing shows a little more go I know der insides of der livings of der American beoples like one encyclone-pedix."

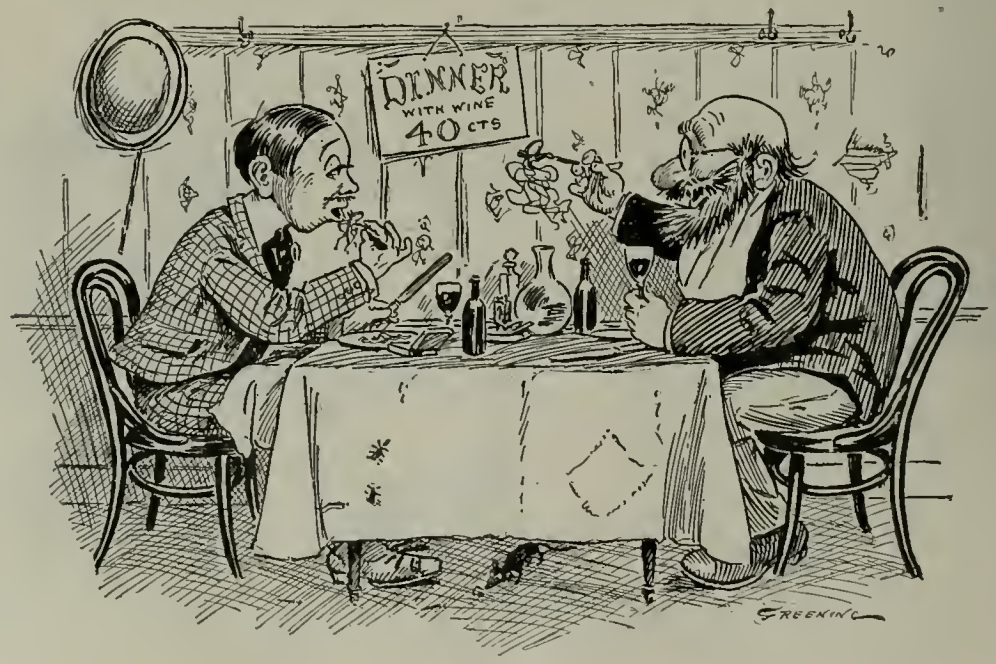
"Aw, Mr. Giekowski," said Mr. Muggins playfully, "you mean an encyclopidia."

"Yas, massa," said Mr. Giekowski gratefully, "dat is sure a fac'. Dat's jes' what I mean—umcyclopeby. Dat's what I say. I know um all like dat book I mention. And don't let that fact slip your think-box. The vaudeville is the cross-lot path to the wise gazabo's hang-out. The man who takes in a bunch of ten-twent'-thirt' shows has a lead-pipe cinch on the little old Yankee Doodle customs, and no error.

"Ze langwidge!" continued Mr. Giekowski, with enthusiasm, "ze beootiful cloze! ze charming ways! How ze devil vill I efer learn, ozerwize, zat ze American, when ze wife is in ze evening costume, slap her, smack! on ze bare back? How ze dickins vill I else learn zat ze American man nevair so funny as when he most intoxicate? Oh! how funny ze American man when he intoxicate! Zis I find is ze—what you call him?—ze groundation stone of ze American humor—to get intoxicate. Ze full, ze jag, ze skate—zis is ze funny business.

"An' let me give ye another pointer, Misther Muggins," continued Mr. Giekowski. "Wan av the grandest troiumphs av human wit in the twintieth century is fer a whoite mon to put shtove black on his face. Whin his face is blacked up," said Mr. Giekowski' "he kin give us jokes that ought to have been burrid before Noah kim aff the ark, an' we bust aff buttons laughin' at thim. Shure, Misther Muggins, it's a moighty lucky thing that there 's a law agin a tee-a-tur performer blackin' up his face an' gettin' a jag at wan an' the same toime. If such a thing kem about, Misther Muggins, it's dead in their seats the aujience wud be from laughin'.

"A weel! a weel!" he continued; "lauchin' isna a' of life; na mair is it a' of play-actin', Meester Muggins. A wee bit o' sang gaes weel. An' it's gran' the singin' I heard the nicht! Lowk me! Sic singin' wad make the cherubim jealous, an' good reason for ut. The cherubim be nowt but a curly head an' a wee bit pair wings, Meester Muggins, an' hoo they sing withou' lungs is beyon' me. Na mair could the Flossie Seesters I saw the nicht sing withou' legs. But 'twas gran' singing they did wi' 'em, Meester Muggins.




"IN A FRENCH TABLE D'HOTE."

## MR. GIEKOWSKI ON THE DRAMA

"Firsta, da mekka da gran' duetta on a da pink stocks—fortissimo, piano, tremolo! Nexta mekka da solo—kicka da roof, kicka da sky, kicka da moon! Oh! gran' song dat. Nexta da oddera girl singa da solo jig—see da lace, see da stock—see da—oh! gran' song! Nexta da mekka da gran' finale, kicka da roof, flasha da lace, turna da somersault, shaka da hair! Voice? Not notice da voice—fine-a da leg."

"Oh, you awful man!" simpered Mr. Muggins. "How dare you?"

"Trubble wid yo'," said Mr. Giekowski, "is dat you ain't got no 'preciation of fine aht. Dis yere American publick dey jes' got to hab aht. 'Aht fo' aht's sake,' dat's what dey jes' natchully yellin' dey heds off fo'. Dat's what ebery ahtist is workin' foh to-day."

"What is 'art for art's sake'?" asked Mr. Muggins.

"'SLAP HER, SMACK! ON ZE BARE BACK!'"

Mr. Giekowski took off his spectacles, wiped them and put them on again.

"Say, kid," he said, "you'se is stringin' me, eh? No, honest? Den I'll let a little light into youse top-piece. Mebby you ain't ever put your peepers on a thousand-plunk bank-note? No? Well, say, talk about your Venus de Medicines! Venus would size up like a First avenue delicatessen bologna alongside of one of dem thousand dol. beauts. See? Take it from me dat a thousand-shiner bank-note is the artisticalest picture you ever seen. It's real art, an' no error. Well, are you next? When you hear a howl about a guy doin' it all for art's sake, you bank your roll dat dem choicely engraved bank-notes is de sort of art he's got his eye on."

## He Couldn't Forget It.

THEY sat there in the gloaming; the night-breeze murmured by,
Its melody a cadence half-laden with a sigh.
She turned and eyed him fondly, then gently, softly, said,
"The years have left their record upon your snowy head,
But still I can't forget them, those days so bright and blue,
When you were 'lovey-dovey' and I was 'ootsey-oo.'"

The moon hung low; the moonbeams came mellow from afar:
Across the hazy distance there gleamed the evening star.
The hour had made her tender, had called to mind the past.
"Ah"—tremblingly she breathed it—"if those young days could last!
They still come trooping to me, those days so glad and true,
When you were 'lovey-dovey' and I was 'ootsey-oo.'"

Uneasily he twisted upon his rocking-chair.
"Do you recall," she asked him, "those days so sweet and fair?
Do you remember, darling, how dear it seemed to you
When I said 'lovey-dovey' and you said 'ootsey-oo'?"
He found his voice that moment, and "oot-sey-oo" was jarred—
"No. I cannot forget them—but I'm trying to mighty hard."

A REAL IRISH PUNCH.

MIKE—"Was there any 'punch' at Kelly's wake?"
PAT—"No; but there was *punching* enough to make up for it."

COMPULSORY TEMPERANCE.

CASEY—"Kelly hazn't th' price av a dhrink."
COSTIGAN—"How do yez know thot?"
CASEY—"He ain't dhrinkin'."

## It May Be.

WE are voicing our views on the general foolishness of some women when they play whist.

"But," objects one of the company, "some of the brightest women I know play whist."

"It only seems that way," disputes a grizzled gentleman in the corner. "They simply shine by contrast."

## Epitaph.

A JOKESMITH lies beneath this stone.
Pray let no scrrow mar,
But hope that in the great unknown
He found the door a iar.

## Had the Best Chance.

I AM in the hands of my friends," said the first candidate with much dignity. "I leave my future to them."

The second candidate smiled sardonically.

"And I," he asserted, "am in the pockets of my friends. They must look after my future, or they won't catch even."

This, my child, demonstrates the difference between standing for office and running for the same.

## A Seasonable Request.

PA," said the minister's little boy, "last summer you prayed for rain, didn't you?"

"Yes, my child," responded the good man.

"And it rained, didn't it?"

"Yes, my son; my prayer was answered."

"Well, pa," said the boy, looking wistfully at his new sled, "don't you think you might ask for about ten inches of snow this week?"

## It Is So Stated.

HE sought to kiss
A girl from Wis.
She murmured "Oh,
You must not—No!"

He sighed, "Marie,
Don't you love Me.?"
And then said "Pshaw!
Don't call your Pa."

Coaxed thus, the Miss.
Gave him the kiss.
And yet again,
Till he took Tenn.

## Had Played With Blocks.

DOROTHY had never before seen a house constructed with so many gables.

"Goodness!" she exclaimed, "the one that took that house to pieces forgot how to put it together again."

THE HUMAN FAILING.

TOMMY OWL—"Confound it, Jimmy! I wish to goodness you'd keep to your *end of the limb!* You'll have me out of bed in a minute."

1.

"Gracious sakes! If dere ain't old Sandy Claws hisself comin' dis way."

2.

"An' he's left me a present, sure."

## The Sugar Girls.

(Oxnard, the beet-sugar king, has engaged a dozen pretty girls to make a door-to-door mission among the farmers of California to persuade them to turn from cane- to beet-sugar.—*Exchange.*)

THE Oxnard girls, 'tis very plain,
Object to farmers raising cane;
But if what's said above is true,
Something like this these girls will do:

They'll boom, of course, the juicy sweet
That permeates the sugar-beet
Until the farmers' boys shall pine
For them as far more saccharine.

Then beets will vanish, and instead
The boys these pretty girls will wed;
For theirs is sweetness that's so sweet
That they forever beat the beet.

3.

"Dis must be wot dey calls a surprise package."

4.

—And it was!

## Pickaninny in de Moon.

*(A mammy's lullaby.)*

PICKANINNY 'S in de moon,
An' I gwine ter see her soon—
I's waitin' fo' de clouds ter break away.
When de little stars come out
Den yo'll heah dis mammy shout,
An' I won't lebe mah honey twell it's day.

Pickaninny 's in de moon—
She am laik a rose in June,
An' her face am a-beamin' all de while.
An' when I shet mah eye
I kin see her stan'in' nigh—
When I dream in mah sleep I see her smile.

Pickaninny 's in de moon—
An' I gwine ter see her soon.
Dey tuck her f'um her cradle long ago
An' put her face in de sky
Fo' a light when I go by,
An' I know dat she'll meet me at de do'.

Pickaninny in de moon,
I's comin' putty soon—
Yo' is waitin' fo' yo' mammy by de way.
An' I spec' ter meet yo' dar,
An' togedder on a star
We'll trabel twell we meet de break ob day.

HOW IT LOOKED.

FIRST GIRL—"He promised ter meet me here at t'ree o'clock an' treat me ter hot soda."

SECOND GIRL—"Well, he's probably givin 'yer de absent treatment at dis very minnit."

## A Marine Revelation.

THE ancient mariner has just finished telling us how he existed for six months on a shipwrecked vessel that was totally unprovided with provisions.

"But what did you do for bread all that time?" we object with incredulity.

"Oh, the waves gave us some lovely rolls," is the reply.

Fearing that he may state next that they got spring chicken from the forward hatch, we smite him violently and flee through the open casement. Truly, only those who have lived with their arms around old ocean's gray and melancholy waste can appreciate the mysteries of the sea.

## Made Up.

"WHAT a very artificial woman she is!"

"Isn't she? Why, she dresses her hair to look like a wig."

## A Great Scheme.

"THIS ought to make my fortune!" exclaimed the poor inventor, coming into the office of the manufacturer.

"What have you figured out now?" asked the manufacturer.

"Set of alphabet blocks."

"Nothing new in that idea."

"But there is. This is for the English trade. I have succeeded in perfecting a non-drop pable 'h' block."

## Just As Good.

*Sporting editor*—"Our best football reporter is sick and can't go to the game."

*Managing editor*—"Never mind; we'll send the war-correspondent."

ANENT THE KICKER.

MAIZIE—"What a superb kicker that quarter-back is!"

WILLIE—"He ought to be. He's the star boarder up at our boarding-house."

## Would Be a Hardship.

"THAT explorer says that away off in the south, where he comes from, they have thirty and thirty-one nights in the month," says the first Esquimau boy.

"Gee! that wouldn't suit father," asserts the second Esquimau boy. "Every time he went to the lodge he would lose about fifty days' work."

## Foxy.

*Mrs. Talkington*—"Mrs. Spatt used to throw dishes at her husband across the dining-table."

*Mrs. Jabber*—"Well, she has stopped it. He gave her a lovely Limoges dinner set for her birthday."

## The Elephant and the Hare.

*A fable.*

AN ELEPHANT that had read the fable of the tortoise that by strict attention to business had won a race from a hare that indulged in sleep, gentle sleep, during the progress of the race, decided to profit by the hint given by Mr. Æsop, so he challenged a rabbit to a contest of speed and offered to bet genuine money on the result.

"You are on," said the rabbit, and the course was measured, judges were selected and press-agents secured.

"It is a cinch," said the elephant. "I weigh between four and five tons. That hare, in racing form, weighs twenty-two ounces. I will win by three long city blocks."

"If that pachyderm is figuring on my being dopy," said the rabbit, "he will discover that he has been smoking the wrong brand himself, for I am troubled with insomnia and I never sleep. What resting I do is after the running has ended and the shouting has commenced."

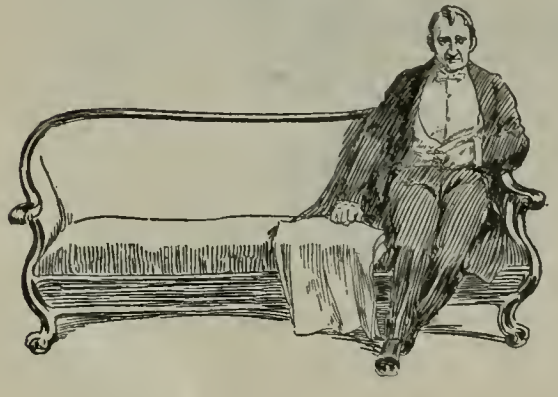
The race was run and those who had placed their money on the elephant never saw it again. The rabbit covered the distance before the elephant had moved his ponderous legs three times.

Moral—The elephant was out of his class.

THE BUSY BEE.

MR. FROG (*who has been stung*) — "Boo-boo! Darn these infernal bees, they ought to be arrested for carrying concealed weapons."

"BOXED CALF."



HER ARGUMENT.

"But, my dear, I look for the deeds of a man, not his title."

"Yes, papa; but it remains with us whether the duke shall keep either."

## At the Minstrels'.

"I MET you at precisely eleven-fifty-nine o'clock last night," said Mr. Rattlin Bones to Mr. Putton Corke, the eminent interlocutor.

"You say you met me at precisely eleven-fifty-nine o'clock last night?" repeated Mr. Putton Corke. "And what of that, sir?"

"Nothing particular," answered Mr. Rattlin Bones.

Some few misguided people in the audience started applauding immediately, but they were silenced by a wave of the hand from the interlocutor.

"Nothing particular," said Mr. Rattlin Bones, rolling his eyes and doing a little fancy step. "Only it made me think of something."

"Ah!" commented Mr. Putton Corke. "Nothing particular—only it made you think of something? And what was that, may I inquire?"

"A conundrum," asserted Mr. Rattlin Bones.

Here a man in the gallery was unable longer to restrain his hilarity and had to be carried to the lobby, where a physician applied restoratives.

"It made you think of a conundrum?" asked Mr. Putton Corke when quiet had been restored. "And what was the nature of the conundrum?"

"It was this: Why was my meeting you at eleven-fifty-nine last night like the stomach of Sir Henry Irving?"

Wild whoops of appreciation greeted this, but the whoopers felt some chagrin when the interlocutor again gave that deprecatory wave of his hand and convinced them that they had unpent too soon.

"Well, sir," he said to Mr. Rattlin Bones, "and why did your meeting me at eleven-fifty-nine o'clock last night remind you of a conundrum which is, Why was your meeting me at eleven-fifty-nine o'clock last night like the stomach of Sir Henry Irving?"

"Because," said Mr. Rattlin Bones, while the audience hung on to the seats in attitudes of great tension; "because it was almost midnight."

Although the orchestra immediately started in on the opening bars of the popular Jimmy Clogg's song, "No nigger kin make me jump de fence," the torrent of applause which followed drowned completely the strains from the instruments. In fact, it was necessary, before the show could proceed, for Mr. Rattlin Bones to arise and bow and do a "break," which terminated in a fake fall, accompanied by a terrific whack on the bass-drum.

WHY SHE CRIED.

"Boo-hoo! Willie 's gone an' proposed ter me twin sister, t'inkin' she was me."

WHEN TO GET MARRIED.

"Isn't she too young to get married?"
"Oh, yes. She won't come into her fortune for two years yet."

## Off His Feed.

"CAN'T I serve you some nice curried eggs this morning, sir?" asked the obsequious waiter.

"Curried eggs?" repeated the guest. "What have I struck—a mare's nest?"

---

"FOOTLITES is making an innovation in his new part."

"How, Antonio?"

"He has had a real army officer show him how to draw his sword and sheathe it."

## This Age of Imitations.

"YOU deny," said the upright judge, "that you are a combination in restraint of trade, and yet you acknowledge that you have cornered the entire supply of imitation silks."

"We acknowledge that, your honor," smiled the president of the combine, "but the law only takes cognizance of realities. We contend that we are merely an imitation silk trust."

## Edible to Him.

"YOU say," tittered the fiancée of the vegetarian, "that you could fairly eat me. Now isn't that contrary to the tenets of your belief?"

"Not at all," asserted the vegetarian.

"But if you ate me"——

"I should simply be eating a peach."

No use talking, the meat diet isn't the only one that makes the mind active.

THE WRETCH.

"They say her husband hasn't given her a thing since he married her."
"No. He won't even give her grounds for divorce."

## Up to Date.

"YES," said the proprietor of the new hotel, "we have every modern improvement. For instance, here is an apartment that we have just had constructed to meet a new demand on the part of our guests."

The suite of rooms he showed us was made entirely of steel. The doors were all heavy, with combination- and time-locks, and the general appearance of the apartment was that of the best grade of bank-vault.

"What's this for?" we ask. "Some millionaire?"

"Oh, no," he explains. "It is for the use of visiting maestros and impresarios from the old country. It is guaranteed to be absolutely constable-proof."

## The Stage Snow-storm.

THE pitiless snow was falling chunkily on the stage.

The persecuted hero walked moodily from wing to wing, talking to himself.

Persecuted heroes always think aloud.

Suddenly the writing on one of the snowflakes attracted his attention.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed, while the orchestra burst into one weird, shivering strain. Heavens! It is Madge's handwriting! Now to follow up the snow-storm and rescue her at last!"

And he left the stage just as the soubrette came on to do her refined specialty.

## Her Easter Costume.

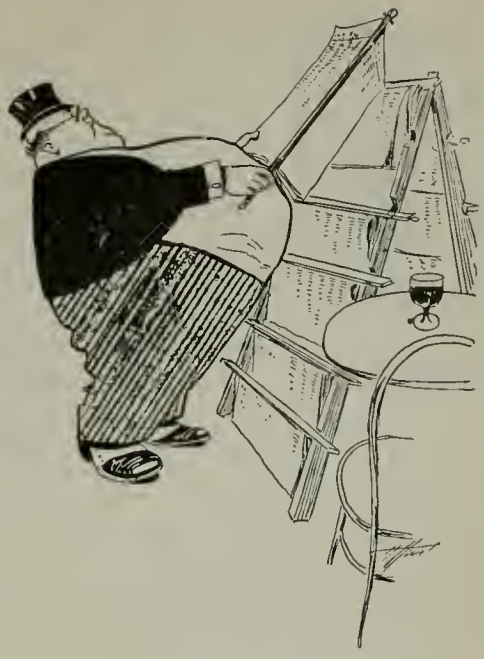
FOR some time Eve expressed her opinion to Adam. She had small respect for a man who could not see the necessity of a woman's having a change of garb—at least in the spring. She told him that, along with a lot of other things. At last she shook him by the shoulder and kept him awake long enough to ask,

"Am I going to appear in anything different to-morrow? Answer me!"

"I hope so," said Adam wearily. "I hope you will appear in a different frame of mind. That's the only change you can make at present, you know."

IT WAS GOOD.

MR. COD—"What do you think of that stuff?"
MR. PIKE—"Greatest thing that ever went down the pike."



NEAR-SIGHTED.

"Gracious! I will have to get stronger glasses. I can't see to read any more."

## The Up-to-date Jail.

*Visitor*—"You don't mean to say that these luxuriously fitted up apartments are cells?"

*Warden*—"Certainly; they are reserved exclusively for our wealthy automobile prisoners."

LOOKING BACKWARD.

MR. CHIM-PANZEE (*in the background*)—"How foolish he looks."
MRS. CHIM-PANZEE—"Yes. Now is your chance to see how you looked when you proposed to me."

## Refinement of Torture.

MEPHISTO took evident pleasure in welcoming the wraith of the lady.

"It is not often," he smiled, "that we must entertain one of your sex in our domain."

The lady bowed her thanks, but sniffed somewhat at the sulphur perfume.

"It shall be abated," asserted Mephisto.

The lady furthermore objected to the heat, saying that her hair lost its curl. The fires were banked. Soon she asked to be shown to her apartment. She could scarcely express her delight at the gem of a room which was hers. Damask hangings, satin draperies, jeweled bijouterie, ornate furniture—all lent an air of extreme elegance to the place.

Being assured that all was perfectly satisfactory Mephisto bowed himself out, but lingered in the hallway, a mysterious grin darkening his features. Soon she opened the door and said,

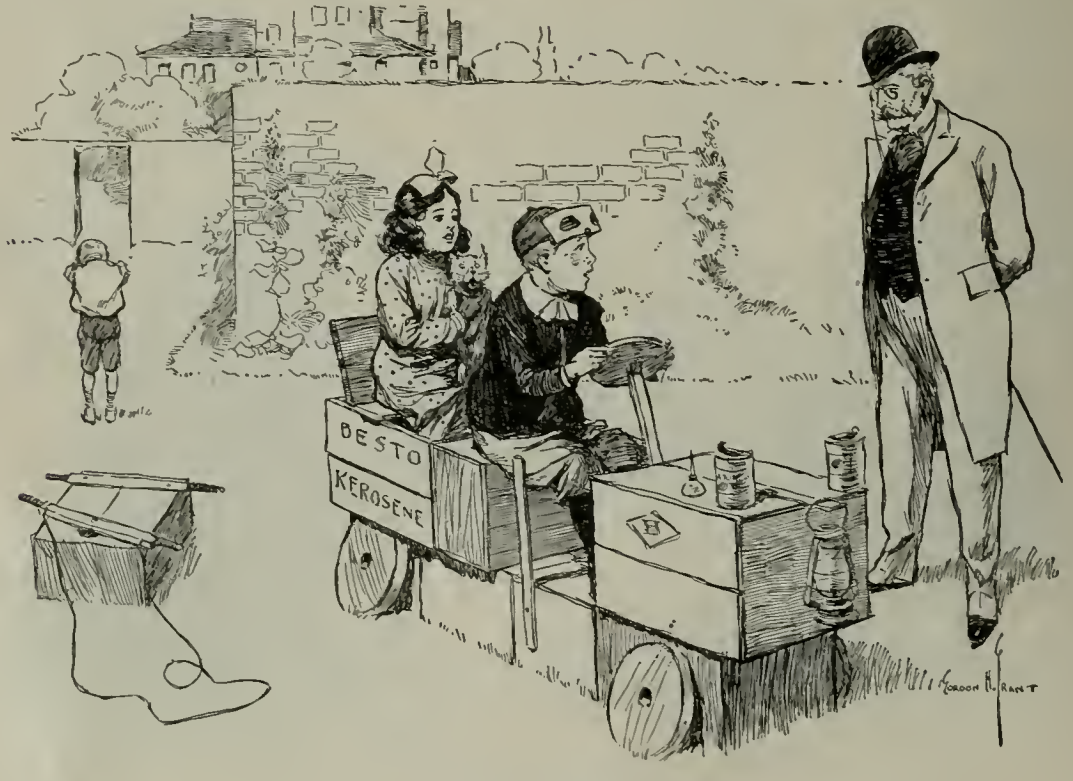
"I find plenty of mirrors here, but no combs, brushes, or hairpins."

"True," answered Mephisto. "There is none in the place."

Soon Dante was gathering material for another chapter, for a wildly-distracted and disheveled female was to be seen tearing her hair and beating her bosom—and holding a switch in her hand.

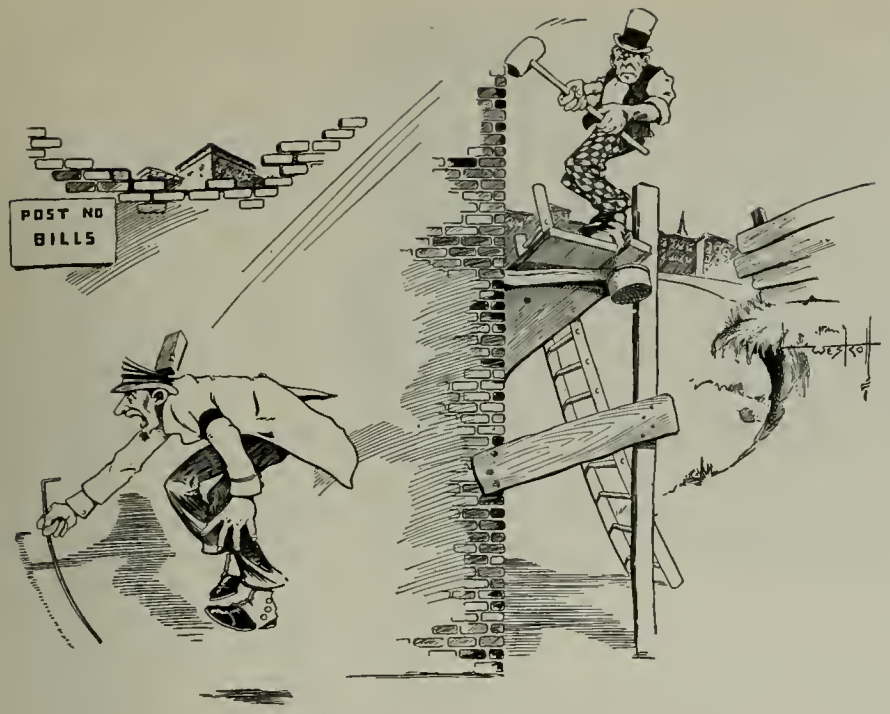
GOOD ADVICE.

MR. SCALES—"Let us go right away from here, Miss Finn. Such language is not fit for a lady to hear."




NOT WANTED.

UNCLE JOHN—"Automobile, eh? Why don't you let Harry play with you?"
GEORGE ADOLPHUS—"We *are* letting him play. He's my chauffeur, and he's under arrest."




"A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK."

## An Old Salt's Observations.

A YELLER journalist crossed with me. "What do you use such tarnation big head-lines fer?" I asked of him. "What do you use such surprisin' big sails fer?" he asked of me. "To make th' ship go," I says. "Same with me," says he.

I knew a farmer whose crops was a-sufferin' from drought to git down on his marrow-bones an' thank God when a shower come on. His daughter was at the county fair that day. She come home a-cryin' 'cause th' rain had spi'led her new hat.

A ship's caulker, gittin' a dollar an' a half a day, might, by doin' bad work with his hammer an' his oakum, be responsible fer the loss of a ship worth five hundred thousand dollars an' carryin' a hundred an' forty-eight passengers, besides th' crew an' fo'c's'le cat.

A brook-trout kicked because th' pool he lived in was too small. I took him an' put him in th' ocean. "There," says I; "I reckon that 'll be big enough fer you. How do you like it?" "Lands sake!" says the brook-trout. "It's salt, ain't it? Take me back home, please, captain."

I dropped a ten-dollar gold piece overboard once, an' it sunk like a shot. Very same day I dropped an empty tomato-can into th' boundin' ocean—an' I bet it's floatin' yet. That's th' way with men. I've seen solid merit that seemed to be too heavy to stay at the top.

A sailor was cast on a desert island with sixteen hunderd an' four dollars in gold coin, an' jest exactly two hunderd an' seventy-six thousan' dollars in one-thousand-dollar bills. He also had a gun an' quite a lot of powder, but he didn't have no shot, an' he was shy of waddin'. He cut th' coin up into slugs fer shot an' used th' bills fer wads. Then he shot a bird fer supper. It was a very nice, fat bird, an' tasted mighty good. "Beats all what money 'll do!" says he.

I knew a farmer that had th' reputation of bein' awful careful. He'd spend six weeks considerin' 'fore he'd buy a cow. My! how careful he would be examinin' that cow's meat an' milk an' disposition! But he married a girl he'd only known two weeks, an' then said marriage was a failure 'cause she couldn't make good butter.

## Far Ahead of His Time.

DEMOSTHENES was practicing with pebbles in his mouth.

"How foolish!" said his wife. "Nobody is speaking Russian yet."

Perceiving his wasted efforts, he at once abandoned his attempt.

LADY (*who is posing and rather tired*)—"Oh, my dear Mr. Doolan, haven't you yet got it all right for taking me?"

MR. DOOLAN (*amateur photographer*)—"My dear lady, it'll be fine? You're just in the very attitude. Come 'round, now, and see for yourself."

APPRECIATIVE.

MR. HARDHART—"Nothin' doin'."

TIRED TIMMINS—"T'anks fer de good cheer, anyhow. At de previous five houses I wuz offered *work*."

## In a Thankful Mood.

THE missionary leaps with joy on the sandy shore of the cannibal isle as the good ship comes to a landing.

"I am glad to see you!" he cries.

"Well," answers the captain, "we are glad to see you. We had our doubts about finding you."

"Oh, I have been successful beyond my expectations. I have almost converted the king of the islands. He captured me just at the beginning of Lent, but my arguments prevailed on him to the extent that he decided to abstain from eating missionaries for forty days. That's why you can't imagine how delighted I was to see you coming, when Lent ends to-morrow."

## A Great Wag.

*Old Scars*—"What did Tarantula Jim shoot Polecat Pete's left ear off for?"

*Alkali Ike*—"Aw, just for a joke, I reckon."

## An Eye for Business.

*Grandma Toogood* (solemnly)—"After poor grandma dies, who will give you any pennies?"

*Terror Knott Toogood* (aged six)—"Why, you won't take your pocket-book to heaven, will you, grandma?"

## Up to Him.

"EDWARD," asked Genevieve Zoremus, "do you think a girl should propose?"

"Why, no, indeed! It is beneath woman's dignity."

"There, now!" said the gentle girl; "I told mamma she was wrong. She said that when a young man came to see a girl every night in the week for two years, and stayed for dinner every Sunday, and smoked her father's cigars, and always happened around whenever we had any company, so he would be invited to go to the theatre with us, it was the girl's privilege to take it for granted that he was sincere in his attentions and ask him whether he preferred a wedding-trip, or would rather just settle down to home life in a neat little cottage."

Edward knew a hint when a brick wall was shoved over on him.

## The Valedictory.

*Sweet-girl graduate*—"And now comes the momentous time when we start the battle of life"——

*Henpekt*—"Great Scott! are they all going to marry?"

HIS CURIOSITY RUNS AWAY WITH HIM.

## A Delicate Refusal.

"MISS LOTSOFIT," trembled the youth as he parted from her at the door, "there is something I must say to you."

"Proceed," she urged him with an encouraging smile.

"Though I am now only a poor inventor," he stammered, "yet my air-ship is nearer perfection than ever. I—I have but two ideals in life—you and my air-ship. Will you marry me?"

She was silent.

"Do not answer too quickly," he begged. "Take time to think it over. I will come again for my answer. May I?"

"Yes," she told him. "Come again—come in your air-ship."

That night two footpads were seriously affronted by a man who utterly ignored their requests that he halt, but kept stonily on his way, his head down and his shoulders up.

A SHOW-GIRL.

## Did for Him.

"I UNDERSTAND old Milyons has had to go to a sanitarium."

"Yes. Nervous prostration. Entirely done up. You see, he thought he was doing a clever thing when he gave his wife and daughters passes over all the railways he controls."

"I see nothing wrong in that."

"Wait a minute. They went to Canada, and there they had to buy full outfits of furs. Then they came back to New York, and that meant entire supplies of winter dresses and bonnets. Two weeks later they were off to Florida. Spring bonnets and dresses there. Last week Milyons got a letter from them saying they were coming home in time to buy the advance shapes in spring hats and the newest ideas in early-spring gowns. Then the poor man threw up his hands and went all to pieces."

## Probably Both.

"EPAMINONDES," said Mr. Polycrates Brown of Boston, drawing his son across his knee, "this is going to hurt me worse than it will you."

On hearing this remark, Epaminondes turned his head and looked into his father's face with such a thoughtful expression that the parent dropped the strap with which he had intended chastising his offspring and inquired,

"Why such a preoccupied gaze, my child?"

"Father," murmured little Epaminondes, "your preliminary remark led me to wonder whether your using it was a manifestation of atavism or the indelible influence of heredity."

In the discussion which ensued the promised punishment was forgotten.

## His View.

*Craft*—"Time is money."

*Crane* (tartly) — "That must be the reason my wife spends hers so foolishly."

IKEY'S ACCOMPLISHMENT.

"I wouldn't spread the eagle, but the dollar-sign—I could do it in my sleep."

## He Will Win.

"LADY in four says the house is much too cold," announces the bell-boy.

"Tell her we will turn on all the heat from the boilers," directs the gentlemanly clerk.

"Lady in eleven says the house is too warm," states a second bell-boy.

"Run up and say we have shut off all the steam."

"Lady in forty-four asks me to tell you the temperature is exactly what she desires," says a third bell-boy.

"Go back and present our compliments and tell her we shall keep up this temperature all day."

After the last boy has gone the clerk jots down the numbers of the rooms, looks at them curiously a moment, then muses,

"Four-eleven-forty-four. I guess that it isn't good policy to please your guests!"

---

THERE are some people who can't resist the suspicion that Opportunity is trying to sell them a gold-brick.

## His Fad.

WE express some surprise at seeing the vast stack of bills payable on the desk of our friend. Some of them date back at least five years, and many of them have threats of legal proceedings written upon them.

"Why don't you pay these things," we ask, "and save yourself all this annoyance?"

"Oh," he explains, "a man hates to give up his fad."

"Fad?"

"Yes. Don't you know I am a bill-collector?"

## Man of Experience.

SAID the fond mamma, "Of course we are sending Maude to the cooking-school; but it is more a matter of form than anything else, as the dear girl thinks it is a delightful experience. Really, you know, it is hardly probable that she will marry a man for whom she will have to cook."

"I certainly hope not," replied the listener, who knew a thing or two about the handiwork of the cooking-school graduates who merely make a fad of the studies.

HARD LUCK.

"And is your husband resigned, Mrs. Gabbit?"
"*Resigned?* Why, the doctor says he will get well."
"Yes—er—so I heard."

## His Nose.

I HAVE a nose that's very large, and also very red.
It is the leading feature of my very level head
Because it's ever, so to speak, the bowsprit of my face;
It also is a beacon that the bee lights on apace.

And while it is my only pride, the which I now confess,
I never let it get into my neighbor's business,
But look at it and study it, and in my studies seek
To learn if it's a Roman nose, a German, or a Greek.

I'm certain it is German, and you'd guess, oh, never, why.
It's not because it's stubby and it's not because it's high,
Or shoots up at an angle of, say, forty-five degrees,
But all because it scents aright the old limburger cheese,
That six or seven miles away with joy my soul o'erflows;
And that is all I'll say about my iridescent nose.

## A Flash of Inspiration.

SORELY perplexed, the astute dramatic manager rubs his brows.

Before him are spread the newspapers having the announcements of rival attractions.

One proclaims: "Over fifty thousand dollars spent in costuming this production."

"And," sighs the astute manager, "they are packing the house each night."

Another rival declares: "Seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of dazzling, delightful costumes worn by our artistes!"

"They are turning them away right along," moans the astute manager.

A third rival shouts: "One hundred and fifty thousand dollars is invested in the costumes of our magnificent company!"

"And this show," grieves the astute manager, "has to put the orchestra under the stage continually!"

Beating his head, he ponders. What can he do? To claim to have spent two hundred thousand dollars in costumes were manifestly absurd. The public would hoot at him.

At last the inspiration comes to him.

"I have it!" he cries. "The victory is mine! I will have to run a number-two company next door to take care of the overflow from the regular show!"

He hurries to the newspaper offices and to the job printers and to the lithographers, and amazes the theatre-going public by announcing:

"Less than twenty-five dollars has been expended on the *materials* for the costumes of the chorus and principals in the marvelous production of 'A Barefaced Lie' by Curtain & Dropp!"

One week later the members of the rival companies are counting ties.

A PIPE DREAM.

TIT FOR TAT.

PORCUPINE—"You carry your head pretty high."
GIRAFFE—"Well, if I do, I am not stuck up as you are."

## To the Manner Born.

*Crawford*—"Did he have much trouble in becoming a bridge policeman?"

*Crabshaw*—"Not after it was discovered out that he used to be a floor-walker and kept the crowd moving in front of a bargain counter."

FROSTY.

LADY—"What is the matter with this cake, Mary?"
MARY—"Ain't nothin' th' matther wid th' cake, but Oi shlipped up on th' oicing."

## The Ingenious Inventor.

"YES," says the individual with the bulging brow and the restless eyes; "I am the man who invented indoor baseball, indoor tennis, indoor croquet, and indoor golf."

We view him with undisguised amazement.

"And," we venture, "are you studying up any more inventions?"

"Oh, yes," he carelessly answers. "I am now completing a simple form of indoor ballooning, and next year I will have my indoor mountain-climbing on the market, which is sure of success."

SHE HAD THE WEIGHT.

PAT—"Shure, this is phwat a man gits fer marryin' out av his class."

## The Final Usurpation.

THE first robin to reach the northland turns in his flight after a few hours' inspection of the land and goes back to the sunny south at redoubled speed.

"It's no use," he says to his friends and kindred, who are preparing for the annual migration; "we may as well stay here for the summer from now on."

"Why, what's the matter?" twitter the surprised birds.

"Matter enough! Those English sparrows are dyeing their breasts red and learning to chirp."

## Post-post-prandial.

"IS he a good after-dinner speaker?"

"Yes—after dinner the next day."

## An Impostor.

*The reporter*—"He says he's from Kentucky."

*The editor*—"But he never shot anybody, and I can't recall his name on any of the state tickets."

HER IDEA.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER—"How many animals went into the ark, Mary?"

MARY—"All that wasn't lost under th' sofa, or broke, or layin' on th' back stairs, I guess."

# MISS KITTY'S PROPOSALS

By W. W. AULICK

"THE place is too pitifully prosaic for words," complained Miss Kitty Kildare poutfully, tracing on the sand with the point of her pink parasol a most affrightingly grotesque figure; "here three days and not even a proposal!"

She stabbed the beach savagely with the ferrule of her sun shield, then suddenly sat bolt upright in the stationary chair which was hers for the season. The ever-dancing light in the big brown eyes flashed with a swift accession of fire, the parasol dropped from her dimpled fingers, and she sat with her bare elbows resting on her knees, staring intently into the boisterous sea. Then slowly she rose, gathering up her skirts and treading daintily across the strip to the short boardwalk which led to the road, noting not the laughing bathers in the surf or the tanned loungers on the shore.

"Not a bad-looking girl, that Miss Kildare," mused Montgomery, the big-bodied young broker, watching her from his seat 'neath the arbor. "I must find more time for cultivating her."

"Regular picture-girl," decided little Stewart, the lawyer; "she blends beautifully with that gentle ocean breeze. Guess I'll see a bit more of her."

Meantime, Miss Kildare gained the roadway and stepped into the dog-cart drawn by the fat little pony Pronto, so called on account of his undeviating dislike of fast motion. It is to be said of Pronto, the pony, that not only did he regard the frequently posted warnings as to illegal speeds—he actually anticipated them. And so it was that Miss Kildare reached the hotel not so soon as she wished, and jumping hastily from the cart, bitterly reproached Pronto for his deliberateness, to the which Pronto responded by showing his teeth in a smile of faint derision.

Miss Kildare hurried to her room, sought her writing-desk and wrote rapidly for ten minutes. Then she stretched back in the chair, chewed abstractedly on the end of the penholder and read her composition. In all, she had written two letters, and the first of these was thus:

"MY DEAR MR. MONTGOMERY: I scarcely know how to set about answering you, because the task is certainly the most distasteful I have ever had put to me. The words I should like to use will not come freely, and the words that do suggest themselves are much too hackneyed to be used on such an occasion. Of course I might tell you that I am immensely honored by the offer you have made me, and sincerely regret that I am not able to do as you wish. And, after all, I fancy that is the best thing for me to say. The expression is not new, but it is wondrously true. I do greatly respect you, Mr. Montgomery, and I do very earnestly thank you for asking me to be your wife, but I cannot marry you. You have been so frank and manly with me that I feel a like candor is due you. When I say I do not care for you in that way, it is because I do care for some one else in that way, and this makes me the more considerate of your feelings because that some one has as yet given no sign that the sentiment is mutual. He is all things that are worthy—as a matter of fact, he is staying here for the season, and you must know him and his many fine qualities—and he has won my heart. I do not say this in the spirit to exalt him at this time, but rather because I wish you to know just why I cannot answer you as you wish, and also to prove to you that others suffer in affairs of this sort besides yourself. I trust that things being as they are will not make any change in our friendship. I respect you highly and shall value your continued acquaintance—but my love is no longer mine to give. Believe me,

"Very, very sincerely yours,

"KATHERINE KILDARE."

The other letter occupied the same number of pages, as indeed, why should it not, seeing that, word for word, the notes were indentical? The only difference was in the address. The second epistle started, "My dear Mr. Stewart:"

Miss Kildare addressed two envelopes, following her critical inspection of her product. The one superscription was,

Mr. Martin Montgomery,
The Twiggeries,
*Important.* Town.

As for the other envelope, the legend ran,

Mr. Donald Stewart,
Hotel Hollyhock,
*Important.* Town.

Whereupon, with an inscrutable look in the still dancing eyes, Miss Kitty Kildare folded and properly creased the note of rejection to Mr. Montgomery and inclosed it in the envelope directed to Mr. Stewart. This leaving one note and one envelope, Miss Kildare effected a combination by placing the letter to Mr. Stewart in the wrapper marked for Mr. Montgomery, sealed the correspondence, and, tripping lightly to the reading-room, dropped both communications in the mail-box and sighed rapturously.

Mr. Martin Montgomery, at breakfast next morning, devouring the stock list in the city paper with almost as much relish as he did the porterhouse and grilled eggs, grumblingly laid aside the market report as an attendant handed him a letter. The momentary ill-humor speedily gave place to curiosity as the young broker regarded the envelope.

"Postmarked here," he commented, "and in the hand-

writing of a woman. And 'town,' too. I don't believe I know any girl here who writes to me."

He tore open the envelope in a puzzled sort of way, and the air of mystification with which he had received the note heightened as he read the first few lines. Then he laid the letter down and picked up the envelope, which he examined with the utmost care. This, too, he laid down, and for a full minute he regarded the ceiling with an intentness which drew out the respectful alarm of the head-waiter. Then he put the envelope in his pocket and read the letter slowly and painstakingly.

After breakfast he walked out in the sycamore grove and dropped into a shaded arbor, where again he read the letter written by Miss Kildare and rejecting Mr. Stewart. Finally his thoughts took shape.

"So little Stewart has been proposing to Miss Kildare, eh?" he mused. "And been properly turned down, eh? Well, why not? What could a goddessy creature like that girl see in a little two-by-four lawyer? When she marries, I'll bet she marries some man she will have to look up to, a big, athletic fellow who can protect her, a fellow like—well, well, what am I thinking of? Now, I wonder who the man is she's in love with," thus ran the thoughts of Mr. Montgomery. "She says he's staying here. Why, she's only been here herself three days. She can't have become acquainted with very many. Let's try the process of elimination."

Mr. Montgomery thus indulged himself for a few minutes, when a strange look came into his eyes, a look as of appreciation and quasi-pity and speculation. Gradually the speculation passed away and smug satisfaction reigned. He re-read that portion of Miss Kildare's letter to Stewart dwelling on the loss of the lady's affections.

"'He's all things worthy,' eh? Well, she's a fine little girl, and I'm really sorry for her. Thinks I haven't given any sign of returning her affection, eh? Poor little thing! I'll have to be more considerate of her. Of course she is quite right about the sentiment not being mutual, but I can't see a girl like that suffer. I'll pay her a little more attention in the future, and I do hope she will get over her infatuation."

It will be seen that careful self-examination and a studious reading of the note to Stewart had brought Mr. Montgomery to a position where he could not very well ignore the regrettable effect of his charm.

"Now, about this letter," ran on the big broker, "I can't very well send it to Stewart after the seal has been broken, and I don't feel like handing it back to Miss Kildare, because the poor child would be frightfully embarrassed if she knew I had learned her feelings toward me. I fancy Stewart will be hanging around her, anyway, and will get his refusal orally."

And with this reflection Mr. Montgomery stuffed the note in his pocket and strolled down toward the beach, where Miss Kitty might reasonably be expected to be found.

About the time Mr. Montgomery, in the breakfast-room of The Twiggeries, was reading the rejection of Mr. Donald Stewart, that rising young lawyer was performing a similar service for Mr. Montgomery.

"There is one thing to be said of her," admitted Mr. Stewart, after he had grasped the substance of the note and comprehended that the lady had made a mistake in the inclosures, "she is a girl of a good deal of sense. I am right glad she has sent that long-legged ass Montgomery about his business. Now as to this other reference"——

The legal mind worked fast, the circumstantial evidence was strong, and the inevitable conclusion warranted Stewart in stealing a glimpse of his features in the dining-room mirror.

"She's just like the rest of them," he thought on, with the petty vanity of a little man. "I can't pay them the slightest attention, but—oh, well, what's the use? The damage is done now, and it is my place to undo it as far as I can by treating her in the manner best calculated to show her the case is hopeless. She will be wise enough to see that it is all for the best."

Then another suggestion occurred to the apostle of Blackstone. If he had in an envelope addressed to him a letter intended for Montgomery, it was logical to suppose that Montgomery had a letter intended for Stewart, and the latter wondered what it was Miss Kildare had been writing him about. This he would ascertain, and then set about reconciling Miss Kildare to the renunciation she must make. As for Montgomery's letter, Stewart would retain that. He was too good a lawyer to voluntarily part with important documentary evidence. Having settled

THE ONLY CONTINUOUS VAUDEVILLE.

THE UNCERTAINTIES OF GOLF.
"I drove a ball over in this direction. Did you see where it landed?"
"No; but I can put my hand on the spot."

these matters to his satisfaction, he climbed into a Hotel Hollyhock vehicle and was driven to the beach.

Miss Kitty Kildare sat in her beach-chair, just at the edge of the arbor, tracing in the glistening white sand with the point of her parasol, the subjects being Cupids and hearts and doves, with due allowance for the lady's originality of conception and limitations of execution. A few chairs away, pleasantly out of earshot, taking into account the friendly murmur of the sea, Miss Kitty's aunt, Mildred, dozed luxuriously and decorously. Miss Kitty was not bathing, because one cannot be beautiful and bathe at one and the same time, no matter what the sentimentalists may tell you. If you have hair and let it fall down your back, you will be a spectacle two minutes after the sea has drenched you. And if you confine your hair under one of those red, white, or blue rubber caps, the effect is not inspiring. It is far and away the part of wisdom to sit daintily on the beach, clad all in white, from ties to straw hat, looking as fresh as the morning and as cool as the waters of a mountain spring—that is, if there is a task before you requiring delicacy of handling.

And, as a matter of fact, such a self-appointed task lay directly ahead of Miss Kitty Kildare, and even now approached her, in the somewhat puffing person of good Master Donald Stewart.

The young man gave an execrable imitation of surprise at the sight of the all-white vision in the beach-chair, paused as if he really had been intending to pass on to the other end of the bathing-ground, and then remarked that the day was fine but a bit sticky.

Miss Kildare explained that this was the humidity, and expressed the opinion that the proper place for water was in the sea and not in the air. Mr. Stewart agreed with this very reasonable view and was invited to sit beside Miss Kildare.

"In fact," said the lady, "I have something to say to you. I almost wrote you a note about it yesterday. I got as far as the envelope, then I thought I would wait until I saw you, for there really was no need of haste."

"So she directed an envelope to me and it lay there when she had finished Montgomery's letter," thought Stewart. "That accounts for it." Then he asked what had been the purport of the note that was never written.

"Aunt is going to get up a yachting party for me," explained Miss Kildare, "and she doesn't know very much about these things, for nearly all her life has been spent in inland cities, where they do not yacht. And I don't know much about it, either. So we thought we would ask your advice, because everyone says you are such an experienced sailor."

"She has noted every one of my likes and peculiarities," thought Stewart compassionately. "She is really a very pretty girl." Which utterly disconnected ideas were followed by his reply that he would consider the major domo-ing of Miss Kildare's yachting party the proudest privilege of his life. Miss Kildare thanked him very prettily and smiled, and Mr. Stewart noted that her teeth were as milky and regular as the white keys on a piano. "See here, boy," counseled Mr. Stewart to himself, "you've been losing a lot of time. This young lady is worth the most assiduous cultivation."

Whereupon he made himself very agreeable, and in thus pleasing Miss Kitty immensely pleased himself, which is ever the aim of his kind. So absorbed, indeed, were the merry pair that they did not notice that for the last quarter of an hour Mr. Martin Montgomery had been stalking up and down the sand, casting now and again a furtive glance in their direction.

"Silly little shrimp," growled the broker; "he wouldn't be laughing quite so heartily if he knew what I have in my pocket. And how well the girl carries it off. She must be surprised that Stewart has sought her out after she had dismissed him, but she is such a thoroughbred she accepts the situation with the greatest grace. I suppose she thinks Stewart has decided to accept the advice she gave him about friendship and all that. But I'll bet I wouldn't go hanging around a girl who had turned me down. But oh, he doesn't know he's been refused," thought Montgomery, with a start. "Say, this is getting somewhat complicated. I wish he'd get through. I want to talk to her myself. She looks glorious this morning. There, some one has called him away."

And the coast being clear, Montgomery, without too much haste, made his way over to where Miss Kildare sat, a picture of demure serenity, with the possible exception of a light which danced out now and then from the glorious brown eyes and transformed her into a veritable imp of mischief. Kitty greeted the tall broker cordially, and expressed a growing belief in the hidden, the mystic, and the incomprehensible.

THE ALTAR.

Said the sweet and single maiden,
"Will you tell me, if you can,
Why the lovingest of lovers
Is no sooner wedded than
He becomes the careless husband
Of the matrimonial plan?"

"Oh, it is the marriage alter!"
Said the bitter married man.

THE OBJECTIONS OF A CANNIBAL.

"Brother, why do you object to Christianity?"
"Because I've always found it hard to keep a good man down."

"Because," she said, "I was thinking of you at the very minute you appeared. Is that mental telepathy, or thought transference, or Christian science, or what?"

"I don't know the scientific term," said Montgomery, with easy gallantry, "but I should unhesitatingly characterize it as delightful to be thought of by Miss Kildare."

"Yes, indeed," went on the lady, ignoring the compliment; "I was thinking about you just now, and I was thinking about you yesterday. There was something I wanted to ask you about, and I even set out to write you a note. I got as far as the envelope, and then something distracted my attention."

"That was hardly fair to me," suggested Montgomery.

"It was a letter just handed me," said the girl, "and it required an early answer. When I remembered about you, I decided I would wait and speak to you, as I thought surely you would be on the beach."

"With such an attraction," said Montgomery, "the beach ought to play to capacity. May I ask what it was you were going to ask me?"

"Why, you see," said the girl, "auntie and I want to get up an amateur theatrical entertainment for charity, and we don't know much about the details of management. Everybody says you're a splendid amateur stage manager, and we wanted to ask if you would take charge of the affair for us."

"You are doing me a positive favor when you suggest it," said Montgomery warmly. And he added mentally, "How graceful she is! she would make an ideal Juliet—and I should like to play Romeo to her!"

Then they fell to discussing the plan, and were deep in the details when Stewart came hurrying away from the interrupting friends.

"Well," he stormed, "just see that lumbering Montgomery paying attention to that pretty girl! I never saw such assurance in my life. I fancy a sight of a certain letter would take the conceit out of him." And the little

lawyer walked over to the pair, because he was not going to resign any of his rights to a man who was not even a rival.

The gentlemen greeted each other with distant politeness, and the talk, perforce, became general. When Montgomery caught a darting glimpse from the big, brown eyes he read the message, "What an awful bore this little man is; I wish he would go, so we could resume our intimate talk." And when the brown eyes favored Stewart with a swift, comprehending glance, he interpreted it, "Now, why couldn't that fellow have stayed away? We were having such a delightful time together."

Neither gentleman showing signs of retreat, and the conversation by now having become practically a monologue by Miss Kildare, the situation was rapidly becoming strained, as they say in diplomatic circles, when Aunt Mildred providentially awakened, and the girl, excusing herself, hastened over to her relative. Then Mr. Montgomery strolled south along the beach and Mr. Stewart strolled north along the beach, and Miss Kitty Kildare explained to her aunt that they were going to have a delightful time, for Mr. Stewart was going to arrange a yachting party for them, and Mr. Montgomery would get up some amateur theatricals.

The yachting party was a merry affair, particularly for Miss Kitty and Mr. Stewart. The latter was full of importance in his new flannels, and looked more than ever like a fat Brownie. He moved over the boat with an air of proprietorship, tenderly solicitous of the comfort of all the ladies, with an especial watchfulness as regarded the wants of Miss Kildare.

Of all the party, Mr. Montgomery alone was gloomy. He stalked about like the ghost at the banquet, and experienced Cain-like feelings as he beheld the favor in which Stewart was esteemed. "Of course I'm not in love with the girl or anything like that," argued Montgomery, "but still I can't bear to see her wasting her time on that little apology for a man."

In the blue and white of her yachting costume Miss Kitty looked ravishing, and there was small cause for wonder that she should be the centre of attraction. It was long before the chafing Montgomery could manage a word in private with her, and then, throwing caution to the breezes, he spoke freely of the situation.

"I have been trying all day to get speech with you," he said, "but you have been so busy listening to what Mr. Stewart has been saying you haven't had time for any one else."

"Oh, but you mustn't say anything against Mr. Stewart," said the girl gently.

"Now, see here," said Montgomery masterfully, "you don't care for Stewart, and you know it."

"But Mr. Stewart—ca—that is, Mr. Stewart is very nice to me, and you have to be nice to persons who are nice to you, don't you?"

"You mean Stewart cares for you," said Montgomery rapidly. "I know he does. But what then? Others care for you, too."

"Oh, I don't know," said Miss Kildare dreamily.

"You do know," contradicted Montgomery. "You must know. Oh, Kitty, I"——

"There," said Kitty, moving away, "my Aunt Mildred is calling me," and she left Montgomery savagely kicking an unoffending coil of rope.

Next day Montgomery proposed, and was told to wait; he should have his answer in a little while. And very impatiently he waited. The preparations for the theatricals helped some, just as again they combined to fill the soul of Montgomery with added anxiety. The rehearsals brought Kitty very close to him, and of course this was most desirable, but at the same time there was the uncertainty. If Kitty should refuse him the present propinquity would have been but an extra cause for regret. On the whole, however, Montgomery, in daily possession of Kitty, was in a position more enviable than was Stewart.

The lawyer, since the day of the yachting party, had come to regard Kitty's affection for him as an understood thing, else why should she have elevated him as she had done? But now, here were these confounded theatricals coming on and taking up all her time, and throwing her constantly into the society of Montgomery. Finally Stewart pocketed his pride and applied to the stage-manager for a place in the cast.

"All right," said Montgomery cheerily, "I've got just the part left that will suit you."

"What is it?" asked Stewart eagerly.

"Well, you know," said Montgomery, "in the second act there is a scene on the dock of an ocean liner. She is just about to sail away. There are a number of bearded

A FONETIC ADVANTAGE.

"There's wan foine thing about this foonatic shpellin'—a man kin come home full as a goat an' wroite jist as sinsible a shpelt letter as he kin whin he's sober."

THE BACHELOR'S WONDER.

Fair maid, in all your many guises,
In any hat, whate'er the size is,
In winter garb, chic, tailor-shaped,
Or summer frou-frou, gauzes, draped,
Your charm ne'er fails. One thought arises—
We wonder, wonder what the price is,
And if we
Could finance so much finery.

old salts sitting on the string-piece. Just as the last warning whistle is being sounded the hero appears and dashes toward the gangplank. One of the old salts has risen to walk away, and the hero, in his rush to make the ship, collides with him and topples him over in the water."

"Ah," said Mr. Stewart amiably, "my part is the hero, eh?"

"Why, no," explained Mr. Montgomery; "I have been cast for that part mysell. You are the old salt who gets toppled over in the water. It's a splendid comedy part and good for a big laugh."

Mr. Stewart wondered if he had heard aright.

"Who, me?" he sputtered, without the slightest regard for grammar; "me be a bearded old salt and let you knock me over the head! You must think I'm crazy!" and he walked away muttering strange things.

"Now, there's an unreasonable fellow," murmured Montgomery; "give him a nice fat part that anybody would jump at the chance of playing, and what does he do? Goes up in the air. There's no pleasing some persons."

"Going to play the hero himself, is he?" thought Mr. Stewart, smarting under his wrongs. "And that will give him the chance to make love to Kitty." For some time past Mr. Stewart had been thinking of Miss Kildare as "Kitty." "He doesn't seem to understand that his society is distasteful to the lady and that she loves another. And she, poor girl, thinking he knows her sentiments, is just treating him with common politeness."

Mr. Stewart's steps led him to the hotel where Miss Kildare and her aunt were staying, and though the young lady was very busy reading her part, she gave him an audience. Wasn't Mr. Stewart going to be in the play?

No; Mr. Stewart wasn't going to be in the play. And without more ado Mr. Stewart gave it as his opinion that Mr. Montgomery, in the allotment of the parts, was guided less by motives of art than by considerations of craftiness.

"Now, please don't say such things," begged Miss Kildare. "Mr. Montgomery is a very nice man, I'm sure, and always doing things for people."

"He may be always doing things for you," said Stewart; "but that is very easy to understand. But you don't care for him. I know you don't."

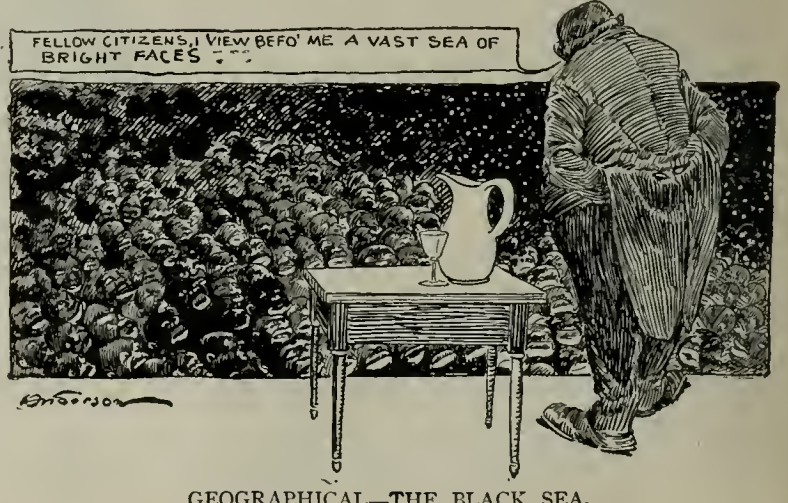
"I don't see how you can know that," said Miss Kildare. "Besides, I have just told you I thought him very nice."

"Other persons would be glad to be always doing things for you," went on Mr. Stewart tenderly, and then his soul rushed forth, for he said, "Oh, Kitty, dear, they won't let me play the hero in this stupid little piece, but won't you let me play it with you for all time?"

"Are you asking me to marry you?" queried Kitty.

"Why, yes," said Stewart in some surprise.

And he, too, was told to wait.




GEOGRAPHICAL—THE BLACK SEA.

After the amateur theatricals each man was more hopelessly in love than ever, and even Kitty began to experience the qualms of pity. "Of course they deserved it," reasoned the girl, "but I think they've been punished sufficiently." So she wrote a note to Stewart, making an appointment at her hotel for three o'clock, and a similar note to Montgomery, appointing ten minutes past three as the time she would give her decision. Then, to carry the little comedy to a conclusion, she wrote two other notes and left them with the clerk at the desk, saying one was to be handed Mr. Stewart, and the other given to Mr. Montgomery when those gentlemen should call. The note to Mr. Stewart read:

"At the last minute I find I cannot say to you what is in my mind, and I am going to ask you to speak with Mr. Montgomery when you see him. He will explain to you certain things which have a direct bearing on your offer."

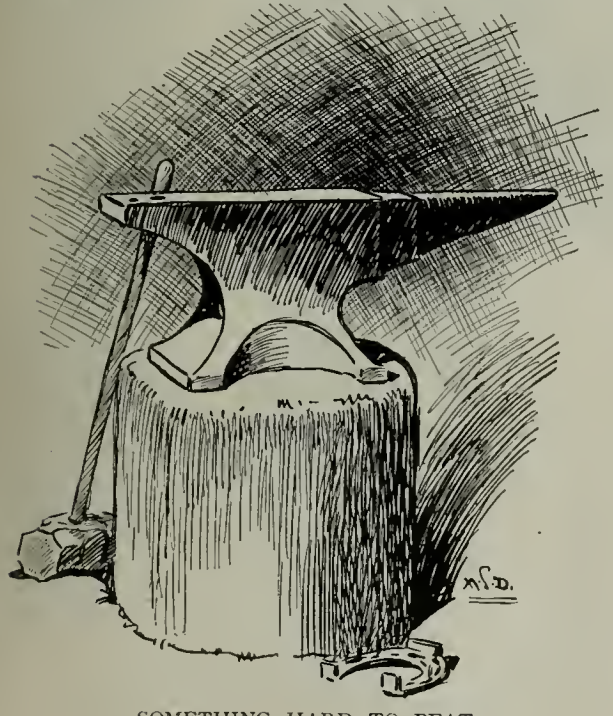
The other note was the same, save for the transposition of names.

Mr. Stewart, promptly at three of the clock, appeared at the hotel, and was given the note by the clerk. He couldn't quite make out the meaning of the communication and retired to a corner to re-read it. As he was puzzling it out Montgomery hurried in, got his note and looked properly mystified. Then he caught sight of Stewart in the corner, and advancing, opened the conversation in the most direct way.

"Mr. Stewart," he said, "I have called to-day to get from Miss Kildare an answer to a question I asked her some time ago. I find a note from her saying you will give me that answer."

A slow grin widened the cherubic face of Mr. Stewart as he listened.

Then he said briefly, "I will," and he searched through his pockets till he found Miss Kildare's letter rejecting Mr. Montgomery.



SOMETHING HARD TO BEAT.

Montgomery read with a clouded brow. The communication bore the date of a month ago. As he read Stewart's grin grew even more expansive. "Now, you see," said that gentleman, the thought of the offer of the part of a bearded old sea-dog strong upon him, "now you see why Miss Kildare can't marry you."

"I don't know how you got hold of a letter addressed to me," said Montgomery, "and I don't understand why the date"——

"Don't try to," advised Stewart. "But see here; Miss Kildare has also written me that if I ask you, you can tell me something about her sentiments toward me."

"Oh, yes," said Montgomery slowly; "for a minute I had forgotten. Maybe you will be interested in reading this," and he handed the lawyer Miss Kildare's rejection of the month before.

For fully five minutes the men sat and stared, then, "Stewart," said Montgomery, "there's a train into town at four-fifteen. I think I'll take it. Do you want to come along?"

"I'll go you," said Mr. Stewart, and they left the hotel together.

## Modern Therapeutics.

I WENT to a modern doctor to learn what it was was wrong.
I'd lately been off my fodder, and life was no more a song.
He felt of my pulse as they all do, he gazed at my outstretched tongue;
He took off my coat and weskit and harked at each wheezing lung.
He fed me a small glass penstalk with figures upon the side.
And this was his final verdict when all of my marks he'd spied:

"Do you eat fried eggs? Then quit it.
You don't? Then hurry and eat 'em,
Along with some hay that was cut in May—
There are no other foods to beat 'em.
Do you walk? Then stop instanter—
For exercise will not do
For people with whom it doesn't agree—
And this is the rule for you:
Just quit whatever you do do
And begin whatever you don't;
For what you don't do may agree with you
As whatever you do do don't."

Yea, thus saith the modern doctor, "Tradition be double durned!
What the oldsters knew was nothing compared to the things we've learned.
There's nothing in this or that thing that's certain in every case
Any more than a single bonnet 's becoming to every face.
It's all in the diagnosis that tells us the patient's fix—
The modern who knows his business is up to a host of tricks.

Do you eat roast pork? Then stop it.
You don't? Then get after it quickly.
For the long-eared ass gives the laugh to grass
And delights in the weed that's prickly.
Do you sleep with the windows open?
Then batten them good and tight
And swallow the same old fetid air
Through all of the snoozesome night.
Just quit whatever you do do
And do whatever you don't;
For what you don't do may agree with you
As whatever you do do don't."

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

## AN IMPRESSION.

A girl in a birch canoe.
Autumn and eventide.
The sun in a crimson sky—
What could betide?

A man with a languid air,
Paddling for two.
He asked her a question there.
What could she do?

Blue eyes looked into brown,
Misty with tears,
And pledged a love that lives
Through all the years.

FRANCES VAN ETTEN.

# King of Unadilla Goes Bowling

*By Howard R. Garis*

"ODDS FISH-HOOKS!" exclaimed the king of Unadilla. "Things are about as lively here as a Quaker meeting after election. Why don't some of you past-performances in the shape of animated hair-pins get up a five-o'clock tea?"—and the merry monarch scowled in the direction of the drawer of the corks, the lord of the treasury and the secretary of the interior, the latter being court cook.

"May it please your serene salubriousness," began the drawer of the corks, "what would you have?"

"Anything! Anything to keep things in this little two-by-four kingdom from getting paresis," replied the king of Unadilla. "Why, even the dogs in the street don't bark at the moon, and there hasn't been an arrest in a month. Can't you shake 'em up a bit?"

"Shake 'em up?" inquired the lord of the treasury, who belonged to the old régime.

"Yep!" snapped the sovereign. "Wobble 'em a bit, set 'em up in the other alley, put in a new spark-plug, fill up the reservoirs, throw in the high-speed gear and let the gasoline gig gallop! Things are too slow!"

"Oh, you want a little excitement, perhaps," retorted the drawer of the corks.

"You ought to contribute to the puzzle-page of a Sunday supplement, you're so bright," spoke the king in his sarcastic voice. "First you know you'll be doping out the first three under the wire!"

The three counselors looked somewhat alarmed, for when the king was in this mood he was liable to do most anything and require the members of his court to do likewise, which sometimes led to unpleasant results.

For things were run on a sort of independent plan in the kingdom of Unadilla, and oft-times the monarch became a very boy in searching after pleasure, at which times he frequently made his courtiers resemble beings who have been handed fruit from the citrus limonum tree.

"Well?" snapped the ruler.

There was an anxious pause, and the three counselors looked at one another.

"Say something—you're the oldest," whispered the drawer of the corks to the lord of the treasury.

"Would — would you like to have another poker-party?" asked the aforesaid lord.

"Not unless I'm drugged!" exclaimed the king. He had an unpleasant recollection of the last seance, where, having, after—by some manipulation—secured a straight flush, he fell to four aces when the pot had been well sweetened. And thereby the lord of the treasury profited, as he held the double duet of lonely spots.

"How about a masquerade?" ventured the drawer of the corks. "We used to have lots of fun at them."

"Tag! You're it!" exclaimed the king with a sarcastic attempt at playfulness. "Masquerades! Oh, slush! Why not a party—the kind where you bring peanuts or oranges, scramble in the parlor and sing out when the girl comes in, 'Surprise on Kittie!' Oh, but you are the bright eyes, though!"

All of which was rather hard on the court officials, as they were doing their best. The trouble was the king was passé. He didn't call it just that. In fact, he wouldn't have known the disease under that name. He would probably have called it the pip or an attack of the dinkbotts. But he wanted amusement, and, being a monarch, he was going to have it.

"Well," he said, after a long and somewhat painful silence, "it's a case of cut for deal with you gazaboos. I've shuffled the cards, and it's a blind trump."

"Meaning what, your serene side-stepper?" asked the lord of the treasury.

"Meaning that it's strictly elevated in your direction. Do you need a map to find out where you're at?"

Once more silence fell, broken only by the ticking of the alarm-clock, from which the king had removed the bell, as it awakened him early on the wrong mornings, and late on the right ones.

"I'll give you the regulation three days to think up a new game," the monarch went on. "It's got to be something lively, and one that will give the blues the go-by like a ninety-horse-power choo-choo chariot leaving a Brooklyn perambulator behind, or it's all of you to the axe. Go! the king has spoken!"

Then the ruler of Unadilla, reaching in his hip-pocket for another gold-tipped Egyptian, imported from the Bowery, cleverly blew smoke-rings and began dealing himself a solitaire hand from a stacked deck.

In silence the three courtiers withdrew. They had been placed in the same unpleasant position before, but had managed to wiggle out, with more or less of their reputations left. Now it seemed a little more difficult, since they had exhausted all the amusement enterprises they could think of.

Still the king must be obeyed, or there would be fatherless families in Unadilla.

"What shall we do?" asked the lord of the treasury.

"Let's have a drink!" exclaimed the drawer of the corks. "Maybe we can think better then."

Seated about a round table in the Royal Peacock there might have been seen, a little later, three figures, from the midst of which there sounded ever and anon,

"I'll have the same."

At intervals, in the brain-enlivening process, there sounded a subdued roar in some part of the Royal Peacock. At first the three courtiers were oblivious to it. Finally the lord of the treasury lifted his head.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Some new game they've put in," replied the secretary of the interior. "You throw a ball down at a lot of pins set up at the end of a long alley, and if you knock 'em all down you get a good mark."

"And if you miss?" inquired the drawer of the corks.

"Then some one yells 'poodle' at you."

For a time the three sat bowed in silent thought. Then, all at once, the same idea came to them.

"The king!" they exclaimed as one man. "Why not try this on him!"

"The very thing!" said the lord of the treasury. "That will make him look like a last year's rubber boot with the lining out. He makes me tired, all the while putting it up to us to do the merry ha, ha! for him. Why don't the back number of a race-track dope-book get out a new edition himself once in a while?"

"How will you work it?" asked the drawer of the corks.

"Easy," replied the lord of the treasury. "We'll go up against this game ourselves and practice a bit."

"Yes."

"Then we'll invite him down here to a match."

"Well?"

"Then we'll put it all over him and make him seem like a kindergarten kid playing Rugby. It will be as easy as extracting saccharine concoctions from a non compos mentis."

Then the three conspirators laughed in silent glee, nudged each other in the short ribs, and each one ordered "the same." They strolled out to the bowling-alley. Being something of an innovation in Unadilla there were only a few twirling the spheroids. The courtiers watched them closely. After a while the lord of the treasury went to the proprietor and held a short conversation with him. The sound of something clinking from the palm of one to the other was heard.

"Have it your own way," the proprietor was heard to remark. "I don't feel any too friendly to him since he raised the excise tax and enforced the Sunday-closing law. But don't get me mixed up in it."

"Never fear," spoke the lord of the treasury.

For several hours that night, when all the rest of the world was asleep, the sound of balls rumbling down the alleys might have been heard, mingling with the crash of falling pins. The three conspirators were practicing.

At first they were about as bad as they come. Into the gutters they went, or else the balls would go down the centre and then gracefully curve off, just brushing the corner pin. But the three were earnest and after a while they did fairly well.

They kept at it, on and off, for two days, paying for the exclusive use of the alleys. Then, early in the morning of the last day of grace, more or less frayed to a frazzle, they went home.

"We'll tell him we have something amusing for his royal rustiness when he holds court after sunrise," the drawer of the corks announced. "We will not say exactly what it is, but invite him to try a game of skill and strength. "He'll never think of the necessity for practice, he's so all-fired stuck on his muscles and form. We're not so much ourselves, but if we can't give him one hundred points and beat him I'm a last year's edition of the book of royal favors."

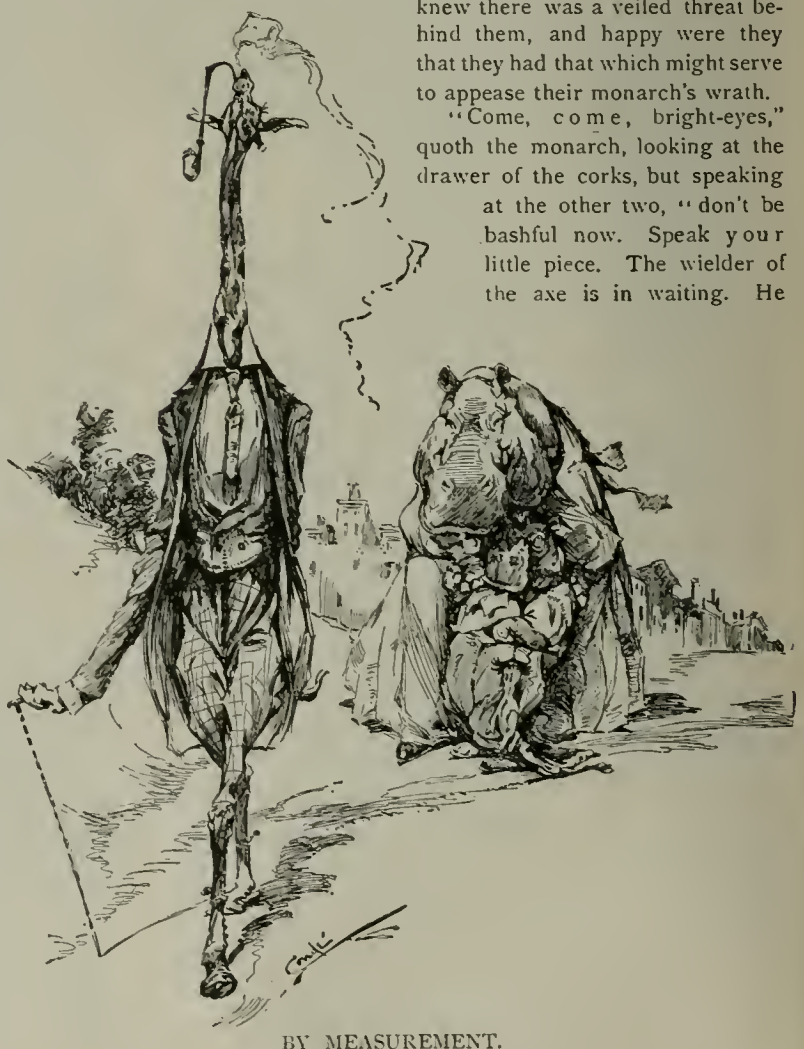
"Easy, easy," muttered the secretary of the interior, wondering what he would give the king for breakfast to make him good natured.

Court assembled in due form, with the king upon his gold and ivory throne, carelessly smoking a gold-tipped cigarette. He heard petitions from such of his subjects as objected to barking dogs, crowing roosters, or the noise the milkmaids caused as they went singing to their tasks in the dewy morn, chanting bucolic lays ere they brought from the royal stables the lacteal fluid from imported Jerseys. After routine business was over the king said,

"Well, little ones, what have ye?"

The tones were pleasant enough, but the courtiers knew there was a veiled threat behind them, and happy were they that they had that which might serve to appease their monarch's wrath.

"Come, come, bright-eyes," quoth the monarch, looking at the drawer of the corks, but speaking at the other two, "don't be bashful now. Speak your little piece. The wielder of the axe is in waiting. He



BY MEASUREMENT.

HELEN HIPPO—"Goodness, mother! how narrow-minded ne must be!"

AN EX-IT.

hasn't had his breaktast and he's always real sassy on an empty stomach."

"If you please, supremely sumptuous sire," began the lord of the treasury, "we think we have found something to amuse your imperial toploftiness and cause you to forget your weariness."

"Good!" exclaimed the monarch. "Spoken like a real lady. What is it?"

Then, in faltering accents, as though he feared to incur the displeasure of his royal master, the lord of the treasury unfolded his little scheme. He told how there was a sort of ball-rolling play that had recently been invented, which might serve to while away a few hours.

"Good!" exclaimed the king. "Methinks I will like that. Tell me, can we play for wagers?"

"Yes," replied the lord of the treasury, trying to conceal his glee.

"Then arrange a game for three nights hence," remarked the king.

"Yes, sire."

"Stay!" exclaimed the king as the courtiers were about to leave. "Cause a notice to be posted on the royal bulletin-board, stating that the king will meet all comers. I don't know much about the game, but, from what you tell me, it seems to need strength and skill, both of which I am modest enough to think I possess. It is well that my liege subjects should see that their king can do these things. If a war comes they will rest easy, knowing that I am at the head of the troops. It is well, I have spoken. Go!"

And they went, hardly able to conceal their gleeishness.

"What?" asked the drawer of the corks. "Maybe he didn't rise to it!"

"Like a hungry trout in May-fly time," responded the secretary of the interior.

CONFIDENTIAL.

THE GOLF GIRL—"John seems to have foozled in making love to me."
THE AUTO GIRL—"Well, something 's gone wrong with my sparker, too."

BELATED KNOWLEDGE.

"How long did you know your wife before you married her?"
"Oh, I didn't know her at all. I only *thought* I did."

were busy, and a short, stout chap, in greasy overalls and a jumper, seemed to be giving orders.

Now and then he went down cellar and busied himself over some wires, coils, and what not, connecting them to the electric-light circuit.

Clearly matters were going to be put into excellent shape for the bowling game in which the king of Unadilla was to take part. The lord of the treasury, the drawer of the corks, and the secretary of the interior went about with smiles on their faces. Now and then they would drop into the bar of the Royal Peacock and order more of the same.

"Wait until he gets on the alleys and makes a few poodles," spoke the lord of the treasury. "He'll wish he hadn't been so hungry to eat 'em alive."

In due time the notice of the royal bowling game was posted. There was no need to invite a crowd to come. The people always flocked to the scene whenever the king gave a performance. The news spread all over the kingdom and the papers were full of it. There were pictures of the king showing fifty-seven different poses, sketches of the alleys and of the balls. Also there were likenesses of the three courtiers.

Just as they had suspected, the king did not go near the alleys. He thought he needed no practice. On the other hand, the conspirators spent all their spare time in play, und were getting in rare form.

The day on the evening of which the game was to be played the bowling-alleys were closed. The proprietor explained he was getting them in readiness for the contest—that they had to be rubbed down and polished, new balls furnished, the pins leveled off, and many little details looked after.

There was a deal of hammering and pounding in the place, and if one could have peered inside he would have thought the alleys were being taken apart, rather than being prepared for a match. Down the centre of each one a strip of the narrow boards was being taken up. Several workmen

So great was the throng that besieged the doors of the bowling alley that the entire police force of Unadilla was called out to keep order. As many as could found seats in the tier arranged for spectators. Others stood up. About eight o'clock the monarch drove up in his golden chariot.

"Greeting, most noble sire!" cried the populace.

"Howdy!" replied the king airily.

Whereat the assemblage cheered itself hoarse.

By dint of much squeezing a passage-way was made for the king. The lord of the treasury, the drawer of the corks and the secretary of the interior were already on hand. They were throwing a few practice balls down the alleys.

"Ah, there you are!" exclaimed the king playfully. "We'll chase a few down toward the squatty timber ourselves."

ENVY.

MAGGIE MERMAID—"Ain't he han'some? Jes' to think, Mayme, we might have bin in her place if we was borned on land!"

He tried to throw a sphere to find the pocket between the head pin and number two, but it went into the gutter.

"Poodle!" muttered the lord of the treasury.

"I don't see any dog!" exclaimed the king, looking behind him.

"He means you made a miss," explained the keeper of the alleys in gentle tones.

"Oh," spoke the monarch; "well, it won't happen again."

But it did, and there were broad smiles on the faces of the three conspirators, who tried hard to conceal their glee.

"Easy, eh?" snickered the lord of the treasury, digging the drawer of the corks under his floating ribs.

Indeed, it did look dark for the king of Unadilla. His ignorance of the game, his lack of practice, and his contempt for his courtiers were like to prove his undoing. Nevertheless, the monarch showed no fear.

"Well," he remarked in tones that tried to be light and airy, "it may not be so easy as it looks, but you'll not find me playing the part of the individual who lives on bottled nourishment. I'm game. To prove it I'll put up five hundred scaldeens against one hundred that I do either of you three fuzzy-hided specimens of the tadpole age!"

"You're on!" cried the lord of the treasury.

"Same here!" from the drawer of the corks and the secretary of the interior.

"Money talks," remarked the king, handing his over to the proprietor of the alleys, who locked the one thousand five hundred scaldeens up in his safe. The others quickly covered it.

"It's a shame to do it," spoke the drawer of the corks.

The preliminaries of the games were soon arranged. The four contestants were to roll across on two alleys, each man for himself. The king was up against the three individually. The excitement was at its height. The new electric lights glowed with great brilliance.

"No objection to my using this ball I purchased for the occasion, is there?" asked the king, producing a sphere.

"Not in the least," assured the secretary of the interior, wondering what he could give the king for breakfast to make him forget the defeat that stared him in the face.

The game was on. The lord of the treasury rolled first on number-one alley, with the drawer of the corks on number two. The lord got nine and the keeper seven. Then came the secretary of the interior, who made an easy spare.

It was now the king's turn. Boldly he stepped to the fore. There was a shining look in his eye.

"'Tis a shame to see him lose—to witness our beloved monarch being made sport of," whispered an old retainer.

"Hush! He has brought it on himself," replied a soldier from the palace.

The king negligently knocked the ash from his gold-tipped cigarette. Then, stooping low, holding the ball firmly, he swung it once, twice, thrice, and sent it sliding down the alley.

It was a side ball. Starting in a little to the left of the right edge, it gradually curved over, crossing the head pin and landing right in the "pocket," between number one and number two. There was a musical crash as the ten hard pins were bowled over.

"A strike! a strike!" cried the mob, enlivened into sudden enthusiasm. "The king has made a strike!"

"Odds fish-hooks! So I have!" remarked the monarch. "Must have been an accident," and he looked fixedly at the three conspirators.

"He certainly did fluke into it," muttered the secretary of the interior. "I wonder if he is handing us another citron.

SAFE.

THE REVEREND SILENTLY BUTTIN—"My little man, why are you not in school?"
LITTLE MAN—"My ma said for me to run out and play, so I ain't goin'."
THE REV. S. B.—"But suppose the teacher licks you?"
LITTLE MAN—"She won't; 'cause ma can lick the teacher."
THE REV. S. B.—"How do you know?"
LITTLE MAN—"'Cause ma can lick pa."

Then the game became furious. The lord of the treasury and the drawer of the corks began to improve. They made several strikes and a number of spares. The secretary of the interior did likewise. But the very spirit of bowling seemed to have entered the king.

His first strike was followed by a second, then a third fourth and fifth. The crowd began to sit up and take notice. The three conspirators saw visions of their money in the pocket of their monarch.

"But I tell you it can't last," insisted the drawer of the corks to the lord of the treasury. "He don't know anything about bowling. It's all luck. He'll poodle in the next frame."

Instead, the king made a strike. It was the secretary of the treasury who poodled. The king could not seem to miss. On either alley he was equally at home. With a grace that came natural he sent the balls down, a little to the side. Over they slid, into the pocket, and a strike resulted.

It was the last frame. The king had not made a break. He had already won the game, and it was only a question of who was going to be low man. The king finished with three strikes, making the highest possible score—three hundred. The lord of the treasury got one hundred and seventy-six, the drawer of the corks one hundred and eighty-five, and the secretary of the interior one hundred and fifty-two.

"The king wins! Long live the king!" cried the populace, and, had he not been a monarch, they would have ridden him on their shoulders.

"How about it?" asked the monarch of the three conspirators as he pocketed their three hundred scaldeens, as well as his own. "How does little Willie off the motor-boat feel now?"

"We have nothing to say, sire," replied the lord of the treasury, through his clinched teeth. "You put it all over us."

"Gave you the grand kibosh, in other words, eh?" spoke the monarch, and the three courtiers bowed in assent. Then they went into outer darkness.

Later that night a short, stout chap, in greasy overalls and a jumper, called at the private door of the king's apartment.

"Did it work all right?" asked he of the king.

"Like a charm. I couldn't miss."

"No; I guess not," replied the short, stout chap. "You see, I had a long, steel magnet right down the alleys, under the thin layer of wood. The magnet led right into the pocket. Your bowling-ball was a hollow steel one. When you gave me the signal I just closed the electric circuit, and your ball couldn't do any thing else but follow the magnetic strip down to where the strikes were. I guess you couldn't lose."

"And the balls of the others went whither they listed," mused the king.

"Of course. I only closed the circuit when I got your signal, as you stepped on the little button at the side of the alley," remarked the short, stout chap.

Then something that clinked with a musical sound passed from the king's hand to the greasy but honest palm of the short, stout chap.

"It was a great idea," mused the king. "Without it they would have beaten me, and my name would have been a by-word in the land of Unadilla. But, once more has the king triumphed!"

And then the ruler of Unadilla went back to his goblet of mixed ale, his Roquefort cheese and crackers.

## Queer Facts for Thought.

A YOUNG man fond of dancing took a pedometer with him to a ball and found that in the course of the evening he had covered thirteen and a half miles. Another young man, who reads this paper, placed a pedometer on his stomach, and found that he laughed over six hundred miles from the first to the last page.

By pasting a bit of paper on the eyelid a photographic record has been made of the duration of time required in winking the eye. It has been found that a wink requires one-third of a second, which proves scientifically that, after all, it isn't a very great waste of time to wink at a pretty girl.

In San Domingo there is a remarkable salt mountain, a mass of crystalline salt almost four miles long, said to contain nearly ninety million tons, and to be so clear that medium-sized print can be read with ease through a block a foot thick. All the houses built on this hill have salt cellars under them.

HIS MISFORTUNE.

NEAR-SIGHTED PEDESTRIAN—"Confound you! that's what you told me before. I tell you I walked three miles in that direction and couldn't find a sign of the place."

## A Toast.

IF you were cake I'm sure you'd be
The purest angel-cake to me.
Of it to eat, yet have it, too,
To be discreet, what could I do?

Oh, now I know what I would do.
I'd eat the frosting off of you;
Then save the rest, though still enticing,
And try my best to grow more icing.

## The Thankfulness of Hiram.

OLD Hiram Hopkinson was the meanest man on Pusley Creek. He wouldn't even give thanks. He said he ought to be paid for them.

"What's the good of giving something for nothing?" he growled. "Nobody gives me anything. What I get I have to pay cash for. Huh? No, I won't. If anybody gets anything out of Hiram Hopkinson he pays cash for it. That's me, and that's business."

This speech had come to the ears of Mrs. Hopkinson, a kindly soul, and Hiram's only claim to a happy hereafter, and she told him she hoped that what she had heard was not true.

"But it is," he persisted. "I said just that, and I meant it. I mean it now."

"Oh, Hiram!" she cried, "it's wicked—it's wicked! You have plenty to be thankful for, and the good Lord will make you thankful. You see if he doesn't."

Hiram snorted defiance and went out to hitch up the team. It was early in November, and he had a wagon-load of turkeys to take to town. Hiram's turkeys were fine and fat always, and he got the top of the market for them.

Some time next day Hiram complained to his wife of a sore bump on his neck. She took a look and reported that it looked to her like a "bealin'." By the second day it was a fully-developed boil, and it was very busy. Hiram went around with his head twisted to one side. At night there was a flax-seed poultice on it as big as a plate. Mrs. Hopkinson had put it there.

On the morning of Thanksgiving day Hiram's boil was bigger than a turkey-egg, and he was laid up in bed.

"Poor Hiram!" soothed his kindly wife as she smoothed down his pillow, "you haven't got anything to be thankful for to-day, have you?"

"Yes, I have, Susan," he replied; "yes, I have. I'm darned thankful that I've got only one boil. I might have had a dozen, you know."

"And I'm thankful, too, Hiram," she said, sweet and low, and took his hand in hers. Thus there was Thanksgiving in the house of Hopkinson.

## The "Literary Page."

Why have we no American literature?—*Old song.*

"HERE'S a yarn about an author who was caught in manner neat
In articulo scribendi with a duck between his feet;
And another on the salads certain writers will not eat."
*Sunday editor loquitur*—"Just run it on the literary page."

"Here's a note on how to hemstitch and one on 'Baling Hay';
An essay on the Beef Trust, a modern 'problem play.'
Here's an 'Edith' poem, written by an Edith; subject 'May.'"
*Sunday editor loquitur*—"Just run 'em on the literary page."

"'Tuberculosis Cure,' 'The Senate's Crime,' and 'Soups:
Three Hundred Ways To Cook Them,' 'Is Dame Fashion Wearing Hoops?'
A novel by Fitzsimmons; some big reporter's scoops"——
*Sunday editor loquitur*—"Just run that on the literary page."

"Here's some stuff about the unions, and Autos Old and New';
'The Care of Hens,' 'Success' tales, and advice on what to do'——
*Sunday editor loquitur*—"I'd put them in the waste-basket, I think, if I were you,
Or else run 'em on the literary page."

H. M. LYON.

## Extravagant.

"SIR," said the beggar to the man whose nose and chin were almost meeting, and who walked on his heels so that the soles of his shoes might be saved, "would you kindly give a poor devil twenty dollars to buy something to eat?"

"Twenty dollars!" growled the man, gasping. "Why, I never heard of such insolence! No! Be on your way! I would not give you a cent. Twenty dollars! The idea! Preposterous! Not a cent, do you hear?"

"That's all right, boss," answered the beggar, edging away. "I knew by your looks you wouldn't loosen up even for a pleasant smile; and feelin' sort of sporty to-day, I thought I might as well blow in a twenty on you as a dime."

## Amenities.

*Fireman*—"I'm policed to meet you."
*Policeman*—"Oh, you go to blazes!"

## A Troubled Life.

SO MANY cruel schemes unfurled
In man's long journey through the world—
We suffer from a thousand ills—
Wars, earthquakes, scandal, corns and chills;
And what oft bothers me, in sooth,
Is a sore little tooth.

So many evil things designed
To rob us of our peace of mind,
So many things the spirit roil
The while we're at our daily toil;
But what concerns me most to-day
Are debts I cannot pay.

The world is full of traps and snares,
And very ill a mortal fares.
Oh, you'd be just as sad as I,
You'd feel as much inclined to sigh,
If, though your hopes of winning grew,
Your best girl jilted *you!*

NATHAN M. LEVY.

A SPORTSMAN'S CALCULATION.

LOCAL GAME-WARDEN—"Them birds ain't in season yet, an' they'll just cost yeh ten dollars apiece."
SPORTSMAN—"Well, there's a hundred and ten dollars coming to me, then."
LOCAL GAME-WARDEN—"Haow's that?"
SPORTSMAN—"I missed thirteen of them."

# Quarter-stretch Jones on the Quartette

## By W. D. Nesbit

THERE was four entries for the purse, as far as I could make it out, though once in a while the starter would get on the track for a forty-yard sprint himself. Two of them was nice-lookin' fillies, one a bay an' one a bright sorrel. I would have put my money on the bright sorrel if they had been makin' books. She came to the wire with more ginger an' life than the bay. The bay was too heavy-lookin' for the distance, too. The other two entries was just common plugs—not thoroughbreds by a long shot. I wouldn't have played either of them for place if you'd let me write my own ticket.

Well, the starter got out in front o' them and waved the flag—only he used a stick. The band begun to play, an' he let 'em off. Crooked work right there. The biggest one of the plugs got away four lengths ahead of the others an' was goin' like a jack-rabbit before the rest of the bunch left the post at all.

The starter never seemed to notice him—just waved his stick at the bright sorrel, but she didn't go then; she waited till the bay got away, which I say was mighty game of her. Then the bright sorrel started, an' the way she overtook that bay was a caution. She made her look as if she was standin' still. An' all this time that first plug was poundin' along toward the first quarter. Then the other plug—a little, undersized, beefy-lookin' one—jumped out as if he was doped, an' went skallyhootin' after the crowd. It strung 'em out, an' made it interestin', of course, but I felt like protestin' over the way that first plug had been given the lead. Mebbe, though, it was a handicap. The four hopped along, holdin' the same positions to the half, when the starter run across the field an' did a forty-yard dash just to show how good his wind was. Of course that didn't let him in on the purse, an' I don't know why he wanted to cut in—but singin' is different from hosses, I reckon.

Well, I began to feel as if I had guessed wrong when the bright sorrel seemed to give up after the half. The first plug was all in, I could see that. He kept droppin' back an' droppin' back, now an' then gettin' up a little steam an' tryin' to hold his own, but finally he went plumb up in the air, an' then the heavy bay an' the undersized plug had it to themselves. I will say that they surprised me. I didn't think it was in 'em. They got down to work an' they hit the stretch at a two-minute flat gait. I thought it was all over, when there was a cloud of dust down at the third quarter, an' here come my bright sorrel an' the other plug! They was eatin' up the ground! The bay an' the undersized plug was doin' their best, an' the starter was runnin' along with them, but it wasn't any use. Bay an' undersized plug came along until they were a nose behind, an' every one of 'em splittin' the wind——

An' then the starter waved his arms, an' they all jogged down to a walk an' came up to the wire an' stopped—a dead heat!

But the starter wasn't satisfied, no more than me!

He shook his stick at them, an' he led the bay an' the bright sorrel out fer an exhibition half. He started 'em

WILLIE'S HOBBY.

When Willie began to sport a hobby-horse
He joined an outing club, of course;
But finds he 's kept too busy to have any fun,
For seventy times around the park is an ordinary run.

together, fair enough this time, an' he kept shakin' the stick at the bay till he got her scared so bad I was afraid she would go through the fence on the turn. The bright sorrel didn't need no stick shook at her. She had the bit in her teeth. She was showin' what speed was. Every time the bay spurted, bright sorrel spurted. She was game, I tell you. She let the bay make the pace, if she wanted to, but bright sorrel wanted it understood she could make a split-second watch look like a grandfather's clock if she took a notion! They turned the first quarter so fast I thought they would fall down on the curve, but they whizzed around in great style.

Then, what do you think?

All this time them two plugs had been standin' at the wire stampin' their feet an' shakin' their heads. The starter turned to them and lifted his stick.

"Go!" he yelled.

They was off like a flash of lightnin'. Away ahead of them was the bay an' the bright sorrel, runnin' as if they didn't know anything about the plugs! Around the first turn went the plugs! Blippety-blippety-blippety! an' every once in a while one of 'em would strike an "Ah-h-h-h-h!" that sounded as if he was losin' heart, but the starter was with 'em an' he kept 'em jumpin'. I could see that the crowd was gettin' nervous an' excited. So was I. A fellow near me stood up. Somebody jerked him back in his seat. Bay an' bright sorrel looked over their shoulders an' saw the plugs comin', an' they lit out an' gained ten lengths in one yelp. But it wasn't any use. They didn't have anything in reserve for the stretch, an' here come the two plugs under the whip an' spur. Bright sorrel made one more spurt, but the bay stayed with her, an' the two plugs got their second wind—an' I'll be dadgummed if they didn't all come down under the wire in another dead heat!

The crowd got up an' stamped an' cheered, but I left, to show my disgust over such rank work in the way of startin' them off.

## Those Tardy Publishers.

THE great-foreign-novelist and his wife had been three or four days in this country. Already they were wearing smoked glasses to rest their eyes while reading the scarlet headlines over their goings-out and comings-in.

"This is outrageous!" exclaimed the wife of the great-foreign-novelist as she crushed the newspaper in her hand and hurled it across the room.

"To what does m'dam refer?" asked her husband.

"Why, it is of the m'sieur le publisher. Was he not to have had it in the papers of America within three days the rumor that I am not my husband's wife? It would of our next book sell many thousands. But see; here comes the next of editions. I have not doubt it is printed in this."

And she hurried away to intercept the newsboy and learn if their tardy publisher had redeemed himself.

## The Grammatical Prisoner.

"AND when he said skiddoo what did you do?" asked the judge.

"I skiddid, your honor," said the prisoner.

A RAPID OPERATOR.

EMMA (*who is a stenographer*)—"Is Mame very quick as a stenographer?"

LIZZIE (*also a stenographer*)—"Quick! She's a bird. Why, she got her last boss to propose in less'n two weeks."

MORAL—DON'T DEGRADE YOUR GUN-POCKET.

SAM—"Who's thet they 're totin' t' th' morgue?"
TOBE—"A keerless tenderfoot who wuz playin' poker."
SAM—"Fergit t' treat in turn?"
TOBE—"Nope; kerried his cigareets in his hip-pocket. Th' boys thought he wanted t' 'draw,' so they all 'filled,' an' he 'passed in his chips.'"

## Not Crowded.

I SUPPOSE there is plenty of room at the top in your business."

"Hardly. I am a steeple-jack."

## In Striking Times.

"HELLO, Snaggs! Working?"

"Naw!"

"How long have you been idle?"

"Ever since I joined the union."

## The Size of It.

*Her husband*—"So you've joined one of those French conversation classes, eh? What do you talk about, any way?"

*She* (absent-mindedly)—"Oh, about every one who happens to be absent."

## The Last Trump.

WHEN Angel Gabriel blows his horn
Our fears may well be founded
That all the Irish won't appear
Until the whistle 's sounded.

## An Elusive Town.

*Pedestrian* (just landed from a train at an Irish station)—"Pat, is it far to Ballyhooligan?"

*Porter* (confidentially)—"'Tis not far it is if ye roide in a cyar; but if ye walk, shure, th' nearer ye get to it th' furder away ye'll foind it, sor."

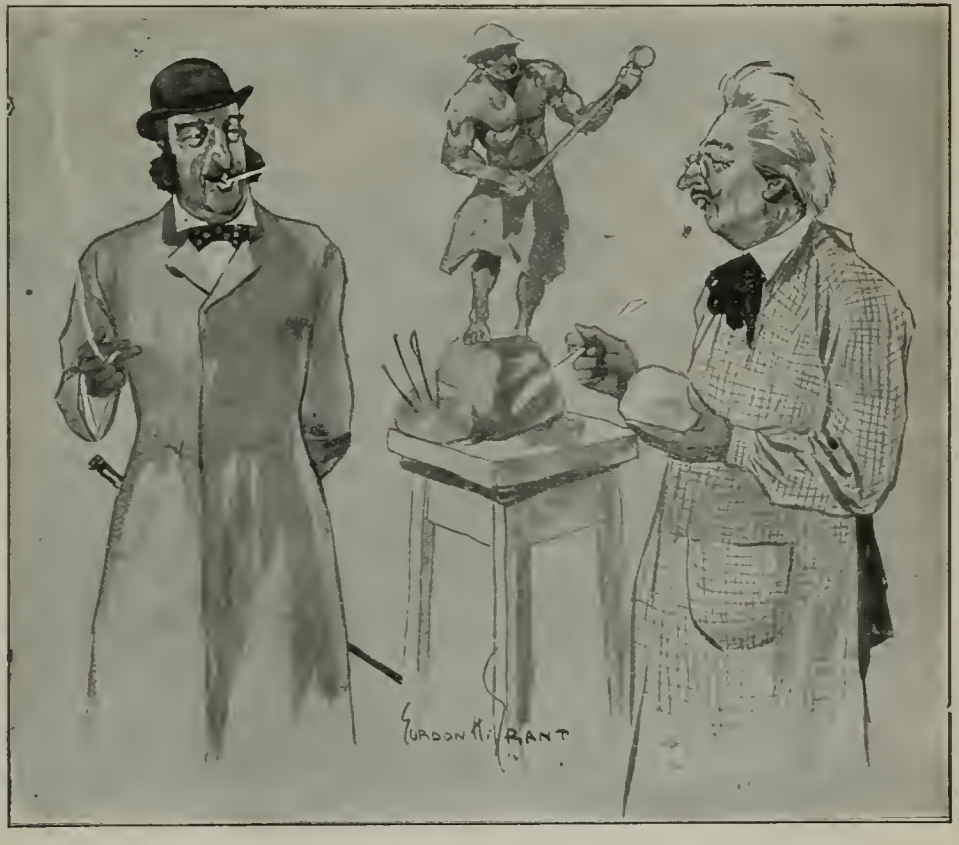
## Class in Anatomy.

*Teacher*—"Wilfred, to what are the teeth fastened?"

*Wilfred*—"To the gums."

*Teacher*—"And how many gums have we?"

*Wilfred*—"Three—pepsin, wintergreen and blood-orange."




HAS BEEN DONE ALREADY.

MICHAEL ANGELO CLAY—"I expect old Stockson-Bonds 'round this afternoon, to be done in marble."

LAYMAN LOAFAROUND—"Ha! I saw in to-day's paper that he has been done in copper, so I guess your deal is off."

LITTLE PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE—THE TIPLESS RESTAURANT.

## Mann and Super-Mann.

QUEER requests come to those who act, but here is one of the funniest that ever came to me:

"Mr. Louis Mann—I am told that you are the super-man, and I want to begin my stage career, as a super. I hope that you have not engaged all of your supers for your play." LOUIS MANN.

# A Letter from the Road

MARION, IOWA.

DEAR WIFE—You have often, perhaps, noted the scientific and investigative turn of my mind. Well, recently as I batted around the country, I made up my intellect to sort of Ernest-Hyphen-Thompson-Setonize that type of anthropoid that wears celluloid collars. I have watched these persons in their daily habits and habitats until I feel myself fully able to pass a civil-service examination regarding them.

As a rule, the man with the shining celluloid collar has on, in connection and juxtaposition therewith, a made-up bow tie or a twenty-five-cent four-in-hand. Clay worsted is his favorite fix-up suit, and for choice a derby hat of the vintage of 1896. Why not? It is as good as new. If he can't get a pink shirt, some kind with a red stripe will do very well. Also his neck shows that he shaves himself occasionally, and reaches as far as possible toward the centre from both sides, leaving a pleasant, shady-looking thicket down the centre ravine, giving one the impression that possibly it continues entirely down his spinal column. Hence the term "rough-neck," as applied to certain citizens. The piece of blank paper pasted just to the rear of his left ear is the late site of a healthy wart that was unintentionally amputated when some one opened the kitchen door against his upraised elbow while he was effacing the herbage from his visible portions.

When he removes his hat, if he ever does, which is seldom, you will see his hair combed in a nice little scallop down over his forehead. He has always combed it so. He has the kind of mustache men pour coffee into and drink it afterward, at their leisure. Only it doesn't look appetizing to you if he takes cream in it. Neither does such a mustache appear much improved by the addition of mayonnaise dressing, though the celluloid-collar man seldom tackles anything with a French name. If you have to sit beside him at the lunch-counter you feel like holding his arm and calling an ambulance when he eats pie. It so resembles intended felo-de-se. (Look up this word. Am I handing 'em out too strong for you?)

Afterward, when you sit beside him in the train, you can hear him, distinctly, excavating his hollow teeth, by suction. To hear him do this you need not be just beside him, either. Anywhere in the same car will do, if the train isn't crossing a culvert at the time.

If you catch a faint aroma of the dairy-yard or the horse-garage, it might possibly come from the celluloid collar man's cowhide pumps. Or maybe not. It may be from his coat.

The celluloid-collar man reads his home paper with frequency and faith, and the metropolitan sheet with seldomness and suspicion. If you draw him forth in conversazione (there's a warm word, old girl), he will tell you about the time he saw Secretary Shaw or Tama Jim Wilson of the hen and turnip department, of T. Roosevelt's personally-conducted country. He knows the price of hogs, and generally knows at just what stage of the cholera to sell them so that they will be a loss on the purchaser's hands instead of his own. He is as honest as he can be without losing money. But he has a family to support.

He is not an especially proud person, but there's hardly any living with him if he knows the conductor's first name and is recognized familiarly right in public by that dignitary. Moreover, he has never quite got over the time he was at Des Moines and a good deal depended on the way he stood in the gubernatorial nomination fight. "'I golly, I showed 'em that time that a hayseed like me wasn't t' be grinned at."

He may also tell you, if you become intimate with him and win his confidence, the story of the time he went to Chicago on a drover's pass and took a bath all over at a HO-tel. Like other people, he remembers best the things that happened a long time ago.

Sometimes he is not the above type, for he may be the leading general merchant in a town of a few hundred, and a person of great local importance that he is only waiting to resume as soon as he gets nearer his own vine and fig-tree. But as a rule he fits some if not all of the above specifications. I have studied him and I know. Besides, honey, I used to wear one myself, when I was just as good, and in some ways a whole lot better individual, than I am now.

Somebody in our family is wearing that same collar yet. Lovingly, BILL.

per STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

## Must Be So.

"SENATOR GOTROX says that when he started out in life he only made one dollar and thirty-five cents per week."

"Gad! who would ever think that old Gotrox started out in life as a poet?"

THE SOCIALISTIC MUSE.

THE EDITOR—"Socialistic poem, eh? Sort o' revamps the whole United States. Happiness for everybody; and you say you 'll sell it for five dollars? It's dirt cheap. I suppose for one hundred dollars you'd make the whole universe look like a paradise?"

THE POET—"It would look that way to me, sir."

# Mrs. Mahoney and the "Agint"

By Max Merryman

MRS. JUDY MAHONEY stood in the open doorway of the entry leading to her "tinnymint" in Doody's Court. She looked so placid, so guileless, so gullible, that the agent, who had a combination teakettle, potato-boiler and bread-toaster to sell, felt confident that it was a case of "easy fruit" he had before him. Approaching Mrs. Mahoney, he said affably, after tipping his hat, "Good-morning, madam."

"Is it me you are shpakin' to, yang man?"

"Yes, madam; I have here a"——

"Have yeez, indade? Luk at thot, now! Well, well! An' where did yeez get it? Sure, an' if Oi was yeez Oi—be off wid yeez, ye botherin' yangwans! Whin it comes to tin koinds av divilmint in tin minnits thim dago kids here in de coort takes de cake. Be off wid yeez or Oi'll ring for de cop!"

"I would like to show you something in which I feel sure that you will be highly interested. It is"——

"Is it so? Well, well! Who would av t'ot it? Here comes Honory Mulligan. Loike enough she would be plazed to see it, for she's the aiger eye thot loikes to see arl there is, an' de nimble tongue to tell av it afterward. Good-mornin', Honory. Here's a yang gintleman wid somethin' to show yeez—God above only knows phwat. Yeez are out airly, Honory. Is Mulligan at wurruk the day?"

"He is, ma'am—glory be! A dollar an' sivinty-foive a day for eight hours an' de job loikely to lasht arl winter."

"Is it so? Luk at thot now! Shure, an' Mulligan was iver wan to land on his fate. It takes de loikes av him to make good tin toimes out av noine. Loike enough yeez will be movin' over on to Fift Avenoo now, an' nixt we know yeez will be hand in glove wid de Vanderbiltses an' de Carneggys an' arl dat gang, an' nixt we'll

THESE UP-TO-DATE FLATS CERTAINLY HAVE ALL THE MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

THE ONE THING NECESSARY.

HERBERT—"Well—er—if you married me I could at least give you all the necessities of life."
ALICE—"But the only necessity of married life is a husband who can provide the luxuries."

see yeez in your own awtymobill—thot is, if it's a city job Mulligan has."

"It is, ma'am—glory be! It's a "——

"Ladies, I would like to show you a remarkably clever invention that every housewife should have. It will bring water to a boiling heat in thirty seconds, and "——

"Think av thot, Honory Mulligan! Wather b'ilin' in t'irty siconds! Thot lays over Biddy Noonan's gash range she's so chesty over; it's nothin' else she'll shpake av since iver she had it put in. De airs av her over her gash range! Wan would t'ink it was aquil to sivinty-foive dollars in de savin's bank! An' her hintin' at how she's t'inkin' av puttin' in a tillyphone. Don't thot jar yeez? She was iver wan to be givin' herself airs, an' hadn't she de come-down though whin she got her foldin'-bed wid de big lookin'-glass in it arl on paymints av fifty cints a wake, an' Noonan out av a job in two wakes afther de bed was put in. Yis; an' de men from de paymints shtore comin' in an' takin' de bed from de foive or six av us thot was sittin' on it whin Mrs. Noonan was havin' a shmall tay-parthy! Oh, but wasn't thot de come-down though! A paycock wid his tail feathers arl gone wasn't in it wid Mrs. Noonan whin it come to atin' humble pie! Sure, an' she'd a good wide slice av it to ate thot toime, but she got over it soon, an' is now as airy as iver wid arl her talk about how she t'inks av puttin' in a tillyphone—Lord save us! To hear her go on about how aisy it would be to 'ring up' her grocer, an' she'd even de gall to tell a few av us who was havin' a cup o' tay wid Mrs. Murphy the other day thot a tillyphone would save her many a thrip to her dressmaker. Luk at thot now! De comfort some folks get out av nothing but wind is "——

"This interesting and useful household invention, ladies, is one that should be in every home. It saves time, labor, fuel and "——

"Is it so, yang man? Did anny wan iver! Phwat nixt will dey be invintin' Oi dunno! Did yeez see de agint along here one day, Mrs. Mulligan, wid a whole carpenter's shop an' a shoemakin' outfit, an' a corkscrew, an' a toot'pick arl in a pocket-knife, an' phwat did Julia O'Dowd do but put up a dollar an' a half for wan av de

HIS NEW TEAM.

VISITOR—"Well, well! What kind of a team are you driving, my little man?"
"Oh, I'm driving a spanking pair."

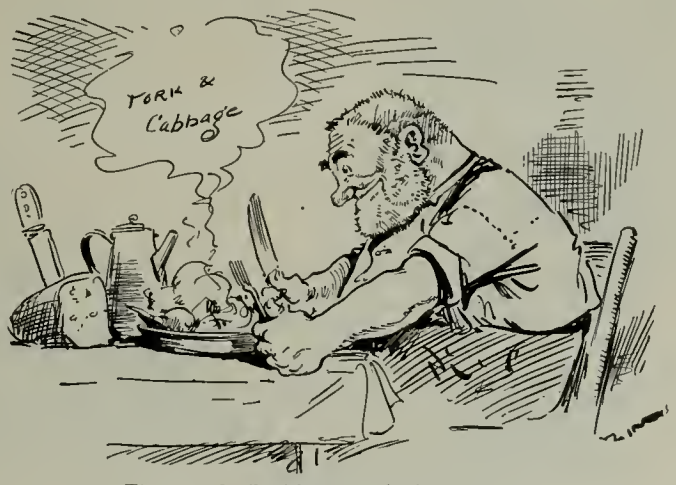
t'ings, an' her man out av a job an' her gettin' this scandalized milk free for her baby because she was too poor to pay for it. She said it was such a bargain she hadn't de heart to let it go. An' isn't she de great wan for bargains? Luk at her tin-dollar jacket marked down to ninety-nine cints she got over on Foort' Avenoo whin her ould man got a foive-dollar bill for carryin' a transpernancy in de big political parade, an' they say he t'rew in his vote arlso for de foive dollars, but Oi dunno if he did. Oi'm not wan to repate for a fact anything Oi hear floatin' around in de coort. Annyhow, Julia saved a dollar from de wreck av de foive an' wint out to run down a bargain wid it, an' she got dis jacket at a foire sale marked down from tin dollars to ninety-nine cints, an' she come home wid it on her back, an' annywan wid a glass eye cud see it was t'ree sizes too shmall for her. Well, Julia wint to button it up toight to show some av us de iligant fit it was in de back, whin r-r-r-rip it wint up de back seam an' hung in two pieces from de collar, an' "——

"Ladies, it you will give me just a moment or two of your time I would like to show you just how this invention works, and I think I can convince you that"——

"Julia was iver wan to mek good de ould sayin' thot a fool an' his money niver tarry long together. Wid arl de free readin' at hand nowadays, an' that Andy Carneggy scatterin' liberrys around loike wather from a watherin-pot, phwat does Julia do but let a buk agint blarney her into payin' t'ree dollars in paymints av twinty-foive cints a wake for a book av poitry by some wan de agint carled de poet-begorryet of Oireland. Loike enough de agint tould a lie about it, for if anny wan can bate an agint reelin' off de lies let him shtand forth an'—where is that yang man? There he goes around de corner! Luk at thot now! To be off loike thot widout showin' us his taypot an' arl de other t'ings in wan! Well, well! J'y go wid him. Good-by, Mrs. Mulligan. Oi've some bread in de oven thot nades me attintion. Loike enough it's burned some already phwat wid dat botherin' agint kapin' me shtandin' here listening to his palaver. Phwat tongues these agints have in their heads!"

A CONTRAST.

The man with a bundle enjoying his wealth.




The poor devil without it enjoying his health.

## The Merry Minstrels.

"'TWAS las' night," began the end-man when the sweet-voiced singer had concluded a pathetic ballad. "Ah was a-gwine home when Ah sees a big, black ghost."

"Hold on, Mr. Bones!" cried the middle-man. "Who ever heard of a black ghost? You should know better than to announce to this large and intelligent audience that you saw a black ghost. Let me inform you, for future reference, that all ghosts are white."

"Mistah Centerpiece, yo' am wrong," protested the end-man. "Ah has seen blue, green an' yellah ghosts, an' pink an' red ghosts, an' "——

"Mr. Bones, your ignorance is amazing. But as you can't possibly prove your absurd claim that you've seen a colored ghost, our popular tenor, Mr. Hinote, will render that appealing bit of sentimentality, 'When Brother Jim Was Boarding with the State.'"

"Ah got proof—Ah got proof!" cried the end-man as the tenor arose to warble. "Ah knows dat Ah've seen blue, green an' red ghosts. Kase why? Kase ghosts am all shades. Dat's mah answer."

## For Her.

"WHAT I want," pants the comic-opera star who had acquired a superabundance of flesh, "what I want is a vehicle for the proper display of my personality. I don't want any ordinary "——

"No, Miss Fatyette," interposes the playwright. "You don't want any ordinary vehicle. How would an automobile truck do, in these days of auto-drama?"

## Profitable.

"WAS her summer boarding-house profitable?"

"You bet it was! Her guests bought so many crackers that every grocery-store in the village paid dividends."

AN APOLOGY.

MIKE—"Did yez make Callahan apologize fer what he said about yez?"
PAT—"Yis; he said he was sorry he said so little."

## The Fuf-fuf-fate of Reform.

ELECTION tut-tut-time is o'er,
The offices are fuf-fuf-filled,
And ringing pup-pup-promises
Of sweeping, stern reform are stilled.
I've been around the tut-tut-town;
It lul-lul-looks the sus-sus-same.
If there's reform it didn't touch
McSweeney's pup-pup-poker game!

I found it running full bub-blast,
And all the gug-gug-gang was there;
Old Mum-Mum-Mack was looking on
From huh-huh-his accustomed chair.
"Th' vote was solid f'r r'form,"
He sus-sus-said to mum-mum-me;
"But all th' side dud-dud-dud-doors
Is open like they used t' be."

Then B-B-B-B-B-B-Bill,
Who holds a city j-j-job,
Explained that, while reform is here,
Most all he does is rur-rur-rob.
It sus-sus-seems to mum-mum-me
That fuf-fuf-folks had better take
Another hobby, then reform
May sus-sus-sneak in by mistake.

CHARLES R. BARNES.

## The Joke-car.

"HE earned the money for his auto by writing jokes."

"So he told me—says he calls it the 'bon-mot'-or car."

PLENTY OF TIME.

CITY MAN (*with important engagement*)—"Suffering Cæsar! How do you expect I'm going to catch that train at this rate of going?"

STRANGER—"Ain't your ticket good for thirty days?"

## Red Revenge.

"SO you spurn meh!" he cries in wrathful woe. "But I shall have my revenge!"

"Ha, ha!" laughs the heartless maiden.

"You may laugh now, but wait! In the four years I have known you, you have given me six photographs of yourself. Each one of these I shall have enlarged by the cheap crayon process and presented to your various friends and relatives."

Leaving the frightened girl in a swoon the cruel swain departs with the melodramatic tread of one who will stop at nothing.

## The Schoolma'am's Apology.

AN extremely proper young New England woman was a kindergartener in a large city. Getting into a street-car one day, she bowed to a man whom she thought was the father of two of the children under her charge. As soon as she had done so she realized her mistake, and as he got off the car at the same time as herself, she stepped up to him and said,

"Please pardon my speaking to you, but I thought you were the father of two of my children."

## Nature's Compensation.

"NATURE," said the man with the pickle nose, "never takes away that she does not give. In every deed of hers there is both loss and gain. Now, for instance, take my own case. Nature designed that my hair should be thin, while my"——

"While your head is thick," finished the man with the old-rose whiskers, who had been trying for half an hour to edge in a word.

## Qualified.

"MY DEAR," said the dyspeptic husband, "this new girl can't cook for a cent, and she knows absolutely nothing about serving a meal. Why do you keep her."

"Because her hair is the precise tone of red to harmonize exactly with the dining-room hangings. Anybody could see that."

## Euphony.

"HE eats pie for breakfast," they say to the beautiful young thing who is going to be introduced to the man.

"How uncouth!" she shudders.

"But he is worth forty millions," they continue.

"Ah, he is not uncouth," her mother says gently. "He is merely eccentric, Millicent, dear."

THE EVIDENCE.

ETHEL—"Think of his being a footpad! He looked like a real foreign nobleman."
ESTHER—"What did he rob you of?"
ETHEL—"Everything I had."
ESTHER—"Then I guess he was."

## Compensations of Deafness.

A MAN who had traveled and observed much decided to become deaf.

"It is a misfortune," he said; "but there are compensations—if one is not too deaf. I spent two days recently in a country hotel with a man who was just comfortably hard of hearing, and he certainly had every reason to consider himself a wonderfully wise man. He was invincible in argument. Just think what a pleasurable feeling of infallibility must come to a man who is invincible in argument! No matter how absurd the position he took, he was able to maintain it against all comers. I know, because he lured me into various arguments and invariably overcame me. He would make a statement and I would flatly contradict it, but that made no difference to him. He would accept my contradiction as an indorsement of his position and continue his dissertation. When I got a chance I would advance a few arguments on the other side.

"'I am glad,' he would say calmly, 'that you accept my views.'

"'But I don't accept your views,' I would protest.

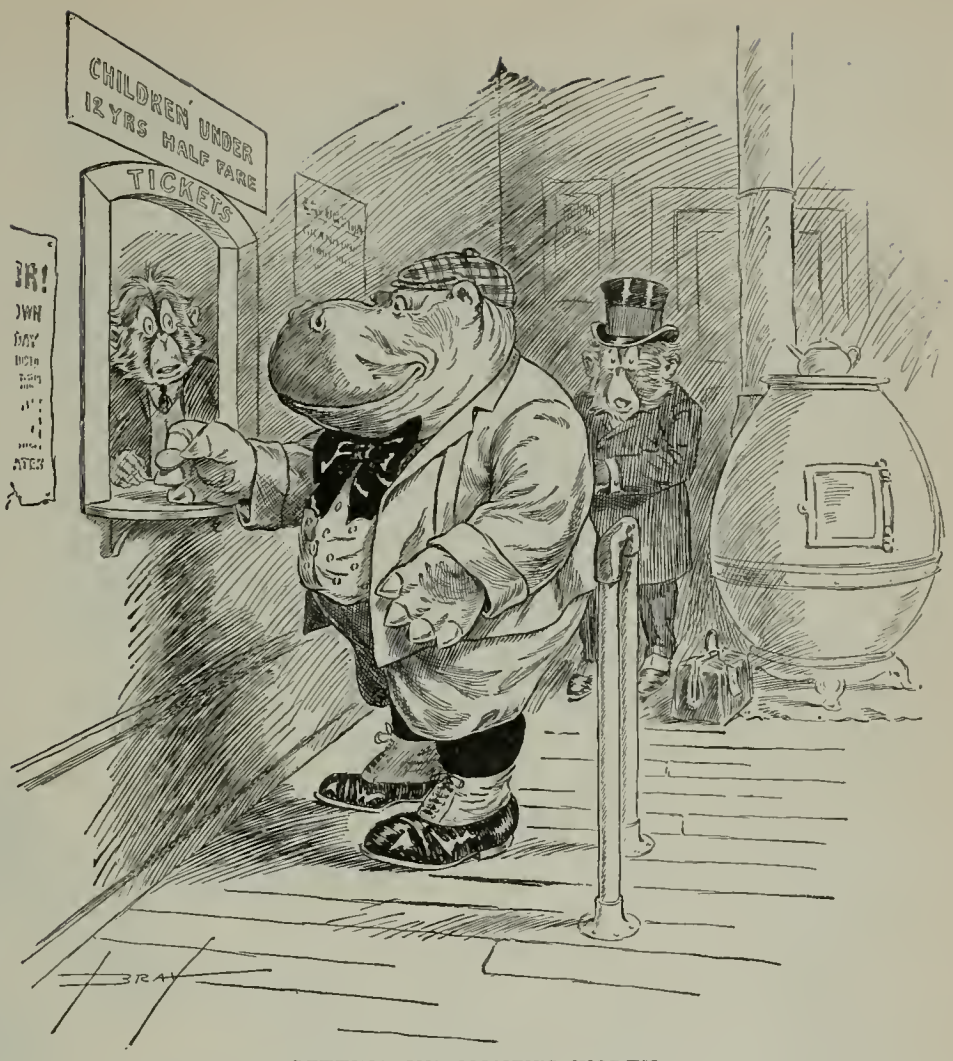
"'What!' he would cry. 'What did you say?'

"I would go over my argument again, and he would make me repeat several parts of it three or four times. Then he would undertake to answer what I had said, incidentally misquoting me. I would correct him, but it was a difficult and tiresome thing to do, and finally I would let him ramble along.

"I tried to avoid him after that, but it was no use; he was convinced that he had great persuasive powers, probably as a result of practicing on others like me, and he wanted to be sure that I was converted to his views on everything. It set me to thinking of others I knew who were 'a little hard of hearing'—not really deaf, you know—and I could see that there was some sort of a compensation for each of them. One fellow, who could hear nearly everything else, never could hear a request for an increase of salary, and he wore out every man who asked for one. That was the way with this deaf controversialist; he wore me out. He had me tacitly pledged to every sort of an absurdity, and he was so proud of his success that he was strutting about like a turkey-cock. When I was leaving I heard him say to the landlord, 'Yes, he's a pretty good fellow; but no match for me in an argument. I downed him every time and made him own up to it.'

"So I've decided to become deaf, or at least 'a little hard of hearing.'"

ELLIOTT FLOWER.




GETTING HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

JOHNNY HIPPO—"Give me a half-fare ticket to Jungleburg."
TICKET-AGENT—"Heavens! it wouldn't take many of these to ruin the road."

## The Decline of Poetry.

I HAVE read a lot of essays in which the writers told
That poetry is not the wondrous thing it was of old;
That poets writing nowadays don't care about the verse
So much as what the poem brings—the lining of the purse
(Poetic lining, so to speak, at just so much a line).
No wonder they say poetry has gone on the decline.
Yes, poetry 's declining; and I think it not amiss
To say perhaps the fall began
With
Verse
Like
This.

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS.

---

WE HEAR much of Plain Duty. It may be because she is plain that so few people have anything to do with her.

## A Dinner of Pets.

HE HAD married an actress, though she wasn't exactly an actress at that. She was only a chorus-girl who, with extraordinary feminine obstinacy, thought she could act on the stage as well as she could in private life.

His aunt, who was rich, didn't disinherit him, although she looked on the stage as extremely vulgar. Of course they were poor, but they managed to exist in a Harlem flat.

One evening he received a telegram from his aunt, which said that she was coming to New York to see his bride. She would stay the night at a neighboring hotel, but would like to have dinner with them. The telegram was sent at noon, but, owing to some mischance, it was not delivered at Edwin's flat until 6.15 p. m. His aunt, he found by looking at the time-table, would arrive at 7.15 p. m. What was to be done? The ice-box was searched. There was nothing there but a réchaufée of mutton and some cold potatoes. Edwin found he had fifty cents. His wife's purse yielded two buttons, a key and a receipted bill for a yard of ribbon. It was too late to pawn anything. With a groan Edwin sank into a chair.

Suddenly he saw a smile on his wife's face.

"Leave it to me," said she. "I'll fix it all right."

Edwin was only too glad to do so, being a believer in the ingenuity of the other sex.

At seven-forty-five his aunt made her appearance. Edwin gasped when he saw the table spread. The first course, his wife announced, would be red mullet, and sure enough there they were on dainty buttered papers. Then there were larks on toast, and after that a rabbit. His aunt declared she had never enjoyed a dinner so much, and in due course left for her hotel.

In a month Edwin received another telegram saying that his aunt had died suddenly from apoplexy. In due course of time her will was read, and Edwin and his wife are now in affluence, and they both have cause to remember the occasion on which they had to sacrifice their lovely gold fish, their tuneful canaries, and their pet rabbit to provide a dinner for their aunt, and so indirectly provide for themselves a competence for life.

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

---

SOME people patch up their old quarrels until they are almost as good as new.

## A Choice.

"YOU have charge of the Sunday-school, mister,
And for us a teacher you'll hunt;
But if it's not too great a trouble
We prefer one like Mary Jane Lunt.

"We've listened to some of her teaching,
She never makes much of a din—
Just gives a text or 'lustration,
And don't keep rubbing it in.

"Your mission-school is all right, sir,
With some rather bad habits we've broke;
But we need Mary Jane's kind of doctrin',
The truth left to soak in, sir—soak."

CHARLES N. SINNETT.

## Extenuating.

*Nippan* — "He married a divorced woman, didn't he?"

*Tuck* — "Yes; but she had only been divorced a few days."

THE FOUNDER.

THE FRIEND—"She's very good-looking. Does she come of a good family?"
THE ARTIST—"She's the first of her race, hatched in an incubator, from an artificial egg."

## Too Enthusiastic.

"MARRY me!" pleads the enamored youth. "I will make your life one long day of sunshine and song. Roses shall reach their ruby hands across your path and bend to kiss you with their trembling lips. The radiance of rare jewels shall gladden your eyes, and the wondrous lustre of rare fabrics shall ever lend their charm to you. We shall feed upon the honey of Hymettus and quaff the nectar of the gods from a chalice of gold. You shall"——

"Harold," she interrupted, "have you contracted the Nikola Tesla germ?'

## Musical.

"I AM the janitor of five flats," stated the sad-faced man, removing his countenance from the mug of beer.

The others waited for him to continue.

"Of course," he resumes, "with five flats to watch, I have to be careful about my staff; but even then I have my troubles."

Here we ask the inevitable question.

"The chief trouble," he said, "is that a conductor who lives in the place never can find the key."

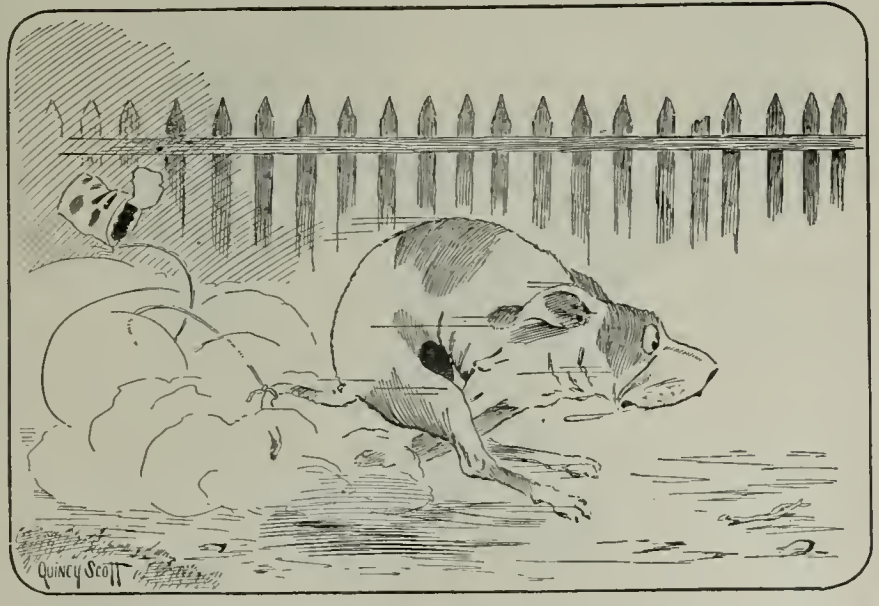
Bass, bass! Who would have thought it of a sad-faced man?

---

RICHES have wings, and in time they will have flying-machines.

WELL UP IN SAILING-CRAFT.

HAROLD—"Jerrold has bought a sail-boat."
ALICE—"But does he know anything about a sail-boat?"
HAROLD—"Oh, yes. He has got his life insured and joined the church.'




CAN YOU SOLVE THIS?

See the dog and the can.
The dog can go fast.
So can the can.
Can the dog go as fast as the can can?
He can.
Does the dog make the can go, or does the can make the dog go?
Ask the dear teacher.

## An Irreducible Fracture.

DR. SPLINTEM, the surgeon," declared the man with the red shingles on his house, "is the most expert man in his profession in the city."

"Indeed?" politely asked the man with the iron dog on his lawn.

"Yes, sir. Why, there isn't any kind of a fracture that he can't set, and set perfectly."

"Is that so?" murmured the man with the iron dog on his lawn. "Now, I wonder if he would be any good at setting a broken egg?"

## Miserable Country.

"YOU fellows need never worry about Uncle Sam interfering with your government," says the yankee tourist.

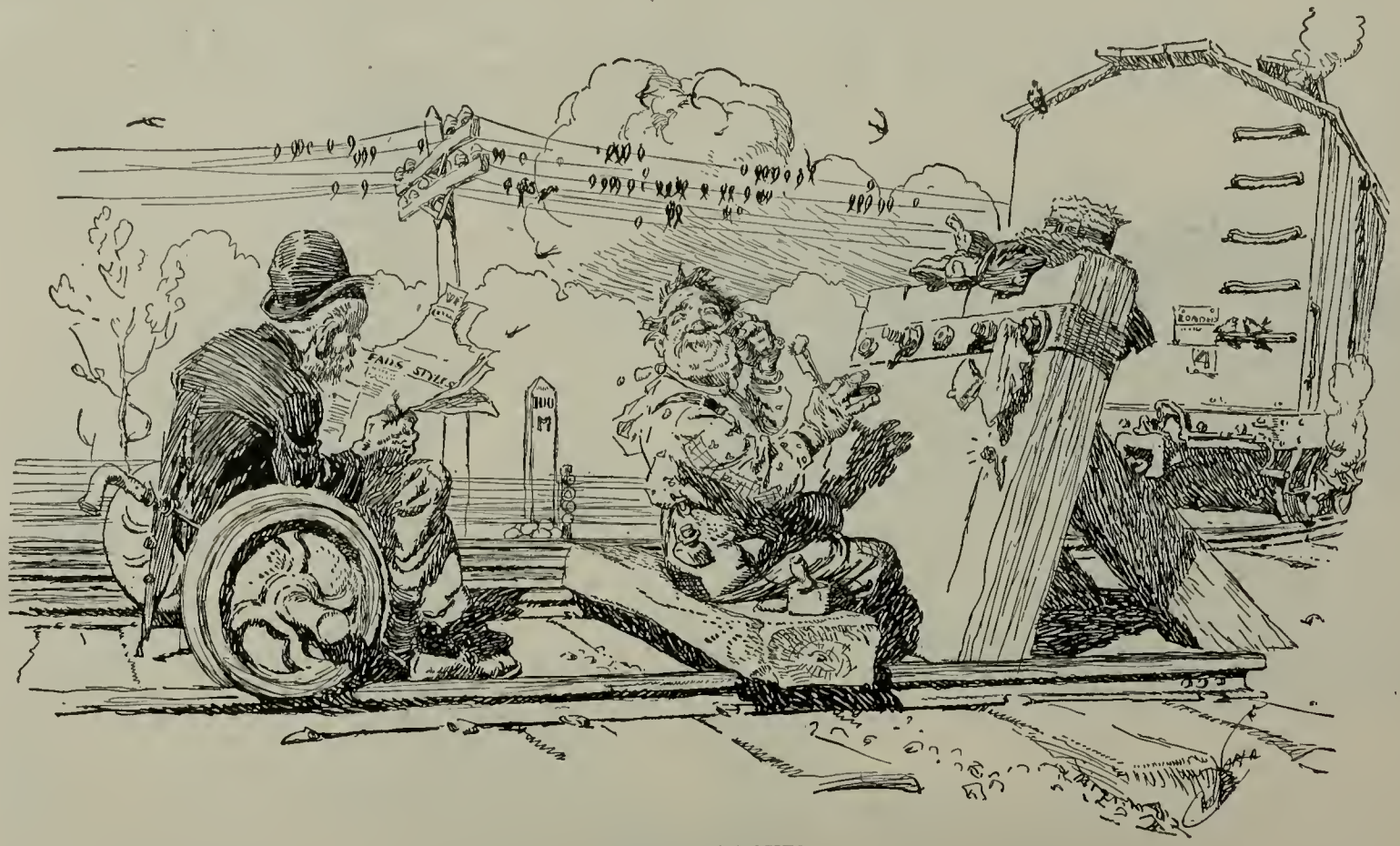
"Indeed?" asks the South American citizen incredulously. "And why?"

"Your country is too small for a canal and not big enough for a revolution."

## Qualified.

"SHE sings like a bird," we whisper to our companion, a fair young thing who has accompanied us to the recital given by a rival belle.

"She ought to," replies the gentle damsel. "She talks like a parrot, everybody says she is a goose, and she is pigeon-toed."




FADS AND FANCIES.

FIRST TRAMP—"Say, Bill, wot's a 'fad'?"
SECOND TRAMP—"Anyt'ing dat's lots uv trouble an' no earthly use."
FIRST TRAMP—"Say, Bill, we must be 'fads.'"

# The Reforms of Chiang-Ho

By LA TOUCHE HANCOCK

THERE was once on a time an emperor whose name was Kiang. He had other titles, which, being translated, meant "Light of lights," "Illuminated son of the east," and so on, but he was generally known as Kiang. He had four hundred wives, ten thousand elephants, a thousand white eunuchs, a multitude of black servants, and other incumbrances too numerous to be mentioned. He loved *all* his wives, but there was one possession he loved more dearly. He was absolutely enamored of a huge mirror which hung in his palace. It showed him a figure of which he had a very favorable opinion. As the years passed by he arrived at that state of life when the mirror did not do its duty so much to his satisfaction as it had formerly done. One comfort, however, remained to him, which reflected all his youthful charms. That comfort was his eldest son, Prince Chiang-Ho.

The emperor Kiang, on looking into his mirror one day, came to the conclusion that he had not by any means made the best of his life. He then and there determined that what he had left undone should be remedied by his prototype, Chiang-Ho. He decided that his son should be educated according to the New-World principles, and accordingly made arrangements to send him to America. In order that his offspring might not be subjected to the ridicule generally thrown on eastern people, he bestowed upon him the name of Chisholm, which was the nearest approach he could think of to Chiang-Ho. He ordered his hair cut, and fitted him out with a wardrobe obtained in England which would have done credit to any scion of Fifth avenue. He then intrusted him to the tender mercies of a boarding-school in New York county, and afterward sent him to one of the leading colleges.

This event happened some years before this story opens. Chiang-Ho, or Chisholm, was now approaching the age when he might be said to have finished his education. Being of an inquisitive nature, Kiang determined to fetch his son home himself. He wished to see the scene of his boy's education. Accordingly a spare man-of-war, none too stable, was fitted out, and Kiang took his departure amidst the good wishes of his subjects.

Two months elapsed. Nothing was heard of or from Kiang. The man-of-war had not even been spoken with. Three months went by and still the same silence. At the end of the fourth month, as all hope of the safety of Kiang had been given up, a letter was dispatched to Chiang-Ho beseeching him to come home at once, as the people were in a state of unrest, which would probably lead to insurrection. Chiang-Ho wasn't much pleased at this letter or the intelligence it conveyed. He was perfectly comfortable where he was, had plenty of money to spend, and was not at all anxious to return to surroundings which, he was quite sure, would be particularly irksome. He felt that he was going back to barbarism, or at all events semi-barbarism, from a refined civilization. However, as noblesse oblige played a part in his character, he set out homeward. He was received with acclamations. The whole of the city went wild, and enough fire-crackers were set off on the night of his arrival to break the drum of the strongest ear. He was escorted to the palace with shouts of universal joy amidst a discord of native music that set his teeth on edge.

For a week he allowed the festivities to continue. Then, thinking it was about time to make his authority felt, he sent for the grand vizier. The latter approached him on all fours, salaaming. When he had made his obeisances he inquired the will of the celestial majesty. Chiang-Ho burst out laughing.

"Quit that celestial business," said he. "Now, look here, my vizier, I am about to make some innovations. You people over here mean well, but you are a trifle behind the times."

The vizier was astonished.

"Yes," continued Chiang-Ho; "there must be some reforms. Now, just for a start, for goodness' sake don't come into my presence as if you were a beetle. Don't crawl. Walk. And stop that salaaming business. It's idiotic."

The surprise of the vizier increased. He was speechless.

"I want you all to behave like human beings. There is absolutely no sense in all this kotowing. It isn't necessary or pretty. Cut it out!"

The word "cut" suggested nothing else in the mind of the vizier but beheading. He was about to ask who the victim was to be when his master went on,

"How about the harem my father left? They must be got rid of. Yes; all of them, except, of course, my own mother."

"But"—— began the vizier with remonstrance.

"No; there are no 'buts' about it! They must go!"

"But," again began the vizier, and this time he was allowed to continue, "your majesty will surely wish to marry."

"Not on your life!" replied Chiang-Ho. "In any case, I shall not require four hundred wives."

"Not marry?" The idea was extraordinary. The vizier had the temerity to say so. He went so far as to ask whether there was not any marriage in the land from which his majesty had lately come.

"Oh, yes!" answered Chiang-Ho. "There's lots of marrying, but to an uncivilized mind like yours it would seem that they only got married to obtain a divorce. That is done frequently."

"And do they go on marrying?" ventured the vizier.

"As a rule. That is, until they meet the person they ought to have married in the first instance. The method is rather expensive, but it's sure in the long run."

The vizier expressed his opinion that it was an extraordinary country.

"It is," replied his majesty. "But about that harem. I think you'd better advertise them in the daily paper I am about to start, and marry them off as soon as possible."

"But, your majesty," remonstrated the vizier, "your religion, the priests"——

"Oh, I'll take care of that. The first divorce will be that of church and state."

The vizier nearly swooned.

"Now for lunch. Oh, by the way," added Chiang-Ho as he went toward the dining-hall, "please get some chairs. I've had enough of this uncomfortable picnicking business. I absolutely detest sitting like a cobbler on a cushion, or lounging on a couch during my meals. Just see to that little item, and, if you can't get the cook to serve up a decent meal, sack him. I'm tired of his atrocities."

"Sack him," thought the vizier, could only mean tying him in a sack and casting him into the river.

"It shall be done, your majesty," said the vizier.

"And wait a minute. Where on earth do you get this abominable wine? If there isn't a soul in the place who knows how to mix a cocktail I'll do it myself. I don't suppose, though, you've got the ingredients. Never mind, I'll send for them. One must be civilized. Now you can go. Later on I may have a few more orders."

The vizier departed and immediately gave orders to have the cook sewn up in a bag and thrown into the river.

So began the reforms of Chiang-Ho. His subjects at first didn't take very kindly to the various changes in their mode of life, but gradually got accustomed to them. The dwelling-place of the harem was converted into a huge lecture-hall. There multifarious societies met, of which women's clubs formed the greatest part. The society for promoting woman's suffrage was much in evidence, while the anti-chewing-gum league always attracted a large assemblage of native up-to-date chorus-girls, who had been initiated into the beauties of musical comedy. Politics was introduced into the city, and no one was permitted to join the police force unless thoroughly versed in the art of diplomacy. The games were revolutionized and the music thoroughly overhauled. Popular songs came into vogue, and even rag-time had its little day. Chiang-Ho thought of abolishing the monarchy and having himself elected as president, but, like a good many republicans, he found regal accessories exceedingly enticing. He had a huge society formed, which he called "The Titular Tiger." This was euphonic and meant little, for Chiang-Ho was still monarch of all he surveyed. Still, it brought back reminiscences of another coterie in the land where he had been educated.

To say the reforms of Chiang-Ho were not successful would be untrue. They were at the beginning, but, unluckily, and maybe naturally, abuses crept in which were so similar to those he had seen in his tutelage days that he was in despair of carrying out his great schemes. In fact, he was afraid he would have to reform his reforms. He did not quite see how he was going to do that without going back to uncivilization. He was certainly absolute in power, and yet he wished he could see a way of arousing the people to a spirit of independence and liberty, which they sadly lacked, without their infringing on his powers.

A deputation waited on him about two years after he had introduced his new methods. Instead of salaaming and kotowing, all the members walked in with a self-satisfied air and at once placed themselves on a footing of equality with him. This proceeding was rather novel. Still, Chiang-Ho was glad to see that the urging of his subjects toward independence was bearing fruit, though he fancied at the moment they had higher aims than he cared them to have. The deputation represented to him that they thought it was about time they had a hand in the affairs of the nation. He was certainly their emperor.

PATERNAL ADMIRATION.

LADY—"Ah! what a nice, large, healthy baby!"
GIRL—"Yes'm. Pop t'inks as much uv dat baby as if he wuz a bird-dog."

DISAPPOINTING.

THE BROILER—"One thing is sure—aërial navigation is not the fun it's cracked up to be."

They acknowledged that, but they felt they had not yet an unrestrained liberty. At present, for instance, he had an hereditary right to order their heads to be chopped off. They wanted that cut out. (It was strange how they had acquired the phrases of liberty!) They wanted a government by the people, for the people, and of the people. Chiang-Ho fancied he had heard this phrase before, and wondered how they had acquired it. He asked. They answered that it had become the watchword of liberty. Reform had apparently made them unconscious plagiarists. After hearing all their arguments Chiang-Ho said he would consider their petition, and they left with a somewhat audible threat on their faces, if not on their lips, as to what would happen if he did not accede to their request. If he didn't do as they asked, one of them was heard to mutter, "things would happen"—another phrase that had unconsciously made its appearance amongst them.

Chiang-Ho was now seriously disturbed. His reform had gone a little further than he had intended. This natural growth had never struck him. What was he to do? The answer came in an unexpected manner. At the very moment when he was hesitating as to what should be his plan of action an old man rushed into the room where he was sitting and, crying out in the vernacular, "My son! My son!" threw himself into Chiang-Ho's arms.

It was his father, Kiang! Chiang-Ho was astounded.

Leading the old man to a couch he elicited the following story:

His father had been wrecked, thrown on an uninhabited island, had lived on penguins' eggs and other things, which might be pronounced delicacies where they were not in abundance, and, after nearly two years, had been rescued. Glad as any son would be to see his father after so many terrible experiences, Chiang-Ho did not feel at all at his ease. He didn't quite know how his father would take to the novelty of the situation, which he would most assuredly find in his kingdom. He found out almost at once. The news spread that the old emperor had returned. A more turbulent celebration than that which had greeted Chiang-Ho was held. Chiang-Ho had of necessity to relinquish the reins of the government to his father, and what Kiang thought of the whole affair may best be illustrated by what he said to his son in a rather strenuous interview later on.

"I have found out," said Kiang, "what you have done, and I have little doubt that you acted as you thought best. You introduced politics. As far as I can make out, the consequence of that innovation is that

HER SUGGESTION AFTER THE SHOW.

HE—"Speaking of debts, how much did Rome-o?"
SHE—"For what Juli-et, of course."

every one is at loggerheads. You abolished all our old customs. The outcome of that step has been very disastrous. You have made the people restive for something better than they had or what they have got. You would have none of our domesticities. I understand, as a consequence, that the divorce court, which you established, is crowded with cases. Bribery is rampant, even more so than it used to be, and crime of all sorts is overwhelming. The women, too—the women," and here Kiang threw up his hands, "have come to consider they are our equals. My son, you have not done well."

Chiang-Ho hung down his head.

"No, my father," he replied after thinking a moment, "maybe I have not done well; but," he added, "what I did was the result of the education you gave me."

As this was certainly the best answer Chiang-Ho could have given, and as the old emperor was a man of considerable wit, all was forgiven and forgotten.

At last accounts Kiang was alive and well. He has again four hundred wives, ten thousand elephants, a thousand white eunuchs, and a multitude of black servants, with other incumbrances, too many to be mentioned, while Chiang-Ho—well, Chiang-Ho has a very similar establishment. The country is still in a state of uncivilization, and, truth to tell, they like it much better than Chiang-Ho's reforms.

## Frank.

"LIZZIE," said the mistress, coming into the kitchen, "I shall have to let you go after this week."

"Why, Mrs. Fijjits," answered the cook, "I am sorry. Haven't I given satisfaction?"

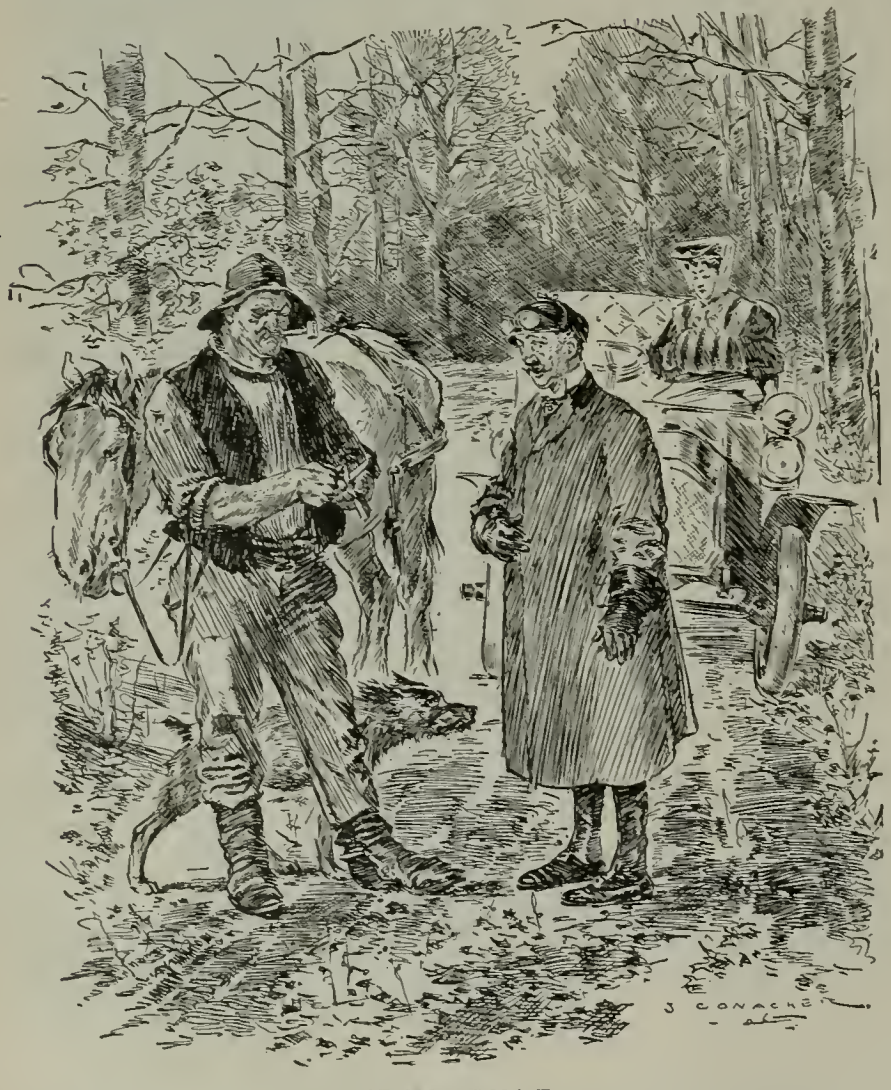
"Yes; you have been perfect."

"And I've worked for you a whole year."

"Yes, indeed, I am sorry to let you go."

"But I don't see why you do. If you had any complaint"——

"I may as well tell you the truth, Lizzie. Everywhere I go I hear all the other women talking about the trouble they have keeping a cook, and as things are I simply have no opportunity to join in the conversation. And as a consequence I find it is interfering with my social career."




THE MONOPOLIST.

"Me man, we've broken down. What would you charge to haul us to the village?"
"How much yeh got?"

## Nothin' Doin'.

"WANT 'ny ice?"

"Is 't fresh?"

"Yep."

"Bring me up a two-cent chunk."

"Where 're ye at?"

"Six floor, back."

"Ghee awp!"

## Blackmailers' Rate-card.

ORDINARY display scandal, one omission, $500 per inch.

Ordinary display scandal, two omissions, $800 per inch.

Specially spicy corespondent material, one omission from top of column, next pure reading-matter, $1,000 per inch.

Same, omitted in larger type, $1 500 per inch.

Special discounts given to members of the "400" who are regular advertisers.

Our yearly contract for omission of all scandal with reference to any individual is safe and attractive.

Our Mann will call.

S. W. G

## The Times.

"WAIT a minute."

"Ain't got time."

"Where you goin'?"

"Nowhere in particular."

---

I LIKE a woman who is "all soul," but I'll be darned if I'll eat her cooking.

A DIPLOMATIC MISTAKE.

UNCLE JACK—"Well, Bobby, did you make any mistakes at school to-day?"
BOBBY—"Yes; I did an example correctly that Bill Mulligan failed on."
UNCLE JACK—"But that wasn't a mistake."
BOBBY—"Yes, it was. After school he licked me for doing it."

## One by Old Hank Calkins.

"NAOW, I mind th' time," drawled old Hank Calkins from the counter as he applied a match to the sputtering bowl of his pipe and stared at the smooth-shaven face and cropped mustache of the stranger through the smoke; "I mind th' time, three year ago come June, when I had a purty good gardin, th' seed all planted in th' moon. I was grubbin' th' cabbage thet day when I lost my watch—one o' th' most ackret time-pieces. 'Mandy an' me hunted nigh all th' mornin', but next day I had to swap a ca'f with Deacon Vedder fer another watch.

"Wa-al, it run along till about Thanksgivin', when th' ole woman says fer me to git a head o' cabbage fer th' b'iled dinner. I brought up out'n the cellar a big head an' some cider"——

"Yer alwus do when ye go down celler," interrupted Deacon Vedder maliciously.

"You shut up an' let me alone! As I was a-sayin', I brought up th' head an' was cuttin' it in ha'f when my knife struck somethin' hard. Cuttin' keerful, I opened it, an' out dropped my watch from th' centre o' thet cabbage an' still a-runnin' an' only two minutes behind th' right time."

"But how in the name of Time could it be running," queried the drummer, "after being lost five months?"

"Wa-al, ye see," answered Hank, "it was one o' them curly heads o' cabbage, an' th' leaves had kept growin' an' twistin' around th' stem an' windin' thet watch till she was most wound tight when I picked it up, by hen!"

DON CAMERON SHAFER.

## Mistake.

*First spirit*—"Well, how do you like the place? I used to be a reporter when on earth, and"——

*Second spirit*—"Gosh! then I've come to the wrong place. I thought this was heaven."

## Would It Be Fair To Tell?

I LOOK into my neighbor's eyes
And twist a smile that's strangely grim,
I'm thinking, Would he feel surprise
To know just what I think of him?

I gaze into my dear friend's face,
And with this thought my soul is stirred:
What revolution would take place
Were I to tell her what I've heard?

I stare into my mirror there
With eyes that hunger to be true,
And say aloud, Would it be fair
To mention all I know of you?

LURANA W. SHELDON.

## The Outlook.

"DR. THIRDLEIGH'S sermon last Sunday night was a great improvement over the ones he has been preaching lately. I am so glad he kept the note of pessimism out of it. He has seemed for the past year or so to take such a dismal view of things."

"Yes; it was a welcome relief to hear him say the world was growing better. Did you know the trustees had voted to raise his salary twenty per cent.?"

## Less than He Offered.

"I WILL go to the end of the world for you," he declared, "if that is necessary to prove my devotion—to manifest the manner in which you have enslaved my heart."

In the stillness that ensued the clock in the library laboriously chimed the hour of twelve. The beauteous maiden who sat near the young man raised a lily-white hand to conceal a yawn and murmured,

"I don't want you to go to the end of the world, Harold. That would be entirely too far. But there is a little journey I wish you would undertake."

"What is it? Tell it to me and I will fare forth like a knight of old upon the quest. Tell me, fair one, and I will take up the pilgrimage this moment."

"It isn't so serious as all that," she replied sleepily. "I simply wondered if you wouldn't go home. Papa objects to my keeping such late hours."

## A Confession.

"WOULD you mind telling the court," asked the examining attorney, "where and when you laid the foundations of this structure of graft that has overshadowed your life?"

The once famous man who had been mercilessly exposed and must now pay the penalty for his misdeeds lifted his haggard face and replied,

"I will tell you, in the hope that it may serve as a warning to the young—to the very young. My first step in graft was when, as a boy of six or seven, I compelled my big sister's admirers to bribe me to leave the parlor by giving me pennies and nickels and dimes. Step by step I can trace my downfall from that evil time."

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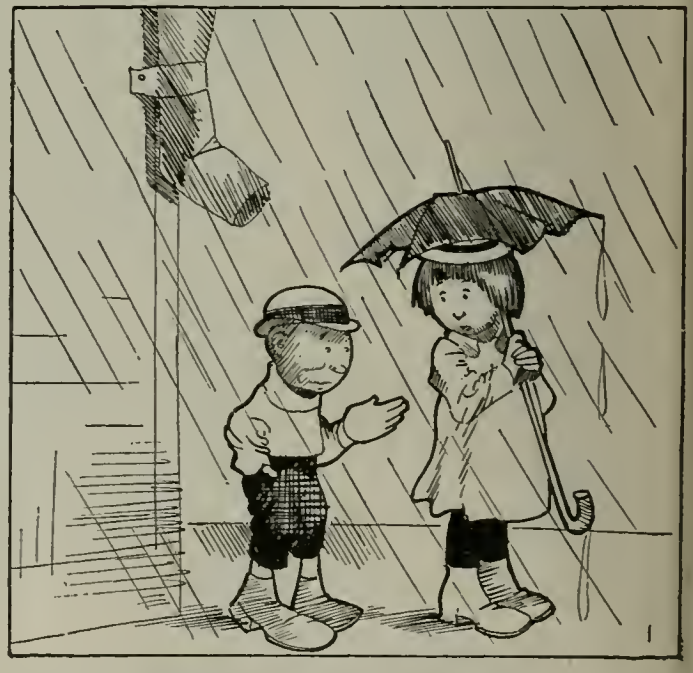
"DO you dote on your kin-folks?"
"Relatively speaking, no."



MORE THAN HE COUNTED ON.

1. SID—"Hold de parashuttle over yerself, Mame; I don't mind de rain."

## Foibles of Literary Men.

KEATS liked red pepper on his toast. It was the only sure way to keep it warm.

Disraeli wore corsets, believing that they would enable him to cut quite a figure in the world.

Joaquin Miller nailed all his chairs to the wall. He was afraid some of his visitors might take a seat.

Ernest Renan wore his finger-nails abnormally long, having a wholesome dread of Parisian manicures.

Edgar Allan Poe slept with his cat, thriftily believing that it always paid to have his mews within reach.

Zola would pass whole weeks in the belief that he was an idiot. Thousands of his readers have had the same idea for whole years.

Robert Browning never could sit still while writing. He had to move around to keep from falling asleep over his work, like the rest of us.

Dickens was fond of wearing flashy jewelry and showy waistcoats. This first attracted attention to the fact that he was a dandy novelist.

Björnson kept his pockets full of the seeds of trees, scattering handfuls broadcast in his daily walks. That is why his plays and books are so full of shady characters.

Thackeray used to lift his hat whenever he passed the house in which he wrote "Vanity Fair." It is supposed that he did this to relieve the pressure on his hat-band.

Count Tolstoï, though very rich, wears the cheapest clothes he can buy. That is why they call him the sage of the Russian revolution. It is a sort of allusion to Russell Sage.

## Finnigin Filosofizes.

SOME marriages, supposed t' be ma-ade in hevvin, raysult in a divvle av a mess.

Ut's none av wan-half av th' wur-rld's bizness, begorrah! how th' other half lives.

Ut's a quare thing, ut is, thot th' fewer frosts a public shpaker incounters th' more ice he cuts.

Minny a wan av th' modhern novvles thrills ye wid th' reeliza-ation av th' author's nade av rest at th' toime he wuz writin' ut.

Shakespeare wuzn't in th' sa-ame class wid pla-ay-writhers av th' prisint, an' ut's a dirthy sha-ame he isn't aloive t' be congratula-ted on the fact.

Payrints wid no more sinse than t' lave their childher t' be dhragged up be hoired nur-rses is doin' th' poor little gossoons a grea-at favor be riddin' thim av sich companions an' ixamples as sich fool payrints wud be till thim.

Woman is th' bist or th' wur-rst, th' purtiest or th' ugliest, creature in th' wur-rld.

Afther a while th' Unoited Shta-ates sinate will begin t' ha-ate utsilf, an' thin th' sintimint will be unanimous.

Th' pessimist thot's thried iverything ilse an' tired av ut might thry bein' a man a while, jisht fer variety's sa-ake.

Manny a woman boasts av her husband's fr-reedom fr-rum timpta-ation thot wuddent boast if she knowed how he got 's immunity.

Thot man who said, "I said in me ha-aste all min ar-re loirs," he needn't hov bin in sich a shplutter in ordher t' ka-ape fr-rum cha-angin 's verdict.

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

## Has Nothing Left.

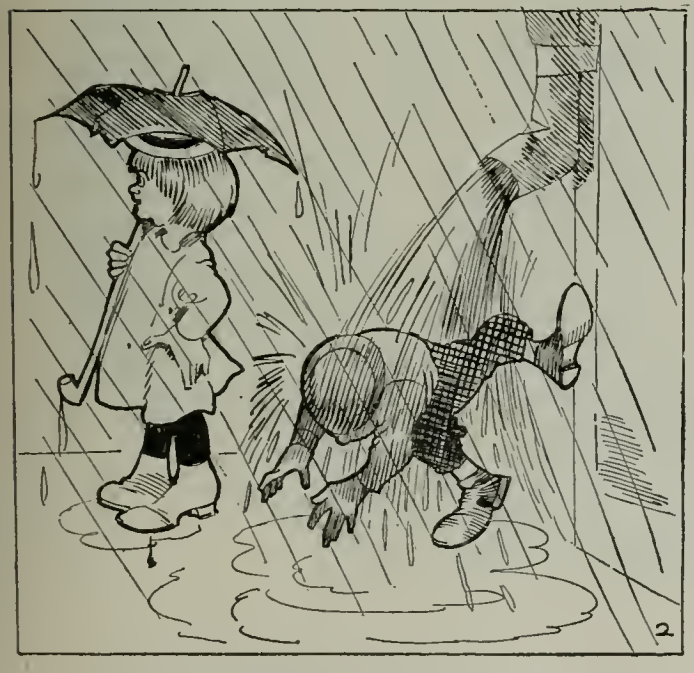
"DO YOU leave your valuables in the hotel safe when you go to a summer resort?"

"Only when I leave."

## The Mosquito.

*Weeks*—"What is good for a mosquito-bite?"

*Slick*—"Most any sort of human flesh, I believe, is considered good."



MORE THAN HE COUNTED ON.

2. SID—"I said I didn't mind de rain, but I wuzn't thinkin' about waterspouts."

## Don't Worry, My Brother—Don't.

DON'T worry, my brother; don't threaten to blow
Your brains out because you a multitude owe—
Because tradesman's duns you're receiving each day
And can't reckon when you'll be able to pay.

Don't worry; brace up! Don't despair; be a man!
There 's in such straits as yours but one sensible plan,
And that's not to worry. One 's foolish who frets.
Just borrow some money and pay off your debts.

ROY FARRELL GREENE.

## The Old Fogy.

"I SUPPOSE," says the modern actor to the stately old relic of the palmy days of the stage, "that you got a few press-notices when you trod the boards? I am mentioned fifteen times in the papers this morning. There are four notices of my new automobiles, three items about my dog being lost, five stories about what I like for dinner, and two mentions of my taste in cravats, with one paragraph about my trunks being lost on the train."

"Yes," sighs the old-fashioned, out-of-date actor; "I got a few notices—but they were all based on the impression that I had played well my part."

**RUS IN URBE.**

Bob Greenfield, who loves out-of-door life madly, but can't get away from town, fits up a camp on his roof and does very nicely.

# "Poor Little Nina"

## By Walter Beverley Crane

"CONSTANCE, my dear," said Mr. "Willie" Rockwood, "allow me to present Lord Heron."

"I am afraid—I really am awfully afraid—that I am intruding here," said his lordship.

"Why, no," replied Mrs. "Willie" Rockwood, with a slight delay on each word to emphasize her negative. "You can help me choose a new automobile coat. Do you like that?"

She pointed to a swagger garment floating up and down Mrs. Gosburn's Fifth avenue shop's show-room on a most elegant young person, who had risen in life by the remarkable fall in her back.

"'Why do they call me a Gibson girl?'" hummed Mrs. "Willie's" husband, while Lord Heron exclaimed, "Charming! Charming! Upon my word, exceedingly smart and pretty!"

"Which do you mean?" asked Mrs. "Willie." His lordship was delighted. These little American women are so quick and clever, don't you know; they have so much self-possession and so much spirit without being vulgar or fast. His heart warmed to her.

"It must be a strange life," he observed, lowering his voice; "this sweeping up and down and bending of the body under other people's clothing."

"Why, it must be delightful!" exclaimed Mrs. "Willie." "Only fancy being always sure to have on the very latest thing!"

"Isn't it time for little Nina's medicine?" demanded Mr. "Willie."

"Yes, dear; do hurry home," pleaded his wife.

"Shall I have the pleasure of your company, Lord Heron, or do you elect to remain among the—er—clothes?"

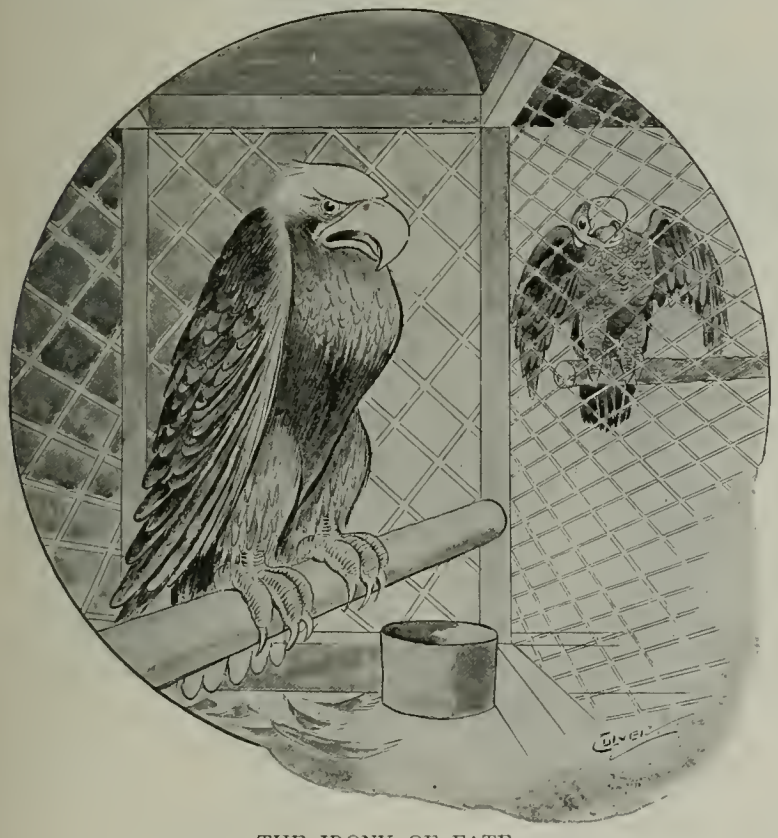
"I think, if Mrs. Rockwood will allow me, I will stop and put her into her car." The lady smiled, and her husband strode off toward the Waldorf. Having finally decided on the touring coat and entered her waiting car, Mrs. "Willie" extended Lord Heron some beautifully-gloved fingers through the window of her luxurious limousine.

"Would you be so good as to tell me the time? Thank you so much. How late! Oh, dear! I hope Willie will give little Nina her medicine just on the hour. So good of you to have helped with the coat, Lord Heron. I've a 'bridge' luncheon, and am awfully late. Tell François to hurry, please. *Do* call soon!" And Mrs. "Willie" flew up the avenue.

"Well, I hope little Nina gets her medicine," mused his lordship. He was a tender-hearted Briton. He thought of Tiny Tim and little Paul Dombey. He fancied the sick child lying like a faded flower on her little bed and lisping blessings on her mother, now on her way to keep a "bridge" engagement. "American women have even less feeling than Parisian," he found himself saying. "Unmothered mother! heartless, pitiless!" he repeated to himself.

Yet, on the following day after their first meeting, he called at the Waldorf. Though forced to disapprove of an attractive woman, he could not resist his inclination for her society. The door to their apartments was opened by a French maid, who was crying in a most becoming fashion. Lord Heron's imagination was aroused. "Is it little Nina?" he gasped, letting the monocle drop out of his eye.

She nodded despairingly. She could not speak for weeping. She led the way into the drawing-room. The sight which his lordship beheld was indeed surprising. On the Louis XVI. table was little Nina's medicine, and by it the most delicate of sweetbreads untasted. Mr. "Willie"



THE IRONY OF FATE.

ZOO PARROT—"Hey! don't you know this is the glorious Fourth, when you ought to be soaring over these United States, screeching 'Liberty and Freedom'? Get busy!"

EMBLEM OF LIBERTY (*sadly*)—"And here I am in a cage! Wouldn't that make you sore?"

Rockwood, his vacuous face seared with deep emotion, was bending like a "broken" breech-loader over a luxurious divan. Opposite to him was his wife, who had sunk upon the floor, and with tears coursing down her cheeks was soothing the little sufferer. The little sufferer! Between husband and wife, propped by the softest pillows, draped by the costliest rugs and shawls, important and deeply conscious of her importance, reclined the queen of French bull-dogs. "Willie" Rockwood came forward.

"I hoped you were the doctor, Heron. I say, old man, have you any acquaintance with the maladies of dogs?"

"None whatever," tartly replied his lordship; "and indeed, Mr. Rockwood, I am glad to see that you can interest yourself in a dog at such a moment."

"At such a moment?" repeated Mr. "Willie."

"When little Nina"—— began Lord Heron, visibly affected.

"Why, my lord, this is little Nina," burst out Mr. Rockwood.

Lord Heron screwed his glass in his eye. "I think," he said, "perhaps I'd better go."

"Yes," said Mr. "Willie"; "I am afraid my wife is not equal to conversation at present. I trust that we shall have the pleasure of seeing you under happier circumstances."

"Ah, thanks! I'm sure, ah—thanks!" murmured the visitor, and he glanced again at young Mrs. "Willie." She was wholly unconscious of his presence. She was holding the limp right paw of the patient in her hand and was bathing it with tears. Lord Heron departed rather abruptly. The next morning, as he was toying with his breakfast at the St. Regis, a note was brought to him:

"Dear Lord Heron—How you must have wondered at my strange conduct yesterday! I was in the deepest despair and quite unfit to receive *anybody*. To-day all looks bright again. The dear doctor came soon after you left. He is reckoned the cleverest man in the profession, and attends the dogs of the smartest people in this country and Europe. He says that our dear little Nina has no serious malady, but recommends a change of diet, and a change of climate as well. So we start at once for the Jamestown exhibition. I should prefer the south of England or the Isle of Wight for Nina, as the change would be far more radical, but the doctor says steamer travel is so irritating to dogs in Nina's delicate condition. Will you do me a great favor and send me some of Angel's flea-powder when you reach London? I would not trouble you, but Angel's is invaluable and so difficult to get in this country. Mr. Rockwood is in despair at having to leave town so suddenly. He wanted to put you up at *all* the clubs. May I not depend upon you for the powder?

"Very cordially yours,

"CONSTANCE ROCKWOOD."

"I buy flea-powder for that d——d cur!" cried his lordship. "Well, I suppose I shall," he added after a long pause. "'Poor little Nina!'" and he burst out laughing, causing the other guests of the St. Regis much polite and well-bred surprise by his noisy exhibition of mirth.

## Self-protection.

"YOU say your wife is a poor cook?"

"The worst ever."

"And yet you say that you eat all of everything she prepares for the table. How can you do that if she can't cook?"

"Great earth, man! if I don't she will use up the scraps in some of those how-to-utilize-left-over dishes, and that will be my finish."

NOT A BIT STYLISH.

MARIE—"Does Marjorie smoke?"

ETHYL—"Heavens, no! She's hopelessly old-fashioned."

# A Poetical Reiteration

"THERE was a young man of St. Paul
Who went to a fancy-dress ball;
But it wasn't much fun,
For he went as a bun,
And the dog ate him up in the hall."

According to Wordsworth:

The dance was just commencing, the guests were on their feet,
I heard a voice exclaiming, "Eat, little doggie, eat";
And, looking o'er the banisters to share the speaker's fun,
I saw a dog devouring what appeared to be a bun.
'Twas little Charlie Johnson, who came from old St. Paul.
He was paralyzed with fright to see the canine in the hall,
And in his choice of fancy dress, I'm sure that you'll agree,
He might have done much better—but he didn't live to see.

Kipling's version:

"'E's a doughnut, 'e's a cookie, 'e's a bun,
'E's a lollypop all bent on masquerade"—
But the purp 's the one as collars all the fun,
And the victim 'asn't time to be afraid.
So 'ere 's to you, little fellow, from the city of St. Paul.
It's a lovely place to die in, is a cold and draughty 'all—
But it's beautiful to think that, as you're traveling incog,
Your friends will never realize 'ow well you fed the dog.

Burns would have written thus:

Youths wha hae in fancy dress
Sought to capture happiness,
Hearken to the sad distress
Whilk befell St. Paul

When her bravest, brightest son,
Merely for a piece of fun,
Dressed himself up like a bun—
Started for the ball.

Wha would show a trace o' fear,
When, as he was drawing near,
Growling smote upon his ear
Frae within the hall.

But the dog wi' a' dispatch
Swallowed doon his shrinking catch,
Wha, when someone lit a match,
Wasna there at all.

Macaulay's idea:

Young Jones of St. Paul City, to his best girl he swore,
That he'd attend the masquerade to dance with her once more;
Most mightily he swore it and thought it would be fun,
And bade his sisters spare no pains, to use their money and their brains,
And dress him like a bun.

Oh, Rover, gentle Rover, to whom the people trust,
The night is nearly over and Jones's day is bust;
For when his lady searched the hall to see where he could be,
The doggie growled: "He will abide quite peacefully on my inside
And watch the door with me."

Scott might have said:

Breathes there a dog with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my daily bun"?
Who has not frolicked in the hall
At prospect of a fancy ball,
With no restraint to spoil the fun?
One such there was, and, mark him well,
He did a thing I hate to tell,
For in the height of pleasure's hour,
He did unthinkingly devour
A youth, who came in a disguise
That might have puzzled wiser eyes—
A bun—and yet, despite his wealth,
The doggie took him to himself,
And comrades wired the story all
Back to his people in St. Paul.

Byron would have treated the subject as follows:

There was a sound of music in the air.
St. Paul society had gathered then
Her cream, in fancy dress, and dazzling fair
Glittered the costumes of the maids and men.
But, hark! a fearsome rumbling greets the ear,
Filling the heart with terror to its core.
"Did ye not hear it?" "Yes, I greatly fear
'Tis Rover growling in the corridor."

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
A youth reclined, made up to represent
An ordinary Bath bun—that was all—
He had not counted upon Rover's scent;
He knew precisely what that growling meant—
A shriek, a slip, alas, a headlong fall!
And Rover, catching him in his descent
Scattered his remnants broadcast through the hall

REGINALD T. SMELLIE.

## An Orderly Meeting.

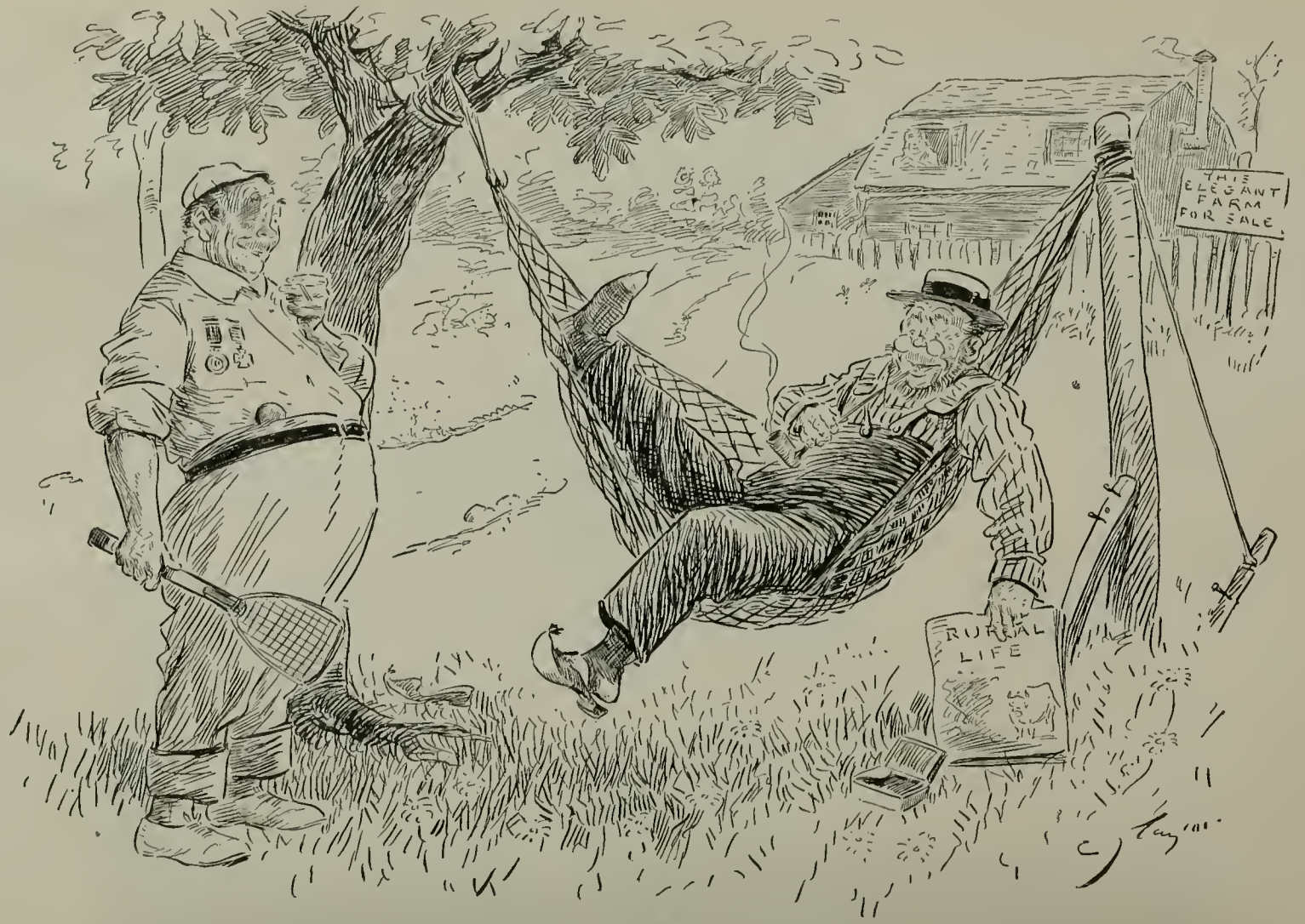
DURING a political campaign in Delaware a speaker whose répertoire consists for the most part of jokes which in other sections of the country are wont to set audiences in a roar, was assigned to address a meeting of Newcastle county farmers. The night of the meeting was dark and stormy. Several hundred solemn-visaged farmers in high-top boots tramped into the hall and took their seats. The chairman of the meeting was the same sort of individual, to whom a jest of any kind made no appeal. For nearly an hour the speaker worked with his audience. Joke after joke fell harmlessly, eliciting not even so much as a ripple. But finally his efforts were rewarded. An individual seated in one of the front benches emitted a loud guffaw. It broke rudely upon the stillness and the audience craned their necks to get a look at the individual whose appreciation had been manifested so audibly. The chairman rose to the situation. Jumping from his chair he strode quickly toward the footlights. "We must have order!" he cried in a loud voice. "Any one interrupting this meeting will be asked to leave the hall." It may be imagined that after this disheartening reception the speaker soon brought his address to a close. J. D. MILLER.

## As It Seemed to Pa.

"HOW'D you like to be my brother-in-law?" asked little Albert.

"I would like it very much," the young man answered. "Do you think there is any hope for me?"

"Well, I dunno. Sis and ma seem to think so, but pa says you're hopeless."




WHAT HE GOT.

PAT—"Be th' hivins, Cassidy! how did ye git th' oye?"

MIKE—"'Tis th' fool Oi am, Keegan! Whoile Mrs. Cassidy was wroitin' a poem on 'Home an' Love' fer th' 'Good Housekeepin' Society,' Oi interrupted t' ask phat we wor goin' t' hov fer supper."

# Digsby and a Button

By Morris Wade

"WHERE will I find buttons?"

Digsby asked the question with all the respect the size and good looks of the floor-walker demanded from such a small and homely man as Digsby was.

"Which?" replied the floor-walker, looking down on the little man in a patronizing way.

"Buttons. Where will I find buttons?"

"In the annex."

"And where is the annex?"

"Third aisle to the left, down to end of aisle and turn to left. Annex right ahead of you through the arch."

Digsby tried to follow these directions but found himself so balled up that he had to say to a second floor-walker, bigger, better-looking and more toplofty than the first,

"Where will I find buttons, please?"

"Buttons?"

"Yes—buttons."

"Second aisle—left! What is it, lady? Small-wares? Fourth right."

A cash-girl, with a huge wad of white gum momentarily at anchor between her teeth and displayed to the public, finally led Digsby to the button-counter, where he took a small steel button from the vest pocket into which his wife had slipped it that morning. Showing it to a young woman behind the counter with a pompadour nine inches high and a dog-collar of pearls and diamonds, he asked,

"Have you any buttons like this?"

She took the button into her jeweled hand, looked at it and handed it back to Digsby saying,

"Third lady down the aisle."

The "third lady down the aisle" extended her hand languidly for the button and said,

"Other end of the counter—the lady in the red-silk waist and gold chain."

"I was told I would find buttons like this here," said Digsby as he glanced at a near-by clock and realized that he had but fifteen minutes in which to make his purchase and get his train.

"You was told wrong then. We been rearranging stock, an' them kind o' buttons is up at the other end o' the counter now."

Then her voice cut the air like a two-edged blade as she shrieked,

"Mame! Oh, Mame! The gent comin' wants some o' them smallish steel buttons we moved up to your end o' the counter yesterday."

"I got a customer!" screamed Mame.

"Well, git some o' the others to git a move on 'em then! He wants to git his train!"

Mame took the button, eyed it an instant, and said,

"You sure you got that button here?"

"My wife said she got it here."

"Here, Sadie! See if you can find a button like this for this gent. Says he got it here, but I don't remember any such buttons!"

Sadie took the button.

"When did she get it here?" she asked.

"I don't know just when. I only know that she said she got it here."

"Not recent I don't think. Kitty! you remember of us having any buttons like this?"

She gave the button a fling over the heads of the three girls between herself and Kitty, who failed to catch the button.

"Whyn't you ketch it, gump?"

"I ain't no base-ballist to ketch things on the fly! I dunno where it went."

"It can't be far. Look for it," said Sadie with calm indifference.

"I want to get a train and"——

"Scurry around and find that button, Kit. The gentleman wants to git a train!"

Kitty finally found the button.

"I sold the last button we had down here like this just a few minutes ago, but there may be some in the stock-room. I'll see."

Then she beat a fierce tattoo on the counter with the

MUSICAL NOTE.

Professor Fiddlestix has a new string band.

end of her lead-pencil, and her voice had the penetrating power of a fog-horn as she shouted,

"Mister Gray! Mister Gray! Mister Gray! Here you, Cash! Go and find Mister Gray and tell him I want him!"

Digsby lost his train while waiting for "Mister Gray," who was head of that department. To him said Kitty,

"Will you send some one up to the stock-room and see if we have any more buttons like this? Think we have. The gentleman is in a hurry."

Fifteen minutes pass and the next train will leave in fifteen minutes more.

"I don't think that I can wait any longer," said Digsby. "I will come in again and"——

"There she comes now. Hurry up, here, girl! Slow as molasses in January. They got any buttons like that up there?"

"No; they ain't."

"Well, you needn't 'a' been forever an' a day finding it out!"

"Let me have the sample I gave you," said Digsby, but the girl did not produce it.

"Whyn't you give the gentleman his sample?" asked Kitty icily.

The cash-girl looked embarrassed and then tittered, and thrusting a finger into her mouth, said,

"I was carryin' it in my mouth and I—I—well, I swallered it!"

"Ain't you turrible!" said Kitty with a grin, although she said tartly,

"I'll tell the floor-walker, you see if I don't. Sorry I can't give you your button, sir, but"——

She grinned and Digsby fled, saying,

"I'll call again—er—no—it's of no consequence!"

## Her Little Hint.

THE full moon flooded the porch with shafts of steel-blue rays. It was late, but he showed no signs of departing.

"It has been said," he remarked dreamily, "that the moon is dead."

"Is that any reason," she inquired with a yawn, "why we should sit up with the corpse?"

## Some Curious Effects of the Boom in Ice Prices.

WE WENT over to the "parlor" across the way and called for a "brick" of mixed, and put down the price we had paid always before. The young lady chirped, "Five cents more, please." We asked why and wherefore. "Ice has gone up," she said. Ah, yes, so. Ice up from three dollars to five dollars a ton, ice-cream from thirty-five to forty cents a quart. Exactly. This led us to investigate. We found the following facts—approximately, allowing something, of course, to a deep inward activity of feeling: Our beef went up because of increased refrigeration cost. A bunch of radishes cost two cents more. Oranges jumped, and all kinds of fruits. But we did not see just why kindling-wood went up twenty-five cents a barrel. Of course it was easy after we found out: it cost more to supply the kindling-splitter with ice-water. Then bricks went up forty cents a thousand. The owner of the brick-yard ran the ice-plant, and the rise in bricks was a purely sympathetic movement—like the inflammation of the eye because the other has got a cinder in it. Then we discovered that a corner lot we wanted had gone up one hundred dollars. This stumped us until we learned the intimate connection between this corner lot and ice. The lot-owner, it seems, had got shut up for three hours in a refrigerator, and contact with ice had imbued him with the idea that everything was going up. But the most singular effect of the ice-boom came out as follows: We asked for an increase of salary and got the frosty face, the glacial glance, and the icy eye all in a moment. Then we realized that ice was up and it was costing more to congeal employing interiors, leaving just so much less for the interiors of the submerged classes.

A. R. E.

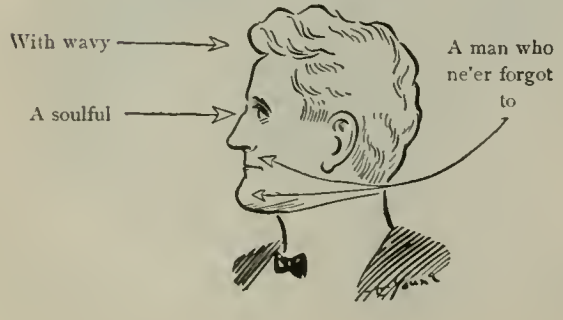
## Appropriate.

KOLB and Oates were rival candidates for the office of governor in a far southern state, and in the campaign "cobs" and "oats" were the emblems of the opposing factions. During this time Colonel Jones, a prominent politician, died, and on his coffin was laid a sheaf of wheat to typify the ripe old age to which he had arrived.

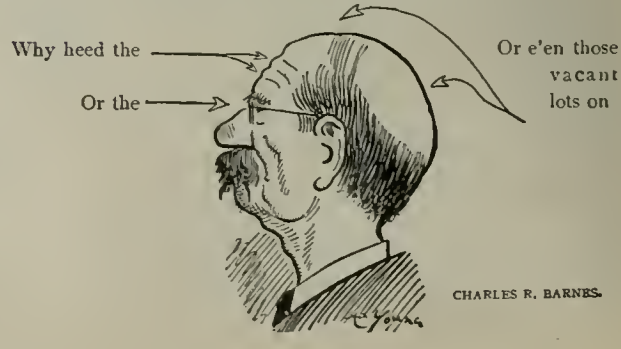
"How appropriate!" exclaimed young Mrs. Snow at the funeral. "He was such an enthusiastic Oates man!"

## The Ideals of Genevieve at Seventeen and Thirty-two.

WHEN Genevieve was seventeen
She lived in dreams; she loved to plan
Her future happiness, when she
Should meet her fate—her ideal man.
She pictured him, as maidens will,
A perfect lover, strong and brave,




At thirty-two fair Genevieve
Forsook the type of early days;
The seasons, as they came and went,
Had taught her much of worldly ways.
She chose a man whose bank-account
Was fostered by a plumbing-shop.




CHARLES R. BARNES.

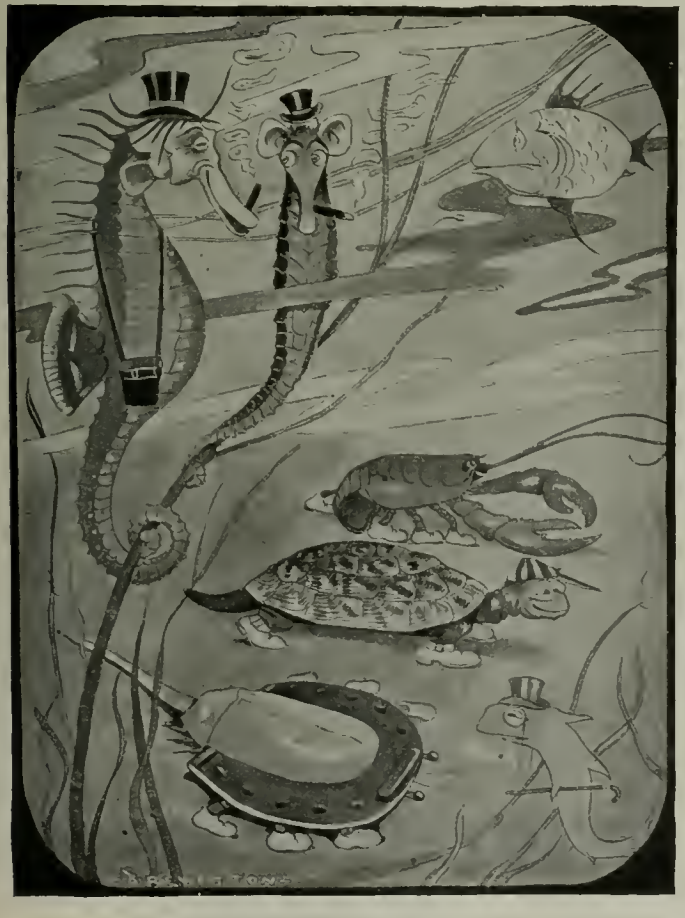
# Not in Baedeker

## By Frank Crane

Dedicated to all who have sweat blood over Baedeker abroad.
The asterisk (*) is used as a mark of commendation. (M) miles.

INDIANA—Route 13—From Sawyer's Bend to Higgsville.

From Sawyer's Bend the railway (best seats to the right) runs west, passing Barrett's glue-works and Congressman Master's new house, to the right. We soon enter Hickory grove, where Bill Peters whipped Sam Tope last Fourth of July, and cross Snake creek. Fine view of John Angel's farm (the stacks on the left are the hay he sold to Sawyer. Note the *roan filly in the west forty; she made a mile in two-fifty at the county fair; a free goer, but not an extra looker). 6 M.—Allison—Cooper & Smith's elevator to the left of the station. The road now passes through extensive corn-fields. To the left of a pond we see Shake-rag school-house, and a little beyond the residence of Major Harris (the new wing was put on the major's house last summer, when he married the widow Crum). Then Beaseley's place, Brown's, Fager's (do not swap horses with Fager), and Bently's. 9 M.—Williams's Siding—nothing here but a pile of ties. The big cottonwood, two miles south, marks the best swimming-hole on Snake creek (leeches). For the next mile or so we are passing Mrs. McCarthy's children along the road. The train makes a sharp turn to the left, and after passing the red section-house (McCarthy's) we enter (11 M.) Higgsville.



THE SUBMARINE RACE.

FIRST SEA-HORSE—"The tortoise, lobster, and horseshoe crab are about to start for the hundred-yard crawling record."

SECOND SEA-HORSE—"Let's put our money on the horseshoe crab for 'luck.'"

HIGGSVILLE.

Railways—The Big Six railway station is to the west of the town. Railway restaurant. Don't eat unless you want gastritis. Kept by Dave Eppler, the stingiest white man in the state; also by his wife, who is stingier. Chicago and Kalamazam station four blocks from Big Six. One can take the train here for St. Louis (and he cannot do it any too soon). No restaurant here, but across the street is Mrs. Tooey's shack, where one can get a plate of cold beans, a cup of coffee, a glass of milk, or a sandwich, each five cents; in an open, sunny situation, but unsanitary. (If Mrs. Tooey will keep the cover on her rain-barrel and scrub her floor once or twice a year, we will be pleased to give her a star.

Hotels—*City Hotel: New brick structure on Main street; $2 a day; pension, $5 a week. (Give a quarter to the *freckled waitress.) St. James Hotel—Much spoken against; same rates. A rambling wooden building; say your prayers before you go to bed, for if the house ever takes fire you will never get out. Meechum House—East end of Main street; $1 a day, $3 a week. Guests wishing a clean place on the towel must get up early. Mrs. Marble's—A boarding-house; two school-teachers board here, also Doc Peters and three railroad men. Bain's, Carter's and Rollin's also keep boarders. (At Rollin's the soap is nailed to the wall; be careful not to scratch your hand.)

Cafés and restaurants—Mink's restaurant: Cove oysters a specialty. Ike Jerome's—new; about ten feet square; calico curtains. Ike will cook you almost anything on the gas stove. Pleasant, but somewhat close. Patrons desiring to see the proprietor in a clean collar must call early in the week, as the one he puts on Sunday does not last usually over Wednesday.

Saloons—*Palace saloon: Two glasses of beer for five cents; three card tables (cards all there, but soiled; the card with the corner bit off, green deck, is the Jack of diamonds. Nichols's Retreat—New management; billiards and pool. (At the southeast corner of the room is where an Italian stabbed Jim Pettus in 1898; the Italian was hung the same evening on the fourth telegraph-pole south of the Big Six station; the pole is painted white.)

Post-office—In Merkel's Emporium, rear.

Cabs, etc.—One 'bus is occasionally at the trains; unnecessary, however, as one can walk all over the town in half an hour. Lancy's livery stable will supply a private conveyance; there is one good team, the clay-bank pair. (Make a bargain with Lancy before using his horses, for he is a ** thief.)

Theatres—Opera House: Over Williams's hardware-store. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" yearly. Other shows at intervals; see bills. Not patronized by the élite.

Churches—Seventy-six denominations; four church buildings.

Church fêtes, etc.—Discussion on religion every night during the season in the back part of Sale's grocery store. *Ephraim Tutt is the best arguer; Blakeslee, Ames and

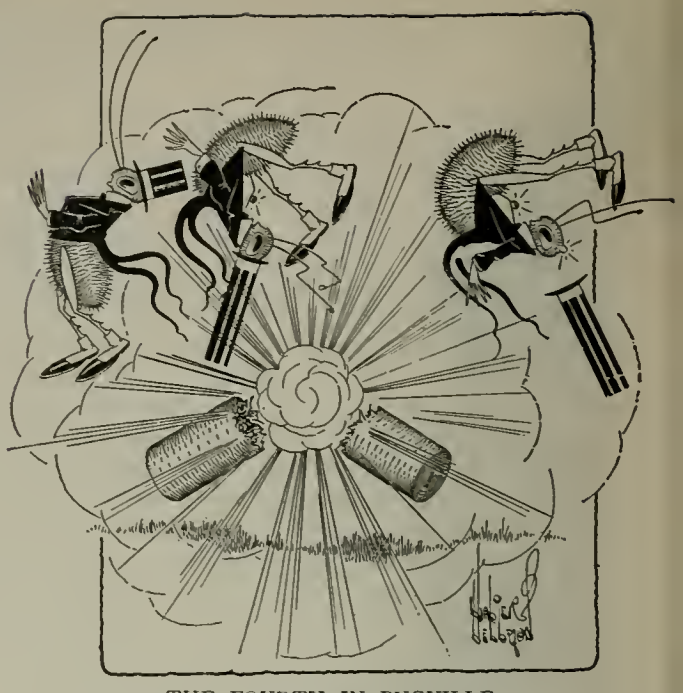
Rountree well spoken of; the last-named is louder but not so long as Tutt. Picnics in Thompson's grove in June and July (chiggers). Christmas trees at the churches (scholars desiring to receive presents must have attended Sabbath-school from November 15th). Sociables around at the private houses in winter. * Kissing games are not usually begun until ten p. m., after the preacher has gone home. (Use discretion with the citric-acid lemonade, which is liable to produce alimentary disorder.)

Shops (known as stores)—The best are on Main street, as there are none anywhere else. Note picturesque, open-vested cod-fish at Chambers's. John Sale's grocery is well recommended, as he has a team of mules to deliver purchases. Sheet-music can be had at Lapham's drug-store. (Customers are requested not to handle the music; take the first piece you come to; every one guaranteed popular and first class.) Good overalls at The Emporium (ask for the double-seated kind; insist).

Amusements, etc.—Seven-up, for beans, is the chief amusement. Those wishing to sit into a game of poker, ten-cent limit, should notify the clerk at the City Hotel. The three Episcopalian families play whist; other denominations, authors and pit. Horse-shoes in Meneeley's pasture, behind the school-house, on pleasant afternoons. (Gentlemen wearing socks are not allowed in the game.) Of the walks and excursions, in the environs, the pleasure to be derived from them depends on whether one is headed to or from the town. Chautauqua Circle, abandoned.

Higgsville, with one thousand inhabitants, is a flourishing inland town of Indiana. We leave the railway station (called depot) and walk (guide unnecessary) down Main street. To the southeast we observe Eb Hopkins sitting on the curb-stone, resting. To his right and left are others (no choice). Behind them rise the gorgeous colors of a circus bill-board; above this may be seen the tops of the piles of lumber in Graves's lumber-yard; while still higher up we perceive the sky, which is a long way off. Horses stand hitched to the racks all down the shady side of the street. We take this shady side, and as we walk along (keep well in from the edge of the sidewalk or the horses will bite you) we note on all sides the evidences of the strenuous life (joke). Stepping past Nichols's saloon, with its insistent fragrance, we observe the pies in the window of the German bakery (all the flies of the town are *not* here); the apple barrels covered with wire screening (wasps—look out!) in front of Sale's place, the yellow dog asleep on the walk in front of the bank, and the Davis girls in the spring-wagon, holding the horses while their mother shops; and just before we die we turn to the left, down a side street, which brings us to the livery stable. Here one can pass the time, in company with a number of gentlemen who are not in trade, watching the Swede hired man oil the harness.

Pursuing our way a little farther (3 min.) we reach the school-house, the most imposing edifice in the city. It is of the later baroque style, the façade after plans by Ed Howe, of Indianapolis, one of the transition group of architects (he went to Nebraska) of the last century. It is marred, however, by the addition of large chunks of mud, evidently by a later hand. The sculptures, or intaglio work, on either side of the door are by pupils of the modern school, mostly by Shorty Smith and the Gaines boys. This carving is deeply and somewhat humorously conceived, but evidently executed hastily. The bizarre apertures in the basement window are by Muggsy. The interior is well worth seeing. We enter the broad hall, and



THE FOURTH IN BUGVILLE.

Talk about your revolutions in Russia and your eruptions of Vesuvius! Fourth of July in Bugville is a hundred times worse.

turning in at the first door to the right, we come upon one of the most interesting relics of the place, * Miss Jones. Archæologists are divided as to the date of this specimen, but the best authorities place it in the paleozoic epoch. It is related that President Roosevelt, on seeing this, exclaimed "Ouch!" In the rear corner seat note Muggsy, who can lick any boy in school.

Leaving now the school-house, we go west by Judge Cy Perring's house (the judge is asleep most of the time, and doesn't know much when he is awake), with its yellow picket-fence and cinquecento gate and * iron dog on the lawn; pass through Hibbs's back yard, to see the onion beds, with their rococo borders of broken bottles; crawl under the clothes hanging from the line; beat the bulldog to the fence by the fraction of a minute; fall into the alley, and thence into the rear entrance of the drug-store. Here we find a * friend, and remain for a space in the back room.

As we emerge upon the sidewalk we note the whistle of a locomotive, and at the thought of a chance to * leave town we make the railway station on a dead run. We find it is a freight train, and hence must walk (cinders and slag—keep on the ties) a half-mile down the track, climb into the caboose, and after being jerked and switched and jolted for an hour or so we pull out, only to be put off the train about two miles out in the prairie, as the freight train is not allowed to carry passengers. We walk the rest of the way, satisfied, so long as we are ** leaving Higgsville, bound for ***** anywhere.

## The Close of the Service.

"WHY does she always go to church just as the people are about to come out?"

"Because she only cares for the clothes of the service."

# The Love of John Alden and Priscilla

AN OLD STORY RETOLD

By James E. Almond

WHEN two fellows are in love with the same girl they don't usually go around with their arms about each other's necks, and one is most generally plotting to make hash out of the other.

Now, in the days when the history of the United States was still in short pants, and the Pilgrims were yet chasing angle-worms up and down our verdant shores, there dwelt in Plymouth colony a man by the name of Miles Standish. History makes no mention of his ancestors, and it is very probable that he never had any. I find, however, upon more extensive search, that both his father and mother were dead before he was born. Miles was in the military business, so he didn't have much to take up his time but spring chicken and poetry.

One day a tramp who said he had served on the Confederate side during the Civil War came to the house and Miles took him in. The man's name was John Alden. They soon grew to be quite fond of each other and got along nicely. John took care of the cow and put the cat out at night and was always willing to wait when they had company to supper and there were not enough chairs to go around.

There was a young maiden in the colony who entertained steady company twice a week, and Miles got deeply smitten on her. Every time the cook baked an extra good pie or the cow gave cream two days in succession, Priscilla always got some of it, and Miles's livery bill often amounted to $3.40 a week. At last Miles found that he was in love. Yes, love; that shy little trickster that induces a man to hold a dead weight of two hundred pounds on his lap for three hours and a quarter and call it his "little turtle-dove."

As soon as he found out what was the matter with him he did his best to cure it—tried the cartilage system, and slept out of doors for three weeks, but it did no good. If Lydia Pinkham had only been alive! So matters went on from bad to worse, and poor Miles's life was despaired of. He had been measured for his coffin and the choir was practicing "Rock of Ages," when a bright idea struck him and he leaped from his bed, ran around the house seven times, and declared that he was well. This is known as Christian Science, and retails at a dollar and a quarter a bottle.

So Miles concocted a beautiful little couplet about "roses red and violets blue, won't you marry me, p. d. q.?" and told John to take it to Priscilla. Now, for a long time, John had been casting eyes in the same direction as Miles—in fact, he was negotiating for the purchase of the laundry around the corner, and he intended to set up housekeeping with Priscilla himself. Priscilla's old man was president of a feed-store in the next block and had laid up a bunch of dough, and John was sad when he saw that his chances were getting as slim as a water-pipe after a spring thaw.

And so when he got to the door of Priscilla's house he was weeping bitter, salty tears as big around as California cherries. But he gave the letter to the old folks and then he and Priscilla strolled out into the back yard to inspect the new calf. How many of my readers have ever carefully considered the beauties of the new calf? With an anatomy so thin that you can't tell whether to use it for a saw-horse or a place to paint "Keep off the grass, no hunting allowed." After gazing for a while upon the lithesome creature they gathered the eggs, killed, skinned, and hung up to dry a couple of Indians that were prowling around the cellar door, and then went into the house.

When the old lady told Priscilla what the letter contained the poor girl was so shocked that she went out and gave a chunk of meat to the cow and brought in a dozen ears of corn for the cat. Then she took John aside and told him if he didn't marry her right away she would throw herself off the cliff and probably perish on the rocks, five hundred feet below.

John was so tickled at this that he borrowed forty-six dollars of his father-in-law-to-be before he realized what he was doing. Then he and Priscilla took the 3:30 car to town and were married and lived happily ever afterward.

And when Miles heard this he was crazed with grief and he went out into the wild woods, swallowed three quarts of carbolic acid, and died of a broken heart.

And thus, my friends, you will see what happens to those in love.

Just a little word in closing—if you're ever in love, either get vaccinated or have it pulled.

## Ample Cause.

"BUT then, he had good grounds for divorcing his wife."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, indeed. Her complexion didn't match the color of his new auto."

## Printer's Error.

AN unfortunate printer named Flint
Rashly married a wealthy Miss Print.
Now he cries he was sold,
For her type is too bold—
And since marriage she's started to squint.

ABERRATIONS OF GENIUS.

WAYSIDE JIM—"Do yer t'ink genius is insanity?"
DEACON HARDSCRABBLE—"No. Genius is only a capacity for hard work."
WAYSIDE JIM—"Heavens! An' don't yer call *dat* 'insanity'?"

# BIG DAN'S LAST "RASSLE"

By NORMAN H. CROWELL

SPEAKIN' of rasslin'," remarked the liveryman, as he removed one boot from the stove and felt of it to see if it was scorching, "recalls to mind th' career of Big Dan Fogarty, down to Mudville. Dan growed up with th' idee that he was th' original rassler, an' as he managed to keep th' heft of us Mudvillains on crutches nearly every workin' day in th' year, it is no wonder Dan's cranium was some exaggerated.

"Dan was a sizable lad, standin' about six foot three an' bein' wider 'n a barn door. His hands looked like th' fag end of banana bunches, an' every one of us cripples was prepared to swear his neck had ribs in it.

"Dan's dad bein' pretty well off, it wasn't necessary for 'im to do no hard work, an' he jest growed up big an' loose, with muscle stuck here an' there on 'im in groups. He never trained any, unless it was when he stopped eatin' pie for breakfast, but relied on his heft an' what few tricks he'd learned while maintainin' us fellers on th' sick list.

"Of course we never thought but what Dan would outgrow it in time, but he didn't seem to. Rasslin' was what he was on earth for, an' he gave it out he was goin' to foller it exclusive. Down to Si Decker's store of even-in's he'd corral us an' relate by th' hour them rasslin' anecdotes of his, never stoppin' to think that we'd all been right there an' seen th' hull performance.

"After a while Dan got forgetful or somethin' an' got to enlargin' an' polishin' an' ornamentin' up them rasslin' tales of his most amazin'. Fellers he'd throwed in thirty minutes he'd get it down by easy stages to ten. Some nights, when he was feelin' particularly strong, he'd squeeze it down to five, an' even three.

"By th' time he'd got so far as to claim he'd downed th' Cairo Cyclone it six minutes, when we all had timed it at an hour an' a quarter full, we begun to have them sensations known as ongwee. We got our heads together an' agreed simultaneous that somethin' had to be applied to Dan or he might warp his intellect.

"One night, when Dan was out helpin' th' preacher round up a stray Jersey calf, we met down at Si's an' concocted a deal. We elected Zack Sanders as a committee of one to run up to Chicago an' bring back one o' them terrible Turks that was performin' up there. Seein' as Dan had bluffed us fellers into our holes an' plugged 'em after us, we made up our minds to separate him from a peck or so of his dad's money, if it could be done as a side issue.

"We dug down deep into our jeans an' provided Zack with th' wherewith, an' he took th' night train. He'd been in Chicago about a week when he writ back that it was no go. He said all th' terrible Turks was engaged at big prices, an' they wouldn't come short of a cool thousand. When we heard that we jest had breath enough left to write Zack to call it off an' come back.

"We went down to th' depot to meet 'im, feelin' sad an' lonely an' grittin' our teeth every time we thought of th' expense money Zack had been spendin' all for nothin'. When Zack got off th' train he comes up to us rollin' 'is eyes like a hoot-owl lookin' at an arc-light.

"'Be ye sick, Zack?' says Bill Chambers, mighty sour.

"'S-s-h! Hush!' says Zack. 'See that feller with th' wicker-ware grip gettin' off th' smoker?'

"We took a look up that way.

"'You mean that little sawed-off yap with a face like a rutabaggy?' inquires Jabe Winters.

"'That's him—that's th' man!' says Jack, eager an' tremblin'. 'He'll chew Big Dan up an' expectorate 'im through his teeth!'

"We took another look at th' ornery little runt. He was bowlegged as a high-grade bull terrier an' rolled like a ship in a storm as he come down the platform.

"'Zack, you've been poisoned!' snorts Eph Williams. 'That feller will be jest a piece o' huckleberry pie to Dan.'

"Zack looked a little indignant, an' he says,

"'Mebbe so, boys, mebbe so. But this feller agrees to dissolve Dan into his original elements or no pay. That sounds square, don't it? What more do ye want?'

"We give a general snort o' disgust an' Bill Chambers advanced th' idee that th' new man would be adornin' a square of ice in th' undertakin' emporium after meetin' Dan. Zack fired up at that an' threw back both shoulders till they cracked.

"'Trouble with you fellers,' says he, 'is ignorance. When ye've traveled as much as I have ye'll find out that when it comes to rasslin' it's th' small packages that carry off th' dust!'

"'You bet it is!' says Bill. 'They wipe it up!'

"'Well, I'll back th' Demon—that's what he calls 'imself—I'll back 'im to make Dan look like a pin-wheel th' day after the Fourth o' July!' says Zack real warm.

"We didn't make no reply, but it ain't more'n fair to remark that a sort o' coolness sprung up betwixt us right from that p'int.

"We walked down the street a ways an' Mose Bright says,

"'Why, hang it! Dan'll swaller that feller same 's you would a capsool!'

"'It won't cost you a cent if he does—not a cent!' says Zack.

"That sort o' silenced us an' we went on down to th' store, leavin' th' Demon to go up to th' hotel an' register as Reggie Honeysuckle, of Chautauqua, New York.

"We'd been settin' there about an hour sighin' an' twistin' our whiskers when Charley Peters, th' hotel man, came slippin' in an' says he wants Big Dan.

"'What fur?' says Dan, lookin' up from th' codfish he was workin' on.

"'Why, there's a feller up to th' hotel that allows he's a rassler. Asked if we had any rasslers hereabouts. Told 'im yes, but they wasn't his size. Asked what size they was, and when I told 'im he said bring 'em on, th' bigger th' better. I nearly died laughin.' Come on, Dan—it's a vacation for you.'

"Big Dan chewed at th' cod for a minute.

"'I don't want to hurt anybody,' he says. 'I might get excited an' kill 'im.'

"'Yes; you might. Don't take any resks,' says Zack, kind o' contempestuous.

"Dan took a peek at Zack an' then stiffened up.

"'I'll jest go over an' crowd that rassler into a cigar-box,' he says. 'I need th' exercise.'

"We all went over in a body. When we got there th' Demon was whittlin' a whistle out of a green switch for a kid.

"We all looked innocent as we could while Charley pointed out th' Demon, an' then Dan walked over an' tapped 'im on th' nigh shoulder.

"'Boy,' says Dan, away down in th' dregs of 'is nature, 'what's your callin'? Are ye a rassler?'

"Th' Demon took a look around kind o' surprised.

"'No particular callin' as I know of,' says he. 'But I'm a specialist in grips. Also I rassle some for pastime an' to keep in condition to digest th' ordinary run o' boardin'-house victuals.'

"Dan sort o' licked 's chops an' winked at us.

"'Any objections to gettin' beat, son?' he asks as tender as a sister o' charity askin' for aid.

"'Not at all—I like it,' says th' Demon.

"Big Dan took off 'is hat an' threw it on th' writin' desk. Then he started to peel 'is coat. Th' Demon looked around at us weary-like an' Zack passed 'im the wink. We see 'im smile like a man goin' to th' stake, an' then he got up an' stretched. Say, he growed a foot durin' that stretch. His backbone lengthened out an' his shoulders went up an' his chin come down between 'em till it looked as if it had growed right onto 'is breastbone. For a minute I thought th' feller was comin' apart somewhere, but when he took off 'is coat I see he was together yet.

"Then he kind o' blushed an' begun rollin' up his shirt-sleeve. When he'd got up beyond th' elbow we begun steppin' back an' catchin' our breath. That was th' peculiarest arm we'd ever saw. There was big streaks of muscle laid onto it, an' when he bent it up sort of casually they all foot-raced up neck an' neck an' piled up in a knot th' size of a cocoanut an' jest as hard. Then he begun workin' his fingers an' geese-eggs bobbed up all over that arm.

"Durin' this time Dan had been goin' on tellin' how he'd held th' rasslin' champeenship of Mudville ever since he was knee-high to almost nothin', an' that he'd never yet see th' man that could stand afore 'im. He was sayin' he had prejudices against rasslin' runts an' crippled persons, but in this case he'd overlook it, when Charley Peters hit th' counter a lick with his fist an' yelled,

"'TIME!'

THE WICKED ESQUIMAU.

Oh, once an Esquimau lad there was;
On a candle long and thick he fed.
His brother asked him for the wick.
"There ain't goin' to be no wick," he said.

"Th' Demon grinned an' stuck out 'is hand to Dan, jest as if he was mighty glad to see 'im. Dan reached out an' took it. That was th' last we see of Dan—he faded out like a calico apron at a steam laundry. Th' room seemed to be full of hummin', buzzin' an' swishin'. Big hunks of language that sounded like Dan's came from all sorts o' directions, an' things was hittin' th' walls an' ceilin' promiscuous. A piece o' Dan hit Bill Chambers in th' wind an' nigh killed 'im.

"We jedged that big Dan was bein' handled some rough and frolicsome. Th' Demon was standin' about where he was when he begun an' he was apparently doin' a combination jugglin' an' balancin' stunt. Once somethin' hit th' writin' desk with a bang, but jest as we'd begun to recognize Dan it faded away again, an' one o' his boots shot into th' dinin'-room an' broke a lot o' dishes.

"Then th' Demon sort o' bent over an' spread Dan out on th' floor an' started in to brighten up the woodwork with 'im. Dan made a fine mop an' th' dust he stirred up was surprisin'.

"Zack Sanders was as white as a cellerloid collar by this time, an' we begun to think poor Dan had cashed in. But jest then th' Demon took Dan by th' reverse of 'is trousers an' shot 'im about fifteen feet right against th' springs of a big foldin'-bed that was standin' in th' corner. Dan hit 'em fair, bounced back, and th' Demon caught 'im on th' fly, revolved 'im a few times sort o' absent-minded an' then put 'im down careful in a rockin'-chair.

"Then th' Demon brushed a spot o' dust off 'is shoulder and asked Charley Peters for a toothpick.

"'It's quite warm this evenin', ain't it?' he says, an' that is all I recollect hearin' that feller say afterward, for when we give 'im th' purse he jest shoved it down in an aft pocket an' yawned as if he was disgusted with life an was huntin' a dry place to lay down an' die.

"With close nursin' we pulled Dan through. We

stayed by 'im earnest, as th' sheriff had passed it out strong that he'd pull every last man of us for manslaughter in case Dan died.

"Dan never rassled again in Mudville. If any one happened to mention rasslin' when he was around he'd roll up 'is collar like he was havin' a chill. He told us that—eh, what? Feller wants a team? Ain't that provokin'? All right—comin'! 'Night, boys!"

The liveryman stretched himself to his full height and went out pulling on his dog-skin mittens.

## Chaphorisms.

A FELLOW failing makes us wondrous blind.

Those who live in glass houses should never throw fits.

Many a man, starting out to nail a lie has bruised his fingers.

It is a curious fact that he who saves most worry will have least in the end.

A cynic is one who would fall off the pinnacle of joy and make his nose bleed.

Money will not buy happiness, but it will buy pants; and it is hard for most men to be happy if they haven't any pants.

## In New York Improper.

"AND do you live in New York proper?" asked the man of the friend who had been dilating upon the manifold advantages and attractions of Gotham.

"In New York proper?" responded the friend, with some accent upon the last word. "In New York proper? Oh, no! That would be entirely too far out for me to get back and forth from business."

## Very Practical.

"WHAT is a practical joke?"

"One that you can sell for a dollar and buy bread with it."

## Disillusion.

MY shallop sails along the summer streams;
Hesperidian apples, full and ripe,
Grow on the banks, and birds of varied stripe
Sing merrily in morning's golden beams.
But ah! the dread awaking always seems
As if I'd close connection with the pipe,
For then Reality, with one fell swipe,
Shatters to atoms my frail ship of dreams,
And I, perforce, must join the sons of toil.
The rent is due, and every day new bills
Are piling up in dreadful pyramids.
My troubled waters need the peaceful oil;
Till pay-day I must go the pace that kills
To purchase shoes and stockings for the kids.

EUGENE GRARY.

## All Wanted an Office.

"WHAT did you do about that Honest Voters' League that I told you I was afraid would cut in on the party vote at the election this fall?"

"I had a good man go to each member and whisper in his ear that he had a good show for some office if he only would consent to run. Result was that when the first meeting of the Honest Voters' League was called to order there wasn't anybody there but the chairman."

## Making It Hot for Hubby.

*Private detective*—"Madam, here is my bill for shadowing your husband during the past four weeks."

*Suspicious wife*—"Very well; present it to him. And go on shadowing him until you receive further orders from me."

## Tabooed.

*Knicker*—"I wonder why Diplomaticus was so unpopular with the czar?"

*Bocker*—"Well, he had a breezy way of referring to Russian court functions as blow-outs."

PERFECTLY SAFE.

THE GIRAFFE (*to Mr. Monk, who can't swim*)—"Come on in, Mr. Monk; it's only up to my chin."

# The Honest Man

WHEN the stranger with grass germs in his tresses was shown the last room back on the second floor of the Punktown hostelry and saw what sort of a stall he was to be bedded down in for the night, he bucked vigorously and said in the most offensive manner he could summon,

"Look at that chair! Liable to fall down even if I hang my shirt on it. The wash-pitcher is fatally cracked, and the bowl has a scallop as big as a summer squash. The carpet is full of holes and dirty, and so much quicksilver has been rubbed off the back of the looking-glass that I look as if I had the small-pox. The cover on the washstand has been on there for two long, hard, busy, dirty years, and the bed looks like a swaybacked horse with a thin blanket over it. If I were to try to sleep on that bed I would arise in the morning looking like a waffle. The wall-paper is off in large patches—in fact, it is off in a bunch. The ceiling is cracked, and a yard or so of plastering is liable to fall and smother me in the landslide at any moment. That table is really only a one-night stand, and you couldn't write on it if you had two men standing and holding it."

By this time the porter was very tired and angry, so he cried out in his vexation,

"That's right—kick, kick! But I'll bet a big dollar you're not used to any better than this at home."

"Young man," said the stranger in Punktown, "your bet is begging for takers. Your proposition is too much of a cinch to bet on. Things at home are as bad as this, if not worse. But what does a man go away from home for if not for a change of scene? I hoped I would find something comfortable and clean, and perhaps even elegant, at a hotel."

Moved to tears of compassion by reason of the man's honesty, the porter surreptitiously escorted him to Parlor A, where things were much better because the wash-pitcher had a smaller crack in it, and there was one upholstered chair.

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

EXPERIENCED.

MISS WILBY BRIDE—"George wants me to decide where we shall go on our wedding-trip. I can't make up my mind."

MRS. MUCHWED—"What's the matter with Switzerland? That's where *I* usually go."

## Preferred To Be Miserable.

AN aged negro cook in a prominent family recently received news of the death of a friend.

"Oh, mah Lawd! oh, mah Lawd!" she sobbed. "Dey's on'y me lef' now—all de res' is crossed de ribber!"

She howled and wailed for an hour or more, utterly impervious to all attempts of her mistress to assuage her grief. Finally the master of the house determined to try the effect of humor.

"Deborah," he said, "you know Mr. Elton, the butcher, do you not?"

"Yes, sah," she replied, looking up through her tears; "'deed I do."

"Well, what do you suppose he weighs?"

"Lawd, massa! how'd yo' spec' I know? Whut *do* he weigh?"

"Meat."

The humor of this appeared to strike her principally at the hips, for she held them with both hands and laughed with many a reverberating scream of delight. Suddenly, in the middle of a piercing screech, she stopped, confused and humiliated.

"Massa," she said solemnly, "whut's dat I ought ter be feelin' bad erbout?"

DWIGHT SPENCER ANDERSON.

## This Language of Ours.

"ISN'T it funny," mused the man with mental strabismus, "that when two locomotives comes together the result is called a collision, while two babies coming together are called twins?"

# Parable of the Rube That Hiked

By Strickland W. Gillilan

BEHOLD now the man that is grown aweary of his domicile!

Doth he not thirst for travel and hanker for the elongated hike?

Then it cometh to pass that his yearn reacheth a point where it acheth him day and night, and he sleepeth not, neither belaboreth his ear.

And when it is so that he tosseth and pitcheth and throweth curves and spit-balls and in-shoots upon his bed, he maketh up his mind that he will pull out the basting threads that unite him with that place unto which he is so grievously anchored, and go afar off; even bye-bye on the choo-choos, as is the language of them that have no sense when that they speak unto their offspring.

Furthermore he mortgageth the hind-forty and he purveyeth his wheat and his wool in the market-places, so that he getteth him an great roll of paper shekels that would have to be squeezed twice and shoved thrice to get it into the New York subway.

Then girdeth he up the usual portions of him and he beateth it to a ticket-agent that hath in a tall clothes-horse many slender ribbons of paper bearing thereon much dotty language, saying, "To such a place except thou stoppest over, then the walking for yours"; "Good for stopover, but not good when thou gettest back on the train, where the conductor will smite thee with great zeal"; "Not good to-morrow nor very good to-day," and divers other things that have no meaning—nay, verily.

And it cometh to pass (but not a railroad pass) that the hike-hungry man sayeth to the ticket-man, "Here, you!" and the ticket-man looketh not up from the instrument whence cometh his name tick-it.

Furthermore, the philistine cryeth yet again, "Hey, you!" which, being interpreted, meaneth, "Why in Harrisburg didn't you answer me before, you large-number-of-three-em-dashes lobster?"

Yet, behold! doth the ticket-man cease doubling in the brass or listening contentedly to the rattle of the machine? Nay, nit.

Then doth the man with the wanderlust begin to sweat scarlet corpuscles, and when that he hath hearkened to the yowl of the approaching five-forty-three he sayeth in a whisper, "Please, sir, if it liketh thee, thy servant would crave of thy personally owned and conducted railroad a brief ride, if it seemeth good unto thee to relieve me of these burdensome golden dinars that are stitched into the lining of my corduroys. I have spoken. Thy servant is a small, yellow kiyoodle at thy feet, but he craveth favor in thy sight."

Then the ticket-man leisurely ariseth as one who hath found himself so overstocked with time that he hath decided to place a lot of it on the bargain-counter to make room for new goods, and he setteth his hat on that part of his head that was meant to contain brains, and he sayeth in one word, "Wazyousayinsumpin?"

And when that the man outside the window hath arisen from an

MIXED ON HIS COLOR-SCHEME.

"So I suppose, John Henry Peeper, that you painted the town a very brilliant red last evening?"

"I did think so last night, my dear; but everything has such a decidedly blue tinge this morning that I think I must have been mistaken."

grievous fit and hath brushed the foam-flecks from his lips, he sayeth: "Behold, there is thy servant's wad! Give unto me an round-trip ticket somewhither, and a trunk-check."

Then he that is an ticket-agent asketh the philistine if he wisheth to go by way of Kootenay or return by the way of Moose Jaw. And the man answereth as in a deep sleep, "Thou hast said." For he wotteth not whereof the agent singeth. The tune soundeth familiar, but behold, he knoweth not the words.

Then the agent sayeth something that soundeth, afar off, like Sam Poole, but that could not have been what he said. And he seizeth from the ticket-rack an long ribbon, and he runneth with it, and he turneth his back upon the ticket-rack and he shutteth his eyes and pulleth until the ticket breaketh loose of its own accord and the agent falleth over the letter-press in the corner. And he feedeth the ticket through an machine that spanketh it at frequent intervals, so that it have an meaning in the eyes of him that is an conductor and not to him that is an non-conductor.

Selah.

And the man taketh his ticket and wrappeth it about his waist and about his neck and letteth eight feet of it drag upon the ground, so that he stumbleth over it up the step of the train just as the conductor calleth out "All aboard!" which meaneth that peradventure the train will start that same day.

Then the man that is anhungered for transplanting feeleth his oats—even his rolled oats, his oatine, his wild oats and his Bohemian oats; likewise some millet and other cereals, and he chortleth a large chortle, saying,

"Am I not getting away from home? Will not some one else swill the swine to-night—yea, and even in the morning ere yet cometh the day? Do I not feel the rumble of the train under me and do not my trousers, so long accustomed to the harsh, angular and uncompromising fence-rail, press plush, even red plush, with their bosom? Have I not access to the ice-water tank whenever those seven children are not playing in it? Will not the news-butcher bring me many Ben Davis apples that he falsely sweareth are Baldwins, and will I not purchase a toy lantern?"

And he crieth aloud in his joy.

Now it cometh to pass yet again, as night approacheth, that he that presseth the crimson plush wotteth with a sudden wot that he hath not purchased him an berth, and he wearieth of sitting, even upon his hunkers.

He stealthily openeth the pillow-slip he hath brought and sneaketh therefrom many pieces of embalmed chicken, and doughnuts as the sands of the sea for number; and he eateth of them so restlessly and widely that the brakeman afterward gathereth up of the fragments thereof, twelve basketsfull.

Then cometh upon the Rube the spirit of deep sleep, and he curleth him about, like a dog, and placeth his head upon his coat on the arm of the seat and he snoreth in A flat and dreameth that he is being run through a stone-crusher. Behold, doth it not seem unto him that the conductor awaketh him every few minutes in the night and asketh him for his ticket?

Yet it falleth out furthermore that there ariseth upon the much-used and manhandled air in the car a perfume that resembleth in no whit attar of roses, for behold, it is eau de hosiery. For do not the night inhabitants of the day-coach viciously remove their sandals so that the conductor (who hath need to pass through the aisle to beat them into consciousness so that they may not go further than they have paid) weareth of necessity a clothes-pin upon his nose while he vieweth the woolen aurora borealis on either side?

And again behold, O slothful, that the sons of men who inhabit the day-coach at the time of darkness and sleep, get themselves into sundry attitudes, from standing on their heads with their feet in the luggage-racks, to sitting upon their collar-buttons and holding their mouths wide open, so that the passing gazer might see at a glance

PENITENT.

"The last time you were sentenced, what were you guilty of?"

"Well, yer honor, I wuz sent up fer horse-stealin', but dat ain't wot I wuz guilty uv."

"What, then?"

"Judge, I'm almost ashamed ter confess it; but I wuz guilty uv hirin' a lawyer ter defend me."

whether or not they had ever been operated upon for appendicitis, tonsilitis or heartburn.

Selah !

So that when Rube is awakened in the morning by the twitter of the air-brake and the lowing of the brakeman he taketh his right foot out of his left ear, much lamenting that he must needs break his leg to do so ; he taketh his left foot out of the skirt-pocket of the lady in front of him, and he ariseth with bones that ache him even unto death and back. And behold, the taste inside his face—is it not that which remindeth him of the wicked city chap who once gave unto him limburger cheese that he might eat thereof?

And he wisheth he were home, and he yearneth for sustenance, yet his stomach crieth out many indecent things when it thinketh of the late lamented contents of the pillow-slip.

Then doth Rube line up at a nose-bag, even a lunch-counter (so called because the young woman in charge thereof hath every day to count the lunches she setveth out of the proprietor's stock), and he drinketh coffee made out of incinerated beans and he eateth the indestructible samhandwitch of commerce and he feeleth different, which is better, only because he could not feel worse.

And he resumeth his journey, and seeth from the windows of the train many city dumps and piles of lumber id scummy ponds and smokestacks and dirty back-doors id piles of burned ties on the right of way ; and he is reiced for that he loveth scenery.

Then sendeth he home an postal-card, even an souvenir, showing many things of which he not even half wotteth a single wot, and he writeth falsely thereon, saying, "I saw this to-day, as is the manner of them that journey, even them that hit the grit."

Peradventure when that he acheth in every bone and agonizeth in muscles he had not aforetime wist of, when his clothing hath become so that it is no longer habitable with wholesomeness or comfort, he goeth again home and is exceeding glad, so that it is nip and tuck whether he or the dog will win out in the effort to be first to lick the other's paws.

And yet when that he hath rested, he lieth vigorously and constantly, so that no geography picture can be shown him and no place mentioned in the telegraph headlines but that he perjuriously averreth and beareth witness that he was once in that place, and he telleth many hand-made anecdotes that he sayeth happened unto him there.

Now the rest of the disagreeable things about travel on the cheaps, and the things that are done unto the Rube who taketh an non-expensive hike, are they not written in the beautifully half-toned circulars sent out by the railroad companies advertising cheap excursion rates ?

Yea, verily, they are not !

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"HAS your boy an ear for music ?"

"I think he must have. A hopeless expression always overspreads his countenance when my wife sings."

PRESENT NECESSITY.

FIRST TRAMP—"How would yer like a seat in de senate, Bill ?"

SECOND TRAMP—"All right ; but jest at present I'd be satisfied wid a seat in dis pair uv trousers."

## The Servant Problem.

(*With acknowledgments to James T. Fields's "The Tempest."*)

WE WERE glooming in the parlor ;
Not a soul had nerve to speak—
For the cook had given notice
She would quit that very week.

'Tis a fearful thing in households
To be shattered by that blast
And to hear the crashing china
Which is falling thick and fast.

Oh, we shuddered there in silence.
Father's face was full of woe,
For he lacked the moral courage
To tell cook to pack and go.

Father sighed that we should bounce her ;
Mother wept in sore dismay.
She had offered higher wages
If the cook would only stay.

Every fortnight brought another.
They were bad enough at first,
But as one by one they vanished
We declared each was the worst.

Father whispered, "We should take her
And should throw her in the street."
Mother gasped, "How under heaven
Would we get a bite to eat?"

Then the little daughter murmured
In her anguished mother's ear,
"Do they have cooks up in heaven
Just the same as we do here?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we hushed each fretful sigh.
And we said, "Oh, Servant Problem,
We shall solve you when we die!"

WILBUR D. NESBIT.

## The President's Advice.

"WHERE on earth have you been, Henry, at this hour of the night?"

"Why, I found a colored man was trying to get into our chicken-house, so I went out and assisted him. We had an awful time getting into the thing, but he has just gone with four of our finest pullets."

"Henry Peck, are you a raving maniac?" What on earth do you mean?"

"Simply what I say. I endeavor always to be a loyal citizen of the republic ; and didn't you see that President Roosevelt said we should help the negro to help himself?"

## The Clerical Optimist.

*Bachelor*—"It's my opinion that marriage is a failure."

*Clergyman*—"You are decidedly wrong. My last month's wedding-fees will buy my wife's clothes for a year."

ANTI-FAT.

"That fool doctor told me riding would reduce flesh."
"Well, it looks to me as if your horse was reduced enough."

# Lassoing a Locomotive

## By W. J. Lampton

THEY were sitting in the shade of the water-tank at Toluca, a Montana town consisting of the water-tank, a liquor-tank, two houses and a railway station. All the rest is a wide sweep of sage-brush and sunshiny sky. At least, it is on those summer days which call for the shade of a water-tank.

A tenderfoot on the station platform near by, waiting for the next train to Cody, was passing the time trying to rope a bag of potatoes and got the noose over it about every sixth time. It was not very exciting, but it served to attract the vagrant attention of the three cow men in the tank shade.

"I'll bet he couldn't do it one time in two dozen," said Joe Vreeland, of Frannie, in a lazy drawl, "if the bag was open and them potaters could git their eyes on him."

There was no short end to the bet and no takers.

"Did you ever hear how Ed Breckons lassoed a locomotive between here and Cody just about the time trains first got running?" inquired Tom Northrup, who had fired an engine back east when he began his career of making a living.

"Did he?" said Daws Thompson in a tone implying doubt.

"He did, and I'll tell you how," responded Northrup, not resenting the implication enough to count. "Ed had tanked up some at a juice dispenser and was feeling spacious. There wasn't much he couldn't do in his mind, and his mouth was promoting the publicity of it. Bime-by a train pulled up, and Ed begun slinging his string at the men in the cab. They give him the laugh, and told him if he wanted to noose a good thing to try it on old Number 23 when she got to moving. Ed was game right off, and wanted to bet fifty that he could catch her on the jump. The engineer and the fireman put up twenty-five apiece and took Ed's proposition. It was agreed that the engine should have a mile headway before Ed got ready to throw his rope. He rode up the track to a level streak and waited. I guess he had everybody in that neighborhood ranged around to see the show. Purty soon the bullgine come snorting along, and she looked to me like she was pounding the ties for about twenty miles an hour or more. Ed was waiting for her, with his pony's tail turned her way, and he was watching over his shoulder when to start. You see, he was going to run alongside for a bit, then sling, same as if she was a steer. Ed could do it with a steer to the queen's taste. In a minute she was there, and Ed was off. The way us spectators yelled mighty near stunted the growth of the sage-brush for the rest of the season. Ed was swinging his rope just like you see it done in picture-books and chasing along close under the flank of the bullgine, when all to once he let go, and, by heck! the noose dropped over some of the fixings on top of the b'iler and staid where it was put. The pony r'ared back on his ha'nches, being trained to do it that way whenever he seen the rope go, and the next thing we knowed, Ed and the pony was throwing summersets and figger-eights and pigeon-wings all over the landscape and stringing themselves along through the brush, raising more dust than would build a ten-acre ranch. Lord knows

NO EVIDENCE.

"An' wuz Moike hur-rt whin th' autymobile shtruck him?"

"Shure, they niver cud foind out. Moike had a shtick av doynamoite in his pocket."

what might have happened before the outht got to the next stopping-place, but the engineer, realizing that it was up to him to take prompt action, reached out with a red hot fire-hook and burnt the rope off. Ed owes a debt of gratitude to that engineer, he sure does. But you ought to seen the bunch when we got to them and began to reorganize the wreck. Words fail me at this point.

"Ed got over it—at least he did so as to hobble around in bandages and splints—in about a month, but the pony was poorly for the balance of the year, and he'd smell a locomotive five mile and skin for the cottonwoods. Who won the money? Ed, of course; but it all went in repairs."

## Tommy Gets Informed.

*Tommy Figgjam*—"Paw?"

*Paw Figgjam*—"Yes, Tommy."

*Tommy Figgjam*—"Is the conversation of a man with himself a monologue?"

*Paw Figgjam*—"Yes, my son."

*Tommy Figgjam*—"Is a conversation in which two persons take part a dialogue?"

*Paw Figgjam*—"Yes, Tommy."

*Tommy Figgjam*—"Then what I heard going on out on our back fence this morning about two o'clock must have been a catalogue."

## Her Possessions.

"I HAVE two lovely little puppies," said Mrs. Tawkley.

"I have met your husband," replied the man. "Who is the other one?"

## What They Wouldn't Like To Be.

"I WOULDN'T want to be a chair,"
Said naughty Bob Magee,
"Because I simply couldn't bear
To have folks sit on me."

"I'd hate to be a clock!" then cried
Wee modest Mabel Sands;
"For then how ever could I hide
My face within my hands?"

"To be a window must be great,"
Said little Harry Haines;
"And yet I'm very sure I'd hate
To have so many panes."

"I just would hate to be a pie,"
Said hungry Annie Gupp.
"Some cannibal might wander by,
And he might eat me up."

"The very worst things we could be
Are rugs," said Tommy Gay;
"For rugs are taken up, you see,
And beaten every day."

So all good children should agree,
Though tired of their toys,
That after all it's best to be
Just little girls and boys.

SAM S. STINSON.

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THE trouble with the plunger is that he doesn't always come up again.

THOUGHT IT WAS A NEW STYLE OF AUTO.

THE HORSE—"I suppose I'm behind the times, but the old-fashioned devil-wagon's good enough for me. If I wasn't such a blasé old skate that thing could scare me yet."

# THE VOICE OF A VICTIM

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

IT WAS evident that his attire had been flashy at one time, but the dust of the road had dulled the flash. He had walked far, and he did not enjoy walking, but he was resigned to his fate.

"I was a hot sport," he explained, "but I cooled off sudden. It's me back to the city, where they ain't so wise. What? Oh, I was so warm that I sizzled, an' some jays put me on ice; I got friz up so I can't make steam any more—me that was brought up with a foxy bunch, too. I got to have a guardeen appointed, only there ain't nothin' left to guard. I guess I better marry an' borrow car-fare from me wife every mornin', not trustin' myself with more 'n that. Yes; that gentle game looks pretty good to me right now.

"How did it happen? Well, search me; I ain't got it worked out clear in me nut yet. Why, say! I thought I was so sharp that I couldn't turn over in bed without cuttin' myself. I lived where they rig the sure things an' deal from the bottom of the deck an' frame up the cinches; I know seventy-eight ways of takin' money from a man without lettin' him know he ain't gettin' a fair shake. An' I left me money with a bunch of jays! It's me back to a steady job now, for fair.

"It looked easy—never got me lamps on anything that looked easier. Here was me, side-tracked in a jay town an' amusin' myself by takin' in a little easy money on fool bets. They was all hot sports there, an' the way-station sport is the hottest there is, up to his limit; they'd bet on anything, so it was easy for a wise one from the city to frame up propositions that didn't really give 'em a chance to do more 'n pay up, only when I pulled 'em on by loosin' a-purpose. But it was all small—not real business, you know, only practice an' amusement.

"Then they got to talkin' of foot-racin'. I backed away quick, knowin' that's the most dangerous thing there is for the man what ain't on the inside. It looked proper enough, but I didn't see where I was due to butt in any, so I kept me head closed an' let them do all the talkin'. They didn't seem to care about me none, either; it was jest an argyment of their own. There was a lad there that thought he could run some, an' a few was raggin' him.

"'Why,' says one, 'there's a consumptive over to the Lake Hotel that could beat you and never have to push himself.'

"The Lake Hotel was a summer boardin'-house that could make room for 'most a dozen people by crowdin' some. All sorts of queer people put up there, an' I sized it up that they'd planted a ringer there an' was figgerin' to trim Mr. Sprinter. Anyhow, my play was to keep out.

"Well, Mr. Sprinter was sore right off. He knew who the feller was, which made him all the madder.

"'That livin' skeleton!' he says. 'Why, I can beat him one mile in five!'

"'What!' the first one comes back; 'you're jokin'. I ain't sayin' that he can run much, havin' to stop to cough a good deal, but you two 'd make a pretty even match. I wouldn't know which way to play my money—honest I wouldn't.'

"Everybody laughs at that, an' the sprinter—his name was Jake—boils up some more. It seems he's a crank on the foot game, trainin' himself all the time, so it natcherly riles him to be told he's an even thing with a skinny that smokes cigarettes an' coughs every other minute.

"'I know him,' says Jake; 'I could beat him so bad you'd think he was runnin' backward. I'll give him a mile start in a five-mile race.'

"'For wind?' asks the other, careless.

"'No; for money,' says Jake.

"'Fifty cents, perhaps,' says the other.

"'Fifty dollars,' says Jake, shootin' sparks out all over him.

"This here was goin' some stories higher 'n the roof for this town—five dollars bein' the accepted limit of bets—an' I begun to take notice. It seemed like a shame not to get in on the game, but it didn't look safe to me. If it was all straight goods it was the consumptive's end of the bet for mine, for a cripple ought to win with a mile start, but you never can tell what's doin' in a foot-race. When it's horses the outsider 's got some sort of half chance, for the horse is straight, an' it's only the jockey that you got to figger on bein' crooked, but in foot-race you got the horse an' jockey rolled up in one crooked package. So it's me outside the ropes, doin' the spectator act an' wishin' I was wise to the way it was comin' off.

"If they had their hooks out for me they played it jest right. I ain't got it settled in my mind yet whether it was a come-on or an accident, but they put down the right cards to make your uncle Mike restless. That means they acted like he didn't have no interest in the affair at all. If they'd batted an eye at me I'd have put my hands in my pockets an' sewed 'em in, but they put me on the bleachers right from the jump; I didn't have nothin' to do but watch the fun; it was a local rumpus, an' I was an outsider. But it was awful tryin' on the nerves not to have any chance for the money, when it was flashin' in front of me.

"Well, they put up the real cash, an' fixed a day for the race. Then Dan, the feller that was backin' the unknown from the Lake Hotel, got his man out an' tried his paces. I went along. Say! they flattered him some by callin' him 'the cigarette,' because he was laid out more on the gen'ral lines of a match—a burnt match. It didn't

look like he was any more use than a match that's lit a cigar and gone out. He had the long legs, but he couldn't work 'em fast enough to count high. Still, on a straight deal, my money would have gone down on 'the cigarette,' for one mile in five is an awful handicap, an' Jake was no prize sprinter, except in his mind. I figgered that Jake might pull down a half-mile lead, but a mile had him all to the bad—he was zero.

"That's the way it looked to the local sports, too, for there was nothin' doin' even at odds, on Jake's side of the game; he put up his fifty, an' he was the only one who'd risk anything on his chance to win. So sittin' on the fence while the procession went by was all there was to do, as far as I could see, no matter how bad I wanted to act foolish.

"Then 'the cigarette' give me the office that there might be happenings—yes, sir; that frazzled pipe-stem give me the signal that he had me placed an' could put me wise to something real. It 'most knocked me over, but I could see he was the goods all right, so I got him alone. He was waitin' to be forgotten by some of them eyes that never sleeps, same as I was. I don't remember what the trouble was, but he'd skinned a sucker some way that was too bold, so it looked like a good time to rest. I'd got mixed up with a feller that come down to the city to buy some experience, an' kicked on the price I made him pay for it, which was why I'd side-tracked myself while he got tired waitin' to prosecute. That made me an' 'the cigarette' feel like old pals.

"'It's twenty-five for me to win this race,' says 'the cigarette,' 'an' all the loose money in town for me to lose it. Are you wise?'

"'I don't need no earthquake to wake me up,' I tells him; 'but you couldn't lose if you lay down an' rolled the distance.'

"'I'm a sick man,' he says, 'an' I'm overtrained awful. If they'd let me alone I could have made the distance easy, but it's comin' harder every time they put me over the course. I got such a weak stomach, an' me heart's bad. It don't look to me like I'll be able to finish at all when the race comes off.'

"'Can you make it stick?' I asks.

"'Sure,' says he with a wink. 'Ain't they givin' me half the bet for winnin'? An' don't I lose the twenty-five when I don't win? Any jay can see it would tear me up awful to lose that easy money. How strong are you?'

"'I count up a little better 'n three centuries,' says I.

"'I can't scrape up more'n two,' he says, 'but the way I'm lettin' 'em train me 's worth something.'

"'We'll split even,' I says.

"That suits him an' he passes over his two hundred, which gives me five hundred for bettin'. It wouldn't never do for him to place no money, so that was my end of the game. Say! I was scared for fear I couldn't get it all up, the sports bein' mostly of the two-dollar kind, but this looked so good that they hollered for it. I never see a way-station bunch that was so eager. They was raisin' money on everything they had, an' givin' odds, so 's to draw out every penny I had in my clothes. They got it all, too.

"Now, honest! wouldn't it look to you like a pipe? I didn't see no way to lose. They couldn't win a penny unless 'the cigarette' got in first, and he stood to lose two hundred if he did. Ain't that as safe as they make 'em? Even if 'the cigarette' was crooked they didn't have the money to make him throw me down, for, with the odds, he stood to make three hundred clear with me, an' they'd have to bid up more 'n they'd make to beat that an' cover the two hundred he'd lose. Oh, you couldn't figger out anything safer 'n that, on the face of it.

"No, 'the cigarette didn't throw me down; he couldn't, for the why I've told you. It was that feller Dan—the one that was trainin' 'the cigarette'—that did it. He was a husky cuss, an' he follered his man in a buggy. The course was laid out over country roads, you know, an' there was watchers for both sides. 'The cigarette' an' me had it framed up that he'd go to pieces in the last half-mile—jest give out an' drop. He was goin' to make it so

AT THE YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARY.

DEACON MOUSE (*appearing suddenly*)—"Good heavens! the sights one is compelled to see about this neighborhood are positively demoralizing."

strong that they'd have to send an ambylance for him. But he didn't. No ; he couldn't. 'Cause why ?

"Well, I see the cause right at the finish. I was waitin' there to take in the money, when 'the cigarette' hove in sight, an' he wasn't loiterin' a little bit. Well, hardly. He was strainin' every nerve to keep ahead of a man with a buggy-whip, an' the man was this big husky Dan what had started the whole thing. That's what! It was a man with a buggy-whip that busted our combination wide open. When 'the cigarette' begins to give out, accordin' to schedule, Dan jumps from the buggy an' lashes him on the legs, an' 'the cigarette' can't get far enough away from that whip to even faint. It ain't easy to sink down weary-like when every little slackin' up raises welts on the legs ; there ain't the chance to relax. Why, say ! 'the cigarette' comes in dancin'—dancin' an' yellin'. He was the liveliest man with a weak stomach an' a bad heart that ever come over the hummocks.

"But I wasn't there. No ; I'd faded. I'd liked to have claimed a foul or something, but the way those jays acted made me think it wasn't a good time for discussion. I didn't even wait for 'the cigarette,' but I understand he kept right on goin' after he'd crossed the line. I ain't had time to bother about him ; I'm hittin' it out for the city, where the wise folks live. The smart men of the city for me ; they're easier marks when you get right down to it."

## Dismal Failure.

SOMETIMES one attempts to be facetious with the wrong person—the individual of no facetiety, as it were.

Recently I was going from Baltimore to Pittsburg, making the first stage via the Northern Central branch of Mr. Cassatt's railroad. The conductor was a man of intelligent appearance, so when I handed him my mileage-book and he proceeded to reel off a few yards of its generous length, I remarked merrily,

"The company aims to make the length of mileage-strip in the book correspond as nearly as possible to the actual distance traveled, it seems."

"I don't know what you mean," he solemnly replied.

"I mean," I said with that sinking feeling one has when a joke begins to fall flat, "that you have to tear off a couple of yards of that mileage for my trip."

"Yes," he said again with the patient air one employs in talking with very young children, insane people and idiots ; "but, you see, you get to ride a good deal further than two yards, or even two miles."

For the remainder of that trip I didn't speak to a soul, except to remark earnestly as to the state of weather and the probability of rain.

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

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THE man in office nowadays who has never been suspected is indeed a fit subject for suspicion.

## The Man Who Is Ahead.

IN almost every newspaper you pick up you are pretty sure to find a lot of gush about the man behind the counter and the man behind the gun ; the man behind the buzz-saw and the man behind the son ; the man behind the times and the man behind his rents ; the man behind the plowshare and the man behind the fence ; the man behind the whistle and the man behind the cars ; the man behind the kodak and the man behind the bars ; the man behind his whiskers and the man behind his fists, and everything is entered on the list. But they've skipped another fellow, of whom nothing has been said—the fellow who is even, or a little way ahead ; who pays for what he gets, whose bills are always signed. He's a blamed sight more important than the man who is behind. All the editors and merchants, and the whole commercial clan, are indebted for existence to this honest fellow-man. He keeps us all in business, and his town is never dead ; and so we take off our hats to the man who is ahead.

## An Honest Tramp.

"LADY, won't you give a poor old fellow something to eat? I'm an honest man," pleaded the tramp at the back door.

"Prove your honesty," suggested the sweet little woman.

"I have not suffered from the San Francisco earthquake."

Without another word he was taken in and given such a feast as seldom falls to the lot of those who take so many free rides on the railroads.

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"DO you wish to have me make your portrait life-size ?" asked the artist.

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Justgottitt. "It'll probably cost more for the frame, but, gracious ! we ain't goin' to stick at a little thing like that."

RUBBER.

Says hubby, surprised, "Goodness knows,
How can you wear stockings like those?
They cause so much gazing,
And neck-craning amazing,
They really should be called rubber hose.

TO THE RESCUE.

PAT—"We'll take jusht wan dhrink to dhrown our sorrows, Moike."

MIKE—"We will!"

PAT—"An' thin we'll take another wan fer a 'loife-saver,' to rescue th' poor divils frum dhrownin'."

# A Little Banking Business

## By Horace Seymour Keller

THE following happened in Cincinnati shortly after the close of the Civil War, when money was tight and times pressing. It is verified by Captain Beckwith, who is acquainted with the parties interested.

A young German, accompanied by a middle-aged man, entered a bank, approached the teller and said,

"If you blease, vill you gif dis man eight huntred tollars ?"

The teller gasped, scratched his pate and asked,

"And who are you ?"

"John Zimmerman."

"But you have no money on deposit here "——

"No ; I got no money by any blace. Vot is der tifference of it ? It vas a pank, ain'd it, vhere money vas got ?"

"Yes ; but I cannot let you have the money without security "——

"Vot of it ? Der security vas der grocery-store vhich I haf bought off der man vor eight huntred tollars. He vants der money vhich I haf not got. Der pank haf blendy money ; so blease if you vill, gif der man der brice of der store. It vas blain "——

"I can't let you have the money "——

"Gentlemen," broke in the cashier, who had been an amused and interested listener to the conversation, "step into this room. Perhaps we can disentangle the problem."

"It vas no broblem. It vas easy as noding," uttered the young German.

"Please be seated, gentlemen. Now, Mr. Zimmerman, kindly tell me why you thought you could get the amount of money from this bank."

"Vell, dis vas a pank, ain'd it ?"

"Precisely ; go on, Mr. Zimmerman," responded the amused cashier.

"Und pecause it vas a pank vhere money vas, vas der reason vhy I come after der brice of der grocery-store. Oder beoples do der same, und vhy not I ? I puy out his store."

"Where is the store ?"

"Just down der street."

"And you paid the gentleman eight hundred dollars ?"

"Not yet, but vill so soon as der pank gif me der money."

"And, Mr. Zimmerman, you were positive that the bank would let you have that amount without any security ?"

"Vell, der pank haf blendy money. I don'd got no money. Der pank's pizness vas vor to gif me der money. It vas blain."

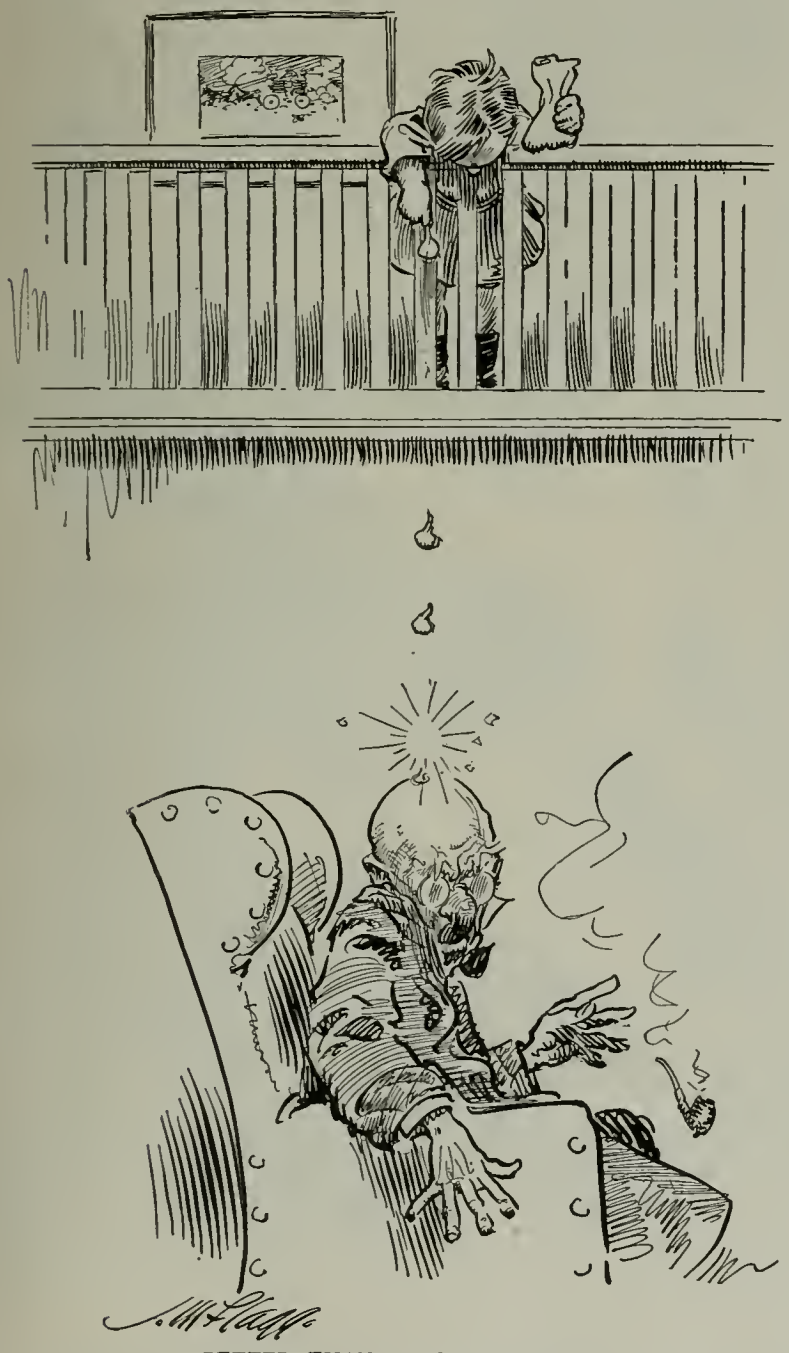
The cashier smiled, studied the honest, frank face before him and finally said,

"I think we can arrange the matter."

He drew up a bank-note for one year and asked the German to sign it. Leading the way to the teller's window the cashier said,

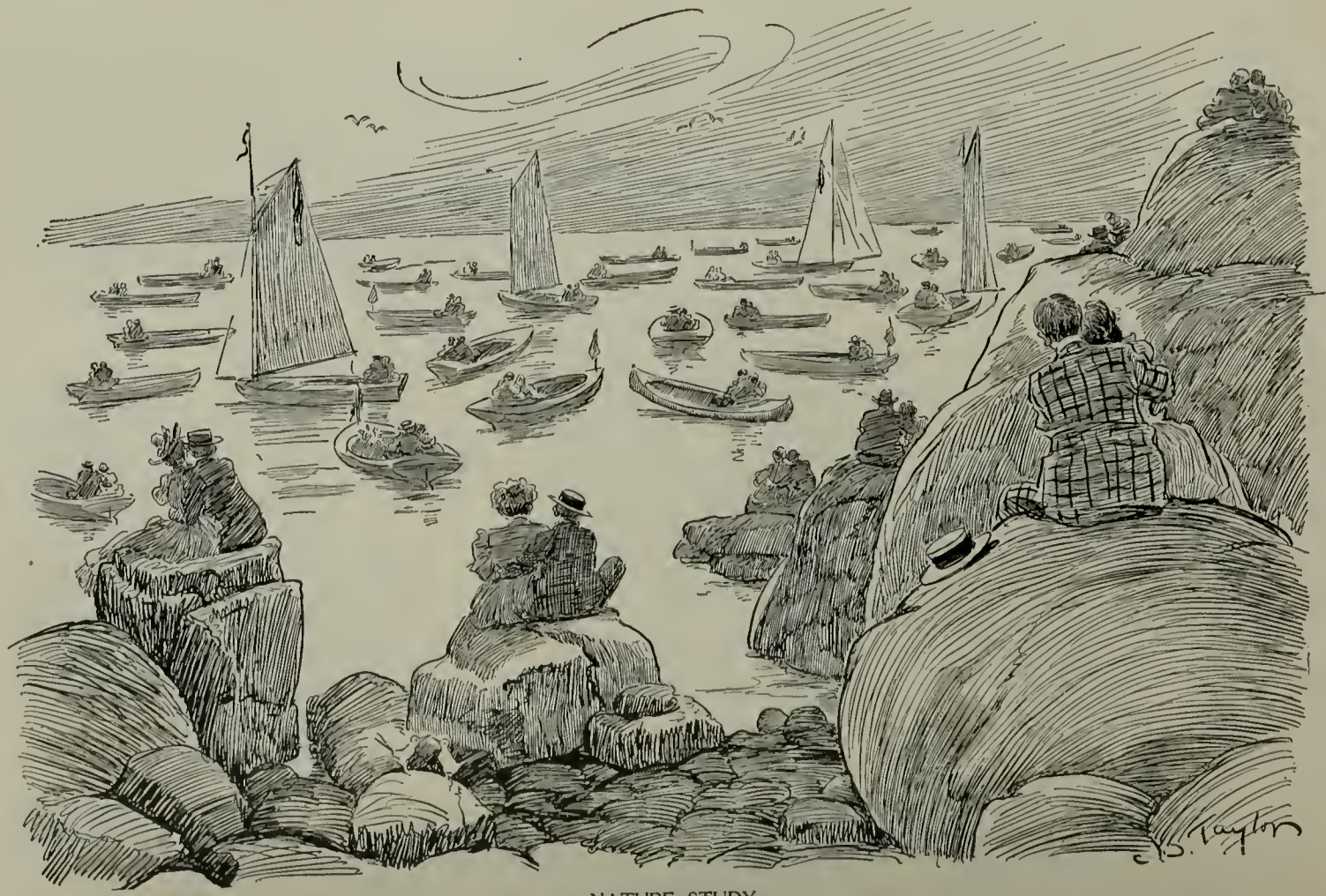
"Give Mr. Zimmerman the money."

And to-day the German, who had so slight a knowledge of banks, banking and securities—but who won out because of his frank, honest face—is worth a quarter of a million of dollars.



BETTER THAN A COBBLE-STONE.

JOHNNY—"Don't move, gampy ; I've got only half a bag more o' these torpedoes, an' your head is the bulliest place I've found to set 'em off on !"

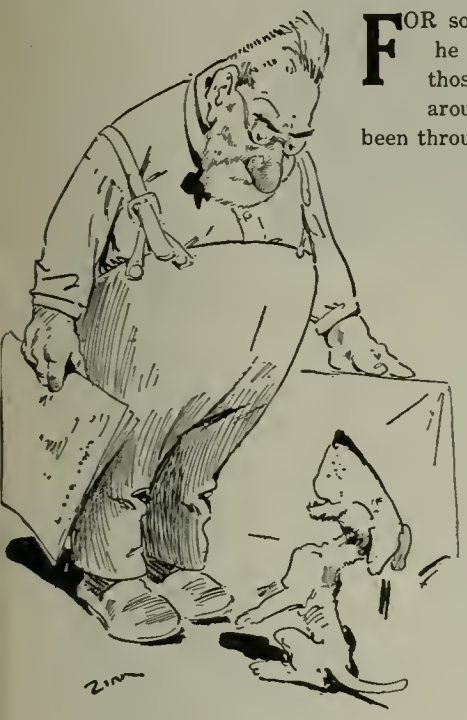


NATURE STUDY.

When the fog suddenly lifted from the harbor the other morning an interesting natural phenomenon was revealed.

# IT HAPPENED IN CARDLAND

BY W. F. SMITH



"FOR so warm a night," he said, turning to those clustered around him, ."I've been through a sequence of strenuous stunts, as my soiled duds indicate. Usually I am found in the company of crowned heads, but to-night I was in no mood for Imperial society. Weary of posing as a popinjay, and having a leisure hour before train time, I longed to mingle with those who are natural—not pampered with affectation, gaudy raiment, and titles. So, to gratify the longing, I disguised myself by donning this suit of serge, and sauntered into the Hotel Monte for dinner. That was where I got in wrong, for I stacked up against a waiter who proved to be a knave. Although he was crooked, I would have gambled on his honesty, for he looked as pious as Pope Joan.

"I gave him Carte Blanche as to my meal, and he served a fine layout. When he brought my bill I had but a minute wherein to make Connections. I laid a ten-spot on the tray, and the waiter passed out of my sight. Glancing at the clock, I discovered it was Seven-up to the second. My train was due and I pictured my titled friends and their retinue awaiting me at the station. Still no waiter appeared, and I knew instinctively that I had been worked for the rake-off.

"Being justly indignant, I hunted up the proprietor and complained about the stolen Boodle. I introduced myself and asked for a square deal, but he gave me a cold hand. As I had missed my train I begged for a room. He told me I was a kicker, and as a blind, claimed he had a full house. Compared with that fellow, a highwayman would not have been a marker. From the cool manner in which he turned me down, it was a Cinch that I was the victim of a Freeze-out; so without more ado I sneaked.

"An hour or so ago that waiter lurched up against me in the street. He was a gay buck and his mien was that of a king. On his arm hung a woman, gaudy as a queen, whom he addressed as 'Kitty.' She was attired in black and must have been a widow, for she cuddled up to him like one who knew all about the game of Hearts. As for him, he was making good with melting words as only a Coon Can. He is young—not over Twenty-one—and is no doubt hoarding up, by hook or crook, for a wedding. Poor fools! Matrimony is something I take no stock in. At best it's a Lottery. My preference is a single bed with no other sleeper to disturb my slumbers. As for widows—beware of them! They're tricky as second dealers.

"But about that nigger—at first I thought to bluff him into returning my money. I caught him by the collar, whereupon he tried to draw a razor. Stooping down, I picked up a Club, and came within an ace of tapping him on his nob with it. However, I couldn't afford to get into a cutting scrape. It would have gone hard with my cuticle—would have meant arrest and the hospital; and, besides, I did not want to be searched—I had too many Diamonds about me. Resolving to square accounts later with the fellow, I passed him up.

"At the store of a near-by hardware dealer I bought a Spade. My purpose was to bury my valuables temporarily in the hole I meant to dig on the water-front. That scheme was revoked by circumstances. When I reached the crib, which is Down-the-river near the riffle under the Bridge, 'Whist!' I heard somebody say, and immediately I dropped on All-fours to hide.

"'Here comes California Jack, the biggest copper on the force,' a voice called; 'and if he should catch you digging at this hour, he will pinch you on suspicion, Pitch you into the river, or beat you. He carries a mace heavy as a Poker!'

"That straight tip gave me such a turn that, even before the echo of his words had died away, I lay down, face up, the better to keep an eye on the officer. After he had gone I discerned a man signaling to me. When he drew near I said to him,

"'Who are you, Partner?'

"He laughed reassuringly. 'Right you are,' he agreed. 'I'm not your opponent, no matter what your game may be. I'm Sancho Pedro, the father of triplets and Big and Little Cassino; a card-sharp who always takes care of his kind. Though we're not two-of-a-kind, you look like a good fellow. It seems to me I've seen you before, but I can't place you. Now that you're safe, you can stand, Pat.'

"His proposition was timely and I was content to accept it. He reached down and gave me a lift. He had a tight hand and his strength was wonderful. I informed

:: All the terms which have common usage in connection with games of cards are concealed in this story. Any reader who comes within five of a complete list will receive the LIBRARY free for one year.

him I was not Irish, and asked where he lived.

"'Over on Faro Street, a few doors from Dom Pedro, Shasta Sam, Bob Tail, Jack Pot, Fan Tan and Loo,' he answered. 'My number 's across the way in the second square—Sixty-six. If you have any money about you,' he added, as an afterthought, 'I can Spoil-five.'

THE INSTALLMENT PLAN.

"Gladys says she wishes she had bought the duke on the installment plan."
"How so?"
"Why, then all she 'd have to do would be to stop payment, and they'd take him away."

"It happened that my roll was All-fives, and, being sincerely grateful for his help, I loaned him Forty-five dollars. When I staked him so liberally he exclaimed,

"'Lordy! Who the deuce are you—the Earl of Coventry or some other Napoleon of finance or Commerce?'

"'Did you ever hear of a Miss Deal?' I inquired.

"'I know her well,' he replied. 'You can always count on her to turn up at Euchre and other card games.'

"'Well, I'm a close friend of hers,' I said, laughing. 'I'm the High Mogul of the Gamesters' Universal Union.'

"A puzzled look crossed his face. 'I suspected you were somebody of importance the moment I laid eyes on you,' he declared; 'and, while I'm sure I know you, I can't tell just where I've seen you. But, after all, that doesn't matter. I want to tell you right now that you're a trump. I appreciate your generous action, and, come what may, I'll not discard you, so long as I can possibly stay with you.'

"I had half a mind to tell him I was not a trump and never had been, but he was so satisfied with his own deduction that I disliked to contradict him.

"We started down the street. Soon we came to the Grando dance hall and gambling den, and, when Sancho said he was going in, I followed suit. The place is cozy. Opening off the bar are two small side rooms—a sort of right and left bower. They were both filled, and we didn't enter them.

"I have a weakness for highballs and invited my companion to take one. After drinking a few we joined in a Quadrille and had high Jinks. In short order we got right in the shuffle. My new friend was clever. Old as he is, he took the lead in the festivities and acted The Hopeful to perfection. As an entertainer he proved the limit. He danced a clog and did the straddle, and wound up with such a fine Solo that I presented him with a Solitaire.

"A game of Stud attracted us, and we each bought some chips and sat in, hoping to make a grand coup. But we soon found, by sorting the cards, that we were up against a skin game.

"Next we tried our luck at Baccarat. One flashy fellow, who, I was told, is a member of the Jockey Club at Saratoga or Boston—I don't recall which—played as if he was standing in with the dealer. His actions were so suspicious that I said,

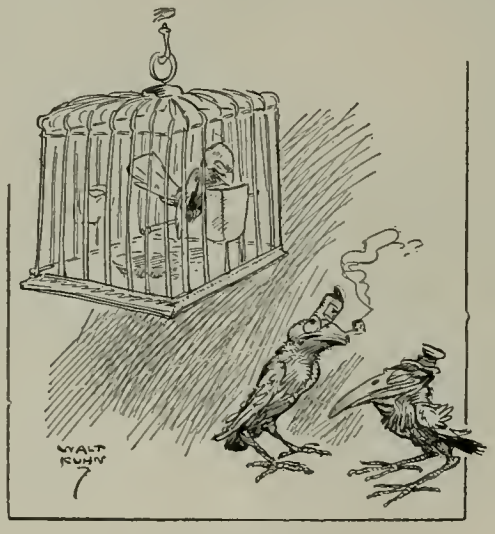
"'What are you trying to do—fleece us, as they did at the other table?'

"'No,' he replied, with a grin; 'we're not after you. We're simply striving to Beggar Your Neighbor. He plays like a dummy.'

"That remark Put my pard on his mettle, and I soon realized that he was a professional—a card-sharp, as he had claimed. I knew at once that he had purposely allowed himself to be trimmed at our first sitting. He showed no mercy and played them so high that it wasn't long until he broke the bank. Thereupon he returned the money I had loaned him, for he had an abundance.

"Of course, after such a streak, more drinks followed. and Sancho developed into an ardent spiritualist. He had a thirst for everything at the bar, and became so boisterous that the barkeep chipped in. He told us we were a bad pair, and that he didn't like our tricks. Asserting that I was a four-flush and my chum a jack-full, he said he wouldn't stand for any one raising rows and Racquets in his house. Much as we would like to have stayed, he ordered us to leave.

"I could see he was out of Patience, and as some barkeeps have a penchant for knocking down, I arranged to protect my-




A TRUST.

*Weary Warbler*—"Who's the chap up there in the gilt house?"
"Oh, he's a member of the bird-seed trust."

self. There was an Old Sledge behind the door and I determined to use it on him if necessary. But just as I was about to draw it toward me Sancho yelled 'Skat!' and, without lingering to rubber, we both dropped out, giving the door a slam, for we espied two policemen at the rear entrance.

"Fearing we were candidates for the lockup, we took to our heels. We had gone only a short distance when Sancho stopped suddenly.

"'I can't go the pace,' he said, in a breathless treble. 'My Props have given out and I'm all in.'

"'It's your age,' I suggested.

"'No,' was his candid reply. 'I've filled; that's the trouble — I've drank too many — hic—highballs! Don't mind me. I've been up against this game before. In the morning I'll —hic—have to ante up ten dollars or so — the usual penalty; and then—hic—honors will be even. But you—hic—had best play safe. There's no reason why both of us should be nipped. Look! Hic — here come those Bobbies! Pull out as fast as you can!'

"I hated to desert him in his misery, but there was wisdom in his suggestion, so I took a short cut, by dodging a hedge and skirting a pool, and got away.

"When I was sure I was a winner in the race, I thought to Catch-the-ten Thirty-one and be Safe-at-home in Newmarket tomorrow. But I soon decided to renounce that plan and came here instead to put up for the night. They're a pack of strippers at that other hotel, and I have a score to settle with them.

"Heigho! I'm as stiff as an Old Maid, and I'll wager, when it comes to a showdown, counting the gift to my friend and what I've spent, I'm out Five Hundred. Yet I'm not broke. I still have a Five and Ten and then some, and, late as it is, if any one wishes, I'm willing as ever to try my hand at a card Speculation. Because of a little hard luck I'm not going to cut the cards out of my list of pastimes.

"Really, while I don't like to Brag, to-night marks the first time I was ever beaten. It's some Consolation to know that I could establish a case against that waiter. Possibly, if it came to a suit, I could win on points. But what's the use chipping out good money after bad?

"Here, Barkeep! To-night I have the last call. Before closing and barring the door, give us all a 'nightcap.' Mine will be a split. No reneging, boys! 'According to Hoyle,' this time it's on me—The Joker."

ANOTHER CAUSE FOR DIVORCE.
The habit of arranging hubby's tie on the street.

## Stern Necessity.

"I SAW you riding in the park yesterday," she said.

"My physician has ordered me to ride for exercise."

"I judged from your expression that you weren't doing it for fun."

## The Advantage of Reading.

"BEG PARDON, sir," said the weary hobo, as he stood at the farmhouse door, "but might I sleep in your barn to-night? I haven't had a roof over my head for ten days."

"I congratulate you," said the kindly farmer. "That is a splendid thing. I have just read in one of my ten-cent magazines that it is not too much to say that to the delicate, highly strung, easily knocked-up individual the advantages of sleeping in the open air are enormous. Pallid cheeks take on a ruddy hue, colds are unknown, nerves are forgotten, and irritability becomes a phase of the past. A small plot and a little perseverance are the only necessaries, and the result is assured. You are very welcome to the use of my potato-patch, and my sky is at your disposal."

## No Danger Whatever.

"SO THE grand jury has indicted your father for violating the anti-rebate law? I hope they won't send him to jail."

"Oh," the beautiful heiress replied, with splendid confidence, "there isn't any danger of that. Papa is no fool. He has made all arrangements to prove that the rebates were obtained by the office-boy while he was suffering with a brain-storm."

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IT IS always best to know a person thoroughly before marrying him or her. This is an absolute preventive.

NOT HIS KIND OF A GAME.

PLODDING PARKER—"Ever go up in a balloon, Dusty?"
DUSTY DAVIS—"Nit. I prefer a game I kin drop out uv when I've got enough."

## The Pet Flea.

PET fleas have been introduced on the continent to some extent, and in some families have supplanted the dog, having wormed their way into the affection and anatomy of every member.

They are easily fed, very lively and affectionate, and almost human in their intelligence.

It is not well to start with an old flea. Secure an infant of good breed and bring him up yourself. In a short time he will become greatly attached to you.

He should be kept in the house during the cold weather, but on warm, sunshiny days he can go out for a good jump. In case the wind blows have a suitable blanket for him to wear.

Do not permit your flea to go out alone. He might be persuaded to go off with some dog, and you would never look into his eyes again.

If possible, see that your flea has three good meals a day. He will be better for it. Also keep water where he can take a drink when necessary. Many fleas are born with a terrible thirst.

Examine him occasionally to see that he is in good condition. If he wags his tail freely you may know he is all right.

TOM MASSON.

SOUND OF NO CONSEQUENCE.

GIRL—"I want a yard of ribbon."
MERCHANT—"Shall I give you some of this loud green ribbon?"
GIRL—"Don't make any difference; it's for a deaf woman."

## A Point in Ethics.

"SOME men and women have a different way of saying the same thing when they are looking for houses to live in," remarked the real-estate agent.

"How do you mean?" inquired the listener.

"For instance: The man asks how far it is from a church and how near to a saloon; while the woman asks how near it is to a church and how far from a saloon. Now, why," concluded the agent reflectively, "don't they merely ask what distance it is from each of these places?"

The listener took the question home with him to ask his wife about it.

## What Might Have Been.

"ALAS!" confessed the penitent man, "in a moment of weakness I stole a car-load of brass fittings."

"In a moment of weakness?" exclaimed the judge. "Goodness, man! what would you have taken if you had yielded in a moment when you felt strong?"

## Effect of Jealousy.

"IT is such a good joke on the Pitsburgs," says the first lady.

"What is? That they are on the verge of a separation?" asks her friend.

"Indirectly, yes. You know, each of them has engaged a private detective to watch the other, and day before yesterday their two detectives put in the whole afternoon following them in an auto while they were riding in another one. It cost them forty dollars apiece to learn that they had taken an auto ride together."

## Electric.

"OH, what will bring that matchless light
To your dear eyes?" said I.
"A matchless light? Why, sparking, sir!"
The maiden made reply.

CONDITIONAL.

COLORED STEVEDORE—"Ah wants a day off, cap'n, ter look up a job fo' mah wife."
MATE—"Will you be back to-morrow?"
COLORED STEVEDORE—"Yes, ef she don't git it."

# An Old Salt's Observations

AIN'T he calm, though !" they said about a man. "Was he hurt in th' accident?" I asked. "No," says they; "but some of his friends was." An' I had to go away to laugh.

I'd rather be jest me, Obed Burgee, master of the Lyddy, than Mary Queen of Scots. If I don't run my ship to suit the people they jest snigger, say I'm a fool an' run along. But when she didn't run her kingdom so 's to suit 'em they didn't snigger not a bit. They chopped. An' it was her neck they chopped. She died of it.

There was a mighty affectionate married couple on my ship one v'yage. "I tell you," the husband says to me, "that I owe my professional success to her." "What's your business?" I asked then. "Why, I'm a doctor," he replied. "How was it that she helped you?" I asked then. "She started up free cookin'-schools," he answered. An' I'm still a-wonderin' what he meant.

I lived next door to a philosopher last winter. "Ain't you goin' to clean th' snow off your sidewalks?" I asked of him. "Thought I'd wait a while," he answered. "How long you goin' to wait?" I asked him. "Thought I'd wait about two months," said he. "But that'll be spring, an' there won't be no snow to *clean* off," I says angrily. "That's what *I* was thinkin'," says that philosopher.

There's some folks can find things to criticise anywhere an' everywhere. "What," says th' old sailor when we was discussin' of th' Panama canal, "would happen if th' tides in th' two oceans should happen to come different? Say Atlantic was low an' Pacific high. Why, th' old Pacific 'd jest rush through into th' Atlantic. Then s'pose some fool critter shut th' locks. Why, then New Jersey an' Great Britain, they'd be drownded out along with everything in east America and west Europe, Asia and Africa. While east Asia—th' Chinese would have ten million extry miles of territory for th' other nations of th' world to quarrel over." That same man would tell a feller that was a-goin' to be hanged in ten minutes not to spend his money for a chew, on th' ground that it's th' thrifty, savin' folks without bad habits that gits along best.

A woman who was born as misshapen as she makes herself with corsets an' such truck would commit suicide from pure shame about her figger.

I passed Jim Brown two weeks ago, when he was walkin' in th' road behind a mule-team, an' forgot to nod to him. This mornin' I passed him ag'in, when he was ridin' in a carriage, an' I took off my hat an' waved it real cordial like. I wonder why?

Ain't it funny about women that flirt? One of 'em 'll stay awake all night thinkin' about th' man that wouldn't wink back at her, while th' chap that fell plumb in love at first sight won't git so much as an extry snort as she cuddles down an' goes to sleep.

Here's a precept that a passenger flung at me after his wife had threatened to git a divorce because he had seen somethin' on th' horizon that he said was a cloud an' she'd declared it was an iceberg. It had turned out to be a cloud. "Never marry a woman who's in love with you," he says to me, "'cause she'll expect too much," he says. "Never marry one who ain't," he added, "for like enough she'll fall in love with some other man later." Then he went into th' smokin'-room an' told th' steward to bring him a Scotch high-ball.

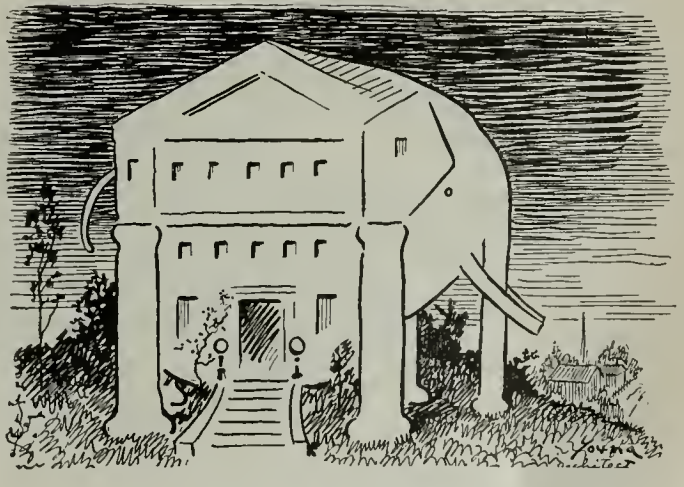
I went ashore in a foreign port, an' th' people was givin' a humty-roodle-doo in honor of th' king. "Why?" I asks. "'Cause he's licked ev'ry other nation within reach of him," says a native, "put down forty-six revolutions an' a dog-fight, fooled all th' other countries of th' earth in diplomassy, caught all th' criminals, cured all th' sick, cheered th' unhappy, wrote a historical novel that's had a bigger sale than 'Eben Holden,' solved th' servant problem, squared th' circle, found th' philosopher's stone, straightened out th' currency muddle, done away with tariff arguments, reconciled Tom Platt an' Richard Croker, drove an eight-hoss team with th' reins in his teeth an' a flag in each hand, broke th' record for th' runnin' long-jump, an' learned th' Bible so's he can recite it backward with his eyes shut an' a pebble in his shoe." "Mercy on us!" says I. "He's a great king. Ain't his people happy, though? But what makes *him* look so kind of worried?" "Oh," says th' man that was a-talkin' to me, "that's because he wants th' queen to go to th' seashore this summer, an' she says she's goin' to th' mountains." "Can't he make her go where he wants her to?" I asked. "*Make* her?" says th' man. "Why, she's his *wife!*" "Oh!" says I.

EDWARD MARSHALL.

## The Upset Price.

*Automobilist*—"Well, how much do you consider yourself damaged?"

*Farmer Brown*—"Wa-al, two hundred dollars is my upset price."



RESPECTFULLY SUGGESTED.

Why not build some of the Carnegie libraries to represent a white elephant?

CASE OF NECESSITY.

"Ah! wizout her I shall die, monsieur.
"H'm! Starvation, I presume?"

# A Good Price for an Old Hat

By Emmett C. Hall

THERE is a lot of fun made of southern 'crackers,'" the man who travels for a Boston shoe house remarked, as he settled himself comfortably in the smoker and lighted a fresh cigar, "but in my rambles through Dixie I have come across one or two that would have made a Connecticut farmer green with envy. There is a dry humor about them, too, derived from their Scotch ancestors, that is more rare in New England.

"I remember one old fellow who stepped on the train as it was passing through a small Arkansas town. The train hadn't stopped, the engineer seeing there were no women folks waiting on the platform. The old fellow, who was long and lanky and carried a hollow-chested carpet-bag, had strolled along behind the train for a while, and then climbed aboard. It was about dark, and he flopped down in a seat, opened the window, put his head near to it and prepared to go to sleep.

"What had attracted my attention had been his hat—the one he wore when he boarded the train. It was a black 'slouch,' about a yard across, and new. His first move on taking his seat had been to remove this roof, place it carefully in the consumptive bag, and substitute a battered affair that looked as though it might have been at the siege of Vicksburg.

"'Wise old duck; don't propose to get that new lid spoiled this trip,' I thought.

"Presently the conductor sauntered into the car, borrowed a chew of tobacco from a man farther up, and came on to where the old farmer was sleeping. He evidently hated to disturb him, for he looked at him for some time and sighed. Then he braced himself and shook him by the shoulder.

"'Ah'll have to ask yo' foh yo' ticket, suh,' he said in a gentle voice.

"The old fellow let out a bass snore, but did not open his eyes.

"'Pahdon me, suh, but yo'll have to wake up,' the conductor said firmly. 'Ef yo' had put yo' ticket in yo' hat-band it wouldn't have been necessary.'

"Still the old fellow did not stir, and I and the conductor came to the conclusion that he was trying to work the old game of simply staving off an accounting till his station was reached, when he would be satisfied to be put off. The conductor looked across at me with an apologetic air.

"'Yo' see, suh, that Ah have done everything Ah could to wake him up gentle?' he asked, and I nodded.

"He then carefully took a large brass pin from his coat and inserted it to a depth of about half an inch in the old farmer's shoulder, at the same time slipping his other hand under the tails of his coat. He was evidently preparing for emergencies.

"When that pin went in, the old fellow gave a yell that had certainly been left over from Pickett's charge, and gave his head a tremendous jerk which sent his old hat flying out of the window into a swamp we were passing.

"'Thought some one of them Bradley boys had stuck a knife in me,' he remarked in a good-natured tone. 'Hope Ah didn't disturb none of yo' gintle*men*?' he added, looking about.

"'Yo'll have to pahdon me foh wakin' yo' up that-a-way,' the conductor said, 'but Ah ain't got yo' ticket yet.'

"The old man reached up for his hat.

"'Whar in hell is my ole hat?' he demanded, feeling of the top of his head with both hands, as if he expected it to be hidden in his hair.

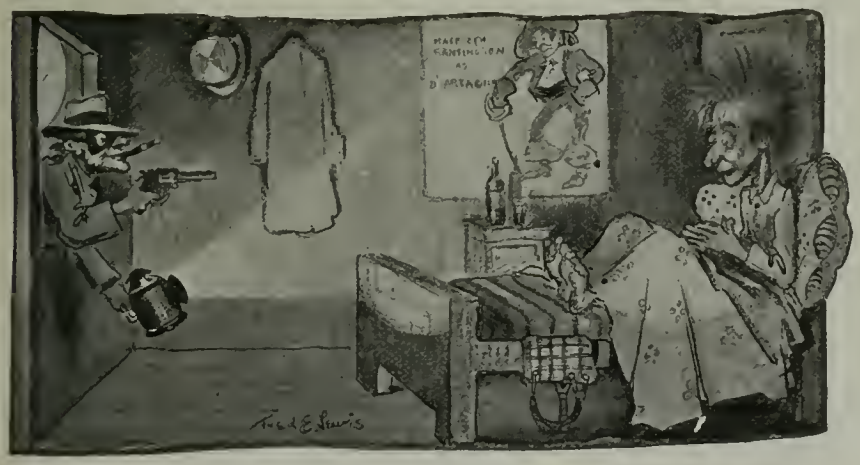
"'Ah'm afraid yo' yanked it outen the window,' the conductor said sorrowfully; 'but encourse, the company 'll buy yo' another, it bein' someways my fault.'

"'Is she plum gone?' the old fellow demanded, a look of dismay spreading over his face.

"'She sho' is—fell right in Blackgum swamp,' the conductor assured him.

"'What am Ah goin' ter do?' the old fellow asked helplessly.

"'Ah done tole yo' the company 'd buy yo' a new one,' the conductor assured him. 'Yo' just make a claim an' Ah'll get it 'proved; but Ah got to go now, we'll be at Smith's Crossin' in 'bout fifteen minutes, an' Jedge Smith tole me last week his wife was goin' to get on to-night, so Ah'll have to ask yo' again foh yo' ticket.'




HIS FAR-OFF ANCESTOR.

ROBBER—"Neighbor, judging from that air picter on the wall, you come from a regular fighting stock, eh?"

MR. A. TREMBLE—"Yes; but I'm afraid I've come too far from them."

"'But my ticket war in the sweat-band of that thar hat, an' she's plum gone,' the old fellow announced tragically. The conductor stood in blank dismay for a minute, then called the brakeman for consultation.

"'Whar was yo' goin' to?' he asked the ticketless one.

"'Gwine ter Little Rock ter see my daughter,' was the reply.

"'Reckon yo' have to pay yo' fare in cash, then,' the conductor announced judicially.

"'But Ah done paid my fair to Little Rock once, an', anyhow, Ah ain't got but eighty-five cents, nohow,' the other protested.

"The whistle sounded for Smith's Crossing, and the conductor, with a hunted look on his face, hurried away to help the Smith women-folks aboard. Presently he returned.

"'Yo' paid one fare to ride to Little Rock, an' yo' have therefo' got a right *to* ride; an' mo'over, yo' say yo' ain't got no fo' dollars and a half to pay cash fare,' he said. 'Ah been an' talked with Bill, the engineer, yo' know, an' he 'lows we is bound to take yo' on. 'Tain't likely none them frogs an' catfish in Blackgum swamp will pick up yo' ticket an' steal a ride with it. Got a chaw about yo', suh?'

"The 'chaw' was handed over, and the old fellow slept the sleep of innocence until we pulled into Little Rock. Then he extracted his new 'slouch' from the unenthusiastic appearing carpet-bag, and, looking at me with twinkling gray eyes, winked deliberately.

"'And I thought I was over seven,' I remarked to myself, but what I said to that old codger was 'Come out and have something.'"

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## A Peep into the Future

IN TIME the possession of wealth became such a common thing that it was no longer a distinction. Society, indeed, was graded thus: The rich at the bottom, the moderately poor on a higher level, the poor almost at the top, and the very poor above all.

It became a common saying—"It is a disgrace for a man to die poor."

Money was so easy to get that it was argued that nobody had the right to refuse to amass his share, thus relieving his brethren of the necessity of caring for more than their portion.

History here began to repeat herself as usual.

John D. Rockefeller the fiftieth was pilloried in the public prints, scathingly arraigned on the platform, bitterly assailed in the pulpit, and mercilessly mocked in cartoons.

It was alleged that he was endeavoring to be poorer than any other man in the world.

"I can't help it," he would say. "It just comes natural to me to be poor and get poorer every day. It is natural selection—it isn't individual effort at all."

At last some sociologists and scientists, by dint of patient research into his genealogy, found that among his ancestors who existed prior to John D. Rockefeller first there had been two or three who were naturally poor.

"It is atavism," was the verdict. "It is an instance of sleeping hereditary characteristics awakening after the lapse of years."

Thereafter the criticism was milder, yet to the day of his death John D. the fiftieth was pointed out as both a curiosity and a good example, because he was the poorest man on earth.

W. D. NESBIT.

## Well, Well!]

"INDEED," the lecturer went on in a quizzical way, "I believe I am justified in asserting that nine women out of ten practically propose to the men they become engaged to. As a test, I would ask all married men in the audience whose wives virtually popped the question to them to arise."

There was a subdued rustle in the auditorium, and in the dense silence that ensued could be heard sibilant feminine whispers in concert, "Just you dare to stand up!"

IN PIONEER DAYS.

FRONTIER SCHOOLMASTER (*thinking a friend is playing a joke on him*)—"Oh, I know you. You're just stringing me."

# The Ladder of Life

I FIRST met Freddy when he was five years old.

"Freddy," I said, "what are you going to be when you grow up?"

"I guess," replied Freddy, "'at me 'll be a p'liceman."

Freddy was a manly little chap of ten years when I saw him again.

"My young friend," I inquired, "does your ambition still lean toward the police force?"

"No, sir," replied the youngster; "I'm going to be an artist and paint pictures. An artist gets a lot of money."

I met Freddy when he was twenty years old. He was a stalwart youth and had just been graduated from the high school.

"Fred," I asked, "what road have you chosen for life's journey?"

"I have selected the road to literary fame," he replied. "I shall write poems and essays, and the world shall palpitate with eagerness to read my productions. I shall become rich and famous."

I left Freddy to struggle with his ambitions, and slowly followed Father Time to the evening of my life. One day as I walked feebly along the street a voice hailed me and an automobile stopped at the curb.

"Why, bless my soul," I exclaimed, "if it isn't Frederick!"

"Yep," cried a portly man of forty odd years. "I'm just trying my new machine. Get in and take a ride?"

"No, thank you, Frederick," I replied. "By the bye, you are looking exceedingly prosperous. Are you a policeman, an artist, or an author?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Frederick, laughing heartily, "I gave up all those youthful fancies and started in to make some money. Haven't you heard? Why, I'm a plumber!"

PERRINE LAMBERT.

## Fate of a Meddler.

IN due time the women came into authority and power in the courts, and the first culprit haled before them for punishment was a man who had spent his life advocating dress-reform for the fair sex.

"Wretch that you are!" decreed the stern lady who presided on the bench, "the decision of the court is that for the term of your natural life you shall be permitted to wear none but waists that button up the back—and that you be compelled to button them yourself."

## Solved.

"I HAVE solved the servant problem," said the woman with the compressed lips and the determined eyes.

"You have?" asked the other person.

"I have. When things get to such a pass that the hired girls want three days out in the week, want the use of the parlor every other night and Sunday afternoon, want me to play soft love-songs while they are entertaining their beaus in the kitchen on other evenings, insist on the privilege of dictating what groceries and meats I shall buy, claim the right to wear my clothes and bonnets, dictate whether or no I shall keep a dog or a child, succeed in having my house decorated and furnished to accord with their tastes, and —— Well, when things are as they are, I am just "——

"Not going to keep servants any longer?"

"Better than that. I am going to hire out as a servant and enjoy life!"

DOUBTFUL.

JONES—"See the wicked artist painting on Sunday."
JENKS—"He might do worse."
JONES (*Scrutinizing picture*)—"I'm not so sure of that.

## An Inventive Genius.

*Subbubs*—"What makes him so unpopular?"

*Borrow*—"He fixed his lawn-mower so you have to drop a nickel in the slot to make it go."

## Proof.

"WHAT reason have you for thinking that the thief who entered your house was a locksmith by trade?" asked the detective.

"Why, I saw him make a bolt for the door," said the victim of the robbery.

THE CENTRE OF GRAVITY.

# The Music of Wagner

THE CURTAIN had gone down on the first act of a strenuous opera by Wagner, and the man in the aisle seat looked around to see what sort of a neighbor he had. It was a man, and a sad-eyed one, with indications of the rural rooster in his plans and specifications. He was disposed to talk, too, and with an introductory cough or two he began.

"Wagner," he said, pronouncing it the way it looks in print, and speaking in the key of "Hark from the Tombs," "kinder makes me feel like sheddin' tears. 'Tain't a sniffly style of music, neither," he added.

"Not exactly," ventured the man on the aisle. "Probably it is because you are of an emotional temperament," he ventured still further, and rashly.

"Mebbe that's got something to do with it," admitted the sad one; "but I guess it's more from recollections."

"Madame de Stael once said that music revives the recollections it would appease," ventured the man again.

"Kind of a case of the hair of the dog bein' good for the bite?" responded the sad one, not quite certain. "But that ain't it. I know what does it."

"Ah?" in a distinct tone of invitation to go on with the story.

THE BEST OF THE SIX.

*Dolly* (the young author)—"Uncle, what are the six best sellers out your way?"

*Uncle Newrick* (of Kansas)—"Can't say ez there are six; but when there's a wind we folks are purty glad if we've got a cyclone-cellar."

POOR GEORGE.

*Mrs. Gruff*—"What did you do, George, when the burglars got into the house?"

*Mr. Gruff*—"Do? Just what they told me. I've never had my own way in this house yet."

"Yes. You see, it was this way: When I was a young man I was leader of a brass band in an Indiana town, an' there was an opposition band in the town across the river. Well, naturally it was up to us to blow it off, so to speak, in a band contest, an' after a good deal of seesawin' an' sparrin' for points, we challenged the other band to a blow-out, as you might say. They took us up, of course, an' for three months we practiced so hard that the White Caps threatened us; but we armed ourselves, an' kept on blowin' to beat the band, as you might say, every night in the week in town, an' went out in the country on Sunday. Then the match came off, an' it was the biggest time in music circles you ever see. The opposition had been puttin' in as much hard labor as we had, an' it was a battle of giants, so to speak. We was nip an' tuck right through the programme, an' the last piece was to decide which was a win. That piece was one of Wagner's best, an' I give my boys notice to blow for all they was worth, if it took a lung. You can't do justice to Wagner with the soft pedal on, an' he calls

for something besides bammy breezes through a horn. The other side played first, an' then our turn come. We started right in on the jump, like a Kansas cyclone broke loose, an' shoved the wind in till it bulged the horns, but it didn't do no good." And the former leader sighed like a hoarse note from an oboe.

"What was the matter?" asked the man on the aisle. "Had your opponents bought up the judges?"

"No, no; that wasn't it." And the leader sighed again. "You see, my musicians was tryin' to do full justice to Wagner while they was knockin' the waddin' out of the opposition, an', dern my gizzard! if they didn't blow their horns so full of pieces of lung that the wind couldn't git through them at all, an' we lost out right on the last turn. We busted our bass-drum, besides. Six of the boys died of tuberculosis of the remains before the year was out, an' I give up the band an' left the state. I just couldn't stand it. Now, when I hear Wag"——

But the curtain went up, and the ex-leader was too much of a musician to continue the conversation.

WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.

## At the Seashore.

*Gerald*—"Weren't we engaged last year?"

*Geraldine*—"I presume so, if you were here when I was."

HIGH FINANCE BEYOND HIM.

"Sam, what would you do if you had a million dollars?"

"Fo' de Lawd's sake! I'm sho' I dunno wot I'd do ef I had a million dollahs; but I know wot I'd do ef I had two dollahs. I've been waitin' two yeahs ter git married."

IF——

"Say, Katie, wouldn't yer like ter have some o' them picters ter hang up if yer had a place ter hang em?"

## The Literary Day.

AN ESSAY on "The Higher Thought,"
A poem, "Light Divine";
Some strong philippics deftly wrought
On "Men who try to shine."

A few critiques upon the bards
Who fancy they are "It,"
And then some questionable yards
Of paragraphic wit.

And though some of these things were bold,
And others quite intense,
Out of the lot I only sold
One joke—price, fifty cents.

EUGENE GEARY.

## His Promise Fulfilled.

"YOU told me," she said with a pout, three months after their marriage, "that you intended to die a bachelor."

"To all intents and purposes," he sadly replied, "I have lived up to my declaration. I am known now merely as my wife's husband."

## An Awful Scare.

THE good folks down at
Oyster Bay,
They had an awful
scare.
The President's clothes
were washed away,
And there was

# Stealing a Multi-millionaire

## By James Raymond Perry

ON ONE of my tours of inspection through the state penitentiary I was attracted by a cheerful-looking prisoner who was humming,

"The mistakes of my life have been many."

"I am glad you have a realizing sense of the error of your ways," I remarked, pausing in front of his cell.

"Governor, can't you get me out of this?" he asked with a grin.

"You don't want to get out, Bill; you know you don't," the warden said. "You enjoy yourself too much here."

"I don't make myself miserable anywhere, Mr. Butler," answered the prisoner; "still, governor," turning to me again, "notwithstanding the extreme comfort, not to say luxury, which I enjoy here, and the many pleasant little attentions shown the guests, I don't think I'd decline a pardon if you should offer it on a silver salver with your best compliments."

The prisoner's tones were not impertinent, his choice of words was satisfying, and after the coarse, dull faces I had just passed, his sunny smile and cheerful manner were a distinct relief.

"What is he here for, Mr. Butler?" I inquired of the warden.

"Burglary, your Excellency."

"It was this way, governor," said the prisoner: "you see, I intended to do one big stroke and then quit the business and be respectable. Do you mind, warden, if I tell the governor?"

"It's for the governor to say," answered Butler; but from the warden's tone I thought he hoped I would listen.

"Go on," I said.

"Thank you, governor," said the prisoner. "I'd been in the business some time, but never liked it overmuch, and, as I say, I thought I'd make one good haul and then quit it altogether and go into something less exciting and not quite so dangerous.

"Well, you know old man Wolf—the richest man in the world, ain't he?—I guess you know him, governor; you ought to."

The prisoner was doubtless referring to a fight I had waged during the past year against certain very wealthy and very corrupt interests in the state. "Yes; I know Wolf," I said. "He isn't quite the richest man in the world, but no matter about that; go on with your story."

"Well, my plan was to kidnap old man Wolf and hold him for a ransom—a million dollars. I suppose he's worth a hundred millions and could spare a million or two and never miss it. Of course the money would be tainted, but men in my profession can't afford to be too particular. I reasoned that if I got a million of his money it wouldn't harm anybody—not even him, considering how much he'd have left—and it might do me a heap of good; among other things, make an honest man of me. So you see my motives were good in the main.

"I studied quite a spell how to do the job before I finally decided on a way. The chief trouble, of course, would be in kidnaping the old fellow—getting hold of him. That done, getting the ransom wouldn't be much trouble. 'You're a burglar, Bill,' I said to myself; 'burglary's your profession, kidnaping isn't; but if you're going into the kidnaping business carry your burglar methods with you. Break into old man Wolf's house some night, chloroform him in bed, and then make off with him the same's you would with any other loot. That's the way to do it. Make use of your experience in your trade whenever you can.' That's what I said to myself, and that's what I decided to do—just walk in and steal him like any other piece of furniture.

"I'd need some one to help me, of course. One man couldn't do a job like that alone. There was a fellow named Bill Evans—you've heard of Bill Evans, warden—who was making quite a stir in the profession about that time. He was an older man, and we young fellows in the business looked up to him as being at the head of the profession. We'd heard great stories about Bill's coolness and daring under trying circumstances. Well, I wished mightily I could get Bill Evans to go in with me on the job. I felt certain 'twas the sort of job that would appeal to Bill. But I didn't know Evans except by reputation—had never seen him, even—and of course I didn't know his address. We don't have our addresses put in the directories, you know, governor. Getting Bill was out of the question, then, so I decided to ask Mike Brady, a likely young dare-devil with lots of horse sense, to go in with me. Mike jumped at the chance, and, not to make too long a story of it, one November night, in the dark of the moon, with a good wind blowing and not a star out, Mike and I crawled into a second-story window of old man Wolf's house. We'd learned which room the old man slept in, and we went straight to his bed. We could hear the old fellow breathing, and in a jiffy we had the chloroform over his mouth and nose.

"'I wonder,' whispered Mike, 'if all millionaires slape wi' their breeches on.' And, sure enough, when we hauled the old fellow off the bed we found he'd got his pants on. There was lots of loot in the room we might have taken, but we didn't. We had about all we could lug, and, besides, we knew if we got a million we wouldn't need any of the stuff we were leaving behind.

"It was a tug getting the old fellow down stairs and out the back door without waking any one, and it took time, because we had to be so careful about it. But we finally got him out and down the road a ways to an automobile we'd hired. We carried him to my house and carted him up into an attic bedroom, where I'd planned to keep him till the ransom was paid.

"It was along in the morning, sometime, before the old fellow came to his senses. Mike and I were ready with our guns if he tried any tricks. He seemed dazed at first, but after two or three minutes his eyes began to roam round the room, and then he sat up in bed suddenly.

"'Better stay quiet right where you are, Mr. Wolf,' I said, my gun pointed at him. 'We don't want to harm you and don't intend to, but you must keep quiet and behave yourself. You see, Mr. Wolf,' I said, 'we've kidnaped you and are going to demand a ransom. Your liberty 'll cost you a million dollars, but what's a million dollars to you?—a mere nothing! We're going to write a letter to your family, and we think you'd better put a note in with it advising them to comply with our demands.'

"The old fellow—come to see him in daylight he didn't look so old—stared while I was talking, and when I finished he haw-hawed right out.

"'Well, if this don't beat the devil!' he howled. 'Why, you're two of the darnedest, freshest kids I ever ran across. Say,' he said, 'do I look as if I was worth a hundred millions? Do I look like old man Wolf? Well, of all the jokes this is the darnedest! Why, say, young fellers, do you know I broke into old man Wolf's house last night and was just getting ready to make off with the stuff when I felt one of my spells coming on — fainting spells — I have 'em every now and then; mighty bad things, too, for a man in my business. I'd just got into some of the old man's pants that I found hanging in the closet when it came on me. I suppose I must have tumbled over onto the bed, and you kids came in and found me there. And you expected to get a million dollars for me! Ha, ha, ha! Why, say, boys, do you know who I am? I'm Bill Evans—Burglar Bill, they call me.'"

"And was it for stealing this Burglar Bill that you were convicted and sentenced?" I asked, as the genial prisoner concluded his highly probable tale.

"Well, partly," he answered. "You see, Bill had on old man Wolf's pants when we took him, and we took the pants. There was a watch and some papers in the pants and Bill Evans said Mike and I might as well have them; we hadn't got anything else that was worth much. Oh, Bill was cute. 'Twas the watch and papers that convicted Mike and me.

"Say, governor, couldn't you manage a pardon? The warden will vouch for my good behavior. Besides, if we hadn't lugged off Bill that night the chances are he'd have lugged away a lot of loot. We really saved old Wolf's property for him, and we ought not to be kept in prison for that. Can't you give me a pardon, considering the circumstances?"

"I'm afraid not to-day," I said; and as we proceeded down the corridor there floated after us, a shade less cheerful than before, the song,

"The mistakes of my life have been many."

"He's a happy rogue," said the warden.

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BROOD over your troubles if you want to hatch disaster.

TWO CAN.

"These nuts," remarked the owl, "are tough;
Digest them very few can.
One really cannot eat such stuff."
The answer, mild, was, "Toucan."

## Good Plan.

"MY DEAR," said the distressed wife to her husband, "the roast is burned to a crisp, and I am at my wits' end to know what to do. Here we have Professor Anlizem to dinner, and he"——

"That's easy enough," interrupted the ingenious husband. "When I serve the roast I will get him into a discussion of the proportion of carbons and proteins and other chemical things in it, and he will become so engrossed in explaining it that he won't notice what he is eating."

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FICTION is simply a case of making a love-story end happily.

CANDID.

JACK—"How is it you lavish so much affection on those dumb brutes?"
EDNA—"For want of something better."

## Progress.

"MAN," said Motor, as he opened the throttle and shoved the lever over to the last speed-notch, "has indeed accomplished many things. Under the spell of this sport's exhilaration I realize, as never before, that we are indeed but little lower than the angels."

"Smash! Zzzzzzzrip!" said the machine.

"By George!" said Motor twenty seconds later, "I was wrong, after all. We're on a level with them now and will be above them in another second."

## Foreign Titles.

*Auditor*—"But why do you call your lecture 'Radium' when you don't mention that article at any stage of the evening's talk?"

*Lecturer*—"Well, knowing the fondness of the American people for foreign titles, I made one bold stroke for popularity by choosing a title as foreign as possible to my lecture."

## What Punctured It.

"THAT awfully cold night," went on the explorer, "I slept on a newfangled something they called a pneumatic mattress, made out of rubber—blowed up like a football, you know, only a different shape—that is, I went to sleep on that thing, but woke up in the middle of the night flat on the ground, with all the air escaped. You see, the weather had turned even colder in the night, and the goose-pimples that came out on my body had punctured the rubber. What?"

## Why She Sulked.

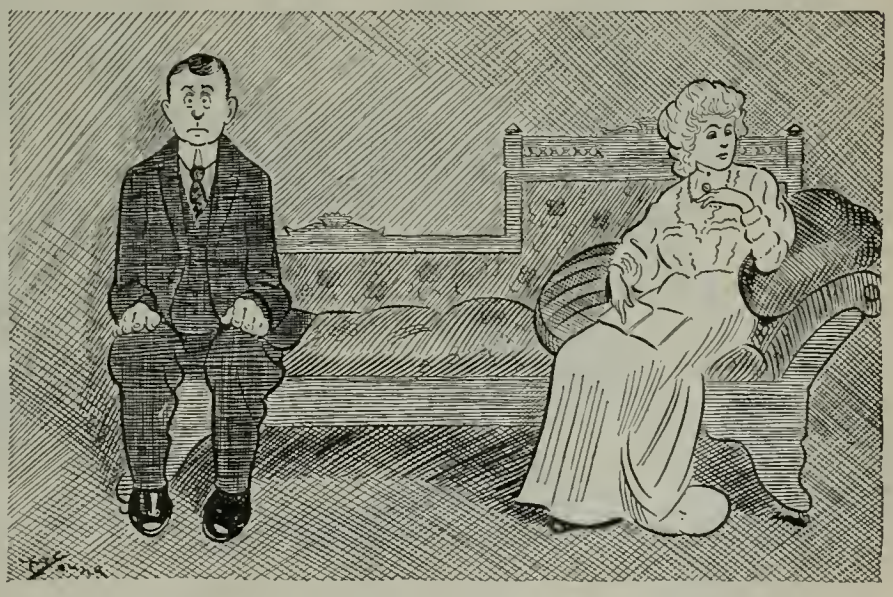
*Lovey* (on waking in the morning)—"Dovey, I dreamed that I wasn't married to you. Do you ever dream, Dovey, that oo iddent married to me?"

*Dovey* (sleepily)—"No-o-o! It's been years and years since I had a really pleasant dream."

Dovey is wondering why Lovey didn't speak to him again that day.

## The Lining.

EVERY cloud has a silver lining. The man with insomnia doesn't keep other folks awake with his snoring.



STRUCK OUT.

TIMID HENRY—"I seen a feller with a wooden leg to-day, Hattie; it must be terrible to have a wooden leg."
HATTIE—"Oh, I don't know; it isn't as bad as having a wooden arm."

## The Remnants Were There.

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS, of Baltimore, the highest Catholic prelate in America, has a keen sense of humor. Recently he was the guest of a layman friend, Frank Murphy, in Roland Park, Baltimore's most beautiful residence suburb. In the Murphy home is a butler of Mrs. Partingtonian proclivities, and on the church dignitary's former informal visits to the Murphy home its mistress had been under the necessity of reminding the obtuse servant that the distinguished guest was to be addressed always as "your eminence."

On the present occasion, when the cardinal rang the bell, the man of impassive countenance answered, received the card, and, turning, announced to Mrs. Murphy, "Please, mum, your remnants has came."

No one enjoyed the joke more thoroughly or laughed more heartily at it than did the genial cardinal himself.

## Where It Stopped.

ABOVE one of the elevators on the ground floor of the Empire building at Rector Street and Broadway there is a sign which reads: "No stop above the eleventh floor." Recently a rustic Jerseyman with his wife was in the building looking for some way to get up stairs, and the sign caught his eye.

"Look at that sign, will you, Mary?" he said, pointing at it as he held Mary by the arm.

"Yes, I see it, Henry," she replied patiently; "what of it?"

"Well, I don't know. Wait till I ask the man." And he went up to the dispatcher. "Say, mister," he inquired, "if the dern thing don't stop above the 'leventh floor, how fer does it go?"

## Southern Slavery.

THE Louisville drummer had been reading the political news, and after making a few incongruous remarks on sectional differences and other things not germane to the issue, he turned to the drummer from Maine selling spruce-gum by the car-load to make gum shoes out of.

"Did you—or any of you Yankees—know that they are still selling 'niggers' down south?" he asked.

"No, we don't know it, because it is not so," replied the spruce-gum drummer.

"Well, I say yes," insisted the first speaker. "I saw a man in a Kentucky town not two weeks ago sell a colored boy."

"Come off," protested the Maine man.

"I tell you I did," the other persisted. "And that is not all," he continued with confidence; "I made inquiry and he has been doing it right along for ten years. I reckon he must have sold a dozen or two 'niggers' in that time. Maybe more."

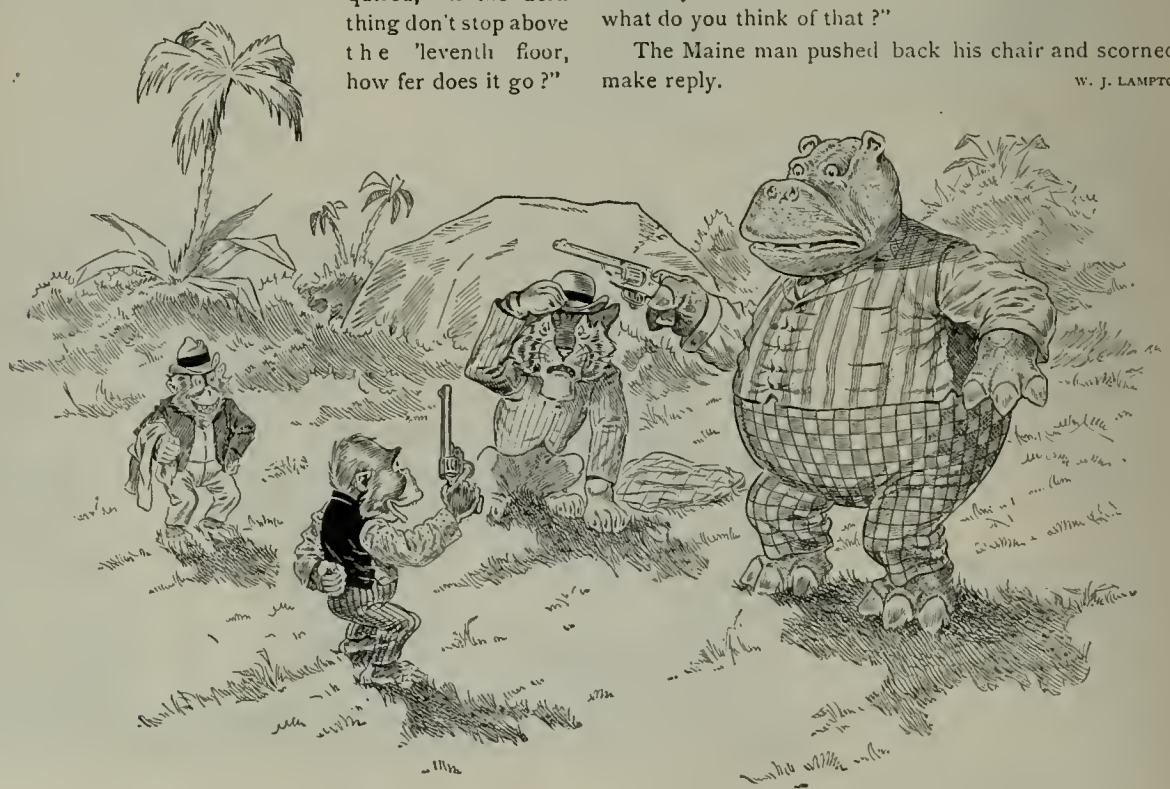
This sort of testimony was having its effect and the Maine man became more interested.

"Tell me about it," he said. "I have a brother who runs a Republican newspaper, and I'll give the facts to him and let him work them up into campaign material."

"Well," and the Louisville drummer drew his chair up close and became very confidential, "the man's name is Jenkins, and he is a coal-dealer. He has darky drivers for his carts, and I'll be blamed if he doesn't sell half of one of those drivers every time he sells a load of coal, and he has been doing it, as I have said, for ten years. Sells them by the bushel, too—fifteen cents a bushel. Now what do you think of that?"

The Maine man pushed back his chair and scorned to make reply.

W. J. LAMPTON.



WHO'S GOING TO GET HURT IN THIS DUEL?

MR. HIPPO—"You don't want to get so far off that I can't see you."
MR. MONK—"No; and I don't want to get so near that you'll fall on me, either."

# Life's Little Inadequacies

WE HEAR much of life's little ills. They are the petty miseries for which there seems to be neither remedy nor compensation. They are almost causeless, so trivial are their sources, and they operate in such eccentric orbits that neither their goings nor their comings may be calculated or foreseen. Life's little inadequacies may be similarly described. A little attention will make clear what we have in mind. For the big wrongs we humans suffer at the hands of each other, our own natures and the law provide remedies which we are in the habit of considering adequate. This Henry James circumlocution is necessary if we are to proceed with this matter with anything like accuracy and thoroughness. We say we are in the habit of considering the common remedies for the big wrongs adequate. In point of fact, there are no adequate remedies for any wrongs, big or little. When a ruffian murders us we go to law and have the murderer hanged. That seems to be a pretty adequate averaging up of the grief, and the world looks upon the transaction as closed. The law is satisfied, justice is upheld, society is safeguarded—the whole thing seems to be balanced and trued to a standard. But what it all amounts to is this, that we remain murdered, and take no interest whatever in the exercises incident to leveling up the experience and passing round an equal portion of calamity to our murderer.

GRETCHEN BREAKS IN ON A STOLEN NAP.

1. "Chuck! chuck! chuck!"

2. "Vat hungry chicks!"

Nevertheless, as the world goes, the mountainous ills, the bulbous and violent encroachments on our rights, the invasions upon our properties, have remedies at law. But see what an army of little offenses war upon our peace and comfort every day against which we are weaponless.

For example: we belong to the tribe known as commuters. A German historian (Geschichtegewohnlichschreibtegesellschaften, or something like that) has lately put forth the interesting theory that the commuters are the lost Ten Tribes of Israel. We think the German is right. But that is aside from the purpose. As we go and come, aiming at a certain train each morning and evening, we naturally fall in with the same lost Israelites more or less. Now some of these people are grateful to the eye; they have a cheerful, healthy look. (We are speaking in comparative terms. No commuter could look absolutely cheerful.) Some are less or more cheerful. These it is a pleasure to see day by day. You never speak to them. The lost tribes are very reserved and offish about speaking to each other. We might discourse at length on the advantage of beginning each day's work with these morning glances at pleasant appearing people.

Consider what a shock it is to a sensitive, particular sort of a person to have to begin the day with matin views of a different sort of people. For example again, we run in with a man every morning who wears a toothpick behind his ear. This to us is intolerable. For a while we did not mind it; but the thing grew on us. Try as we might to avoid the toothpick person, we could not. There he was before us, the first man we saw, every day. If we missed our train, he missed his. If we got an earlier train, something had started him ahead of the schedule. And always, there was that toothpick behind his ear. He would come into the car and sit in front of us, and work his jaws and make that toothpick pendulate and quiver and gesticulate. We have come to have the fiercest kind of a malice for this man. We speculate by the hour on the kind of man he must be. We conclude that he is a wife-beater, and then recoil at the thought that any woman would have him. Then we figure that he is a robber and a thief, but robbers and thieves are not necessarily lost souls, and we are satisfied that our toothpick man is a lost soul. We often try to imagine what the views of a man must be who will wear a toothpick behind his ear, and then berate ourself for being misled into thinking that such a man has a brain.

It is one of life's little inadequacies that the law provides us with no weapon against this man. We would not want to murder him, for we would hate to be known as the man who murdered a person who wore a toothpick behind his ear. We could never take any pride in a

2. THE SLEEPER—"Say, can't you let a man get a little rest?"

homicide of that character. When we murder a person we want it to be a person of standing, a person in our own class, a person we can vouch for. We would never stoop to murder anybody. We have thought the matter over by the hour, and we have come to feel helpless in the face of this human toothpick. We do not want to commit assault and battery upon him. We cannot throw him out of the car window. We suppose we must stand him and his toothpick to the end of our commutership.

P. W.

## An Optimistic Thought.

WHEN a jealous man who doesn't amount to anything shoots somebody who doesn't amount to anything for being too attentive to a woman who doesn't amount to anything, why should anybody who does amount to anything get excited about it?

THE INVENTORY THAT CHEERS.

MRS JONES—"Whatever have we got ter be thankful fer, Silas?"

MR. JONES—"Wa-al, th' mortgage hez bin foreclosed on th' farm, so we hain't got ter pay no more interest an' taxes; th' autermobile 's bin attached fer debt, so we hain't got ter worry about that no more; Johnny Smith hez thrown over our daughter Sal, so we won't have him ter support. Great Scott, Maria! we've got everything ter be thankful fer."

## Her Offense.

THE despondent damsel had been apprehended in the very act of drinking carbolic. The speedy work of skilled physicians saved her life. The physicians afterward admitted that they had saved it. An officious constable arrested her on the ground of attempted suicide. Then a wise man present interfered and said,

"I object to this high-handed procedure. If this person is to be seized on any charge, it should be as a violator of the pure-food law."

"How so?" exclaimed every one in unison.

"Because she was putting acid inside 'er."

Whereupon the crowd released the woman and with one accord hanged the author of the pun.

## The Usual Way.

*The tourist*—"Were there not a lot of people killed in a recent wreck near the station we just passed?"

*The conductor*—"Yes; forty killed yesterday. But how did you know there had been a wreck?"

*The tourist*—"A natural inference. As we passed I noticed a gang of workmen installing safety-signal devices."

## This Rapid Age.

*Fair bargaineer*—"I want a pair of shoe-strings, some hairpins, half a dozen handkerchiefs, and a belt-buckle. I have to catch a train in fifteen minutes, and I am in a great hurry."

*Floor-walker*—"Take the elevator to the eleventh floor for the shoe-strings. The hairpin department is on the second. You will find the handkerchiefs in the extreme rear of the seventh floor and the belt-buckles are in the basement."

## At the Minstrels.

"MR. TAMBO," remarks the middleman, "I have a very important question to propound this evening. Can you tell me why a financially-embarrassed man resembles a canine?"

"No, Mr. Centerpiece; Ah can't tell yo'," says Mr. Tambo. "Why am a f'nancially-'barrassed man laik a kanine?"

"Because," replies the middleman, "he never has any money in his pants. I guess that will hold you while our charming tenor, Mr. Caruso Highsee, sings the beautiful and pathetic ballad, 'Her Raven Locks Have Turned to Gold.'"

Mr. Highsee rises majestically, puts one hand behind him, hangs his thumb over a vest-button, and begins, "The old farm-house is waiting"——

"Look yere!" shouts Mr. Tambo. "Jes' suppose de f'nancially-'barrassed man wears pants wid checks in 'em?"

## Ingenuous Lad.

"SO you want a position?" asked the business man of the bright-faced youth. "What can you say in your favor?"

"Sir," replied the earnest lad, "I was given letters of recommendation by our pastor, by my Sunday-school teacher, by the president of the W. C. T. U., and by my grammar-school teacher, and"——

"There, that will do. I am afraid we have no place for"——

"But I tore their letters up, sir. I thought that the best recommendation would be to work a week and then you could get a line on my future speed."

"Good boy! You're engaged."

# "It's a Bir'rd"

## By Joel Benton

IT HAPPENED a generation and more ago. And it's a true relation.

It was in the days when the predatory tramp as we now know him—of frequent criminal propensity—did not exist. The road peripatetic who preceded him was commonly one who traveled peacefully to find work, and there are those still living who remember him.

Of this faded type were Mike and Pat. They had recently arrived from the Emerald Isle, and had come to America for worldly advantage. Several jobs of a temporary sort they had already found, and when one was finished they started out on the rustic highway to hunt for another.

This was not always easy to find, and on a certain summer day they arrived, sore-footed and hungry, after a long and fruitless walk, at a thrifty country village. Some joint instinct prompted them to pause and rest there on the road lawn, under a shady tree. They were not far from the best hotel and were near homes of the well-to-do. It was, perhaps, eleven-thirty by the clock. Out of the chimneys came rich and inviting odors of meals soon to be served, but they had no possible idea of where they could get even a bun or a biscuit—for they were not beggars, and were unfinanced.

Their plight was getting strenuous, if not to say serious. They could sing of dinners the familiar song, "Thou art so near and yet so far," but not get one.

Pat said, "Begorra, Mike, I'm hungry."

"And faith," says Mike, "and so am I."

Then there were long, meandering thoughts between them. Mike, in particular, kept up a deep meditation, when, after a considerable pause, he brightened up and said, "Pat, I've got it."

Seeing a small water turtle move out of the grass which had been its place of concealment, disturbed, no doubt, by unwelcome neighbors, Mike ran forward, and, throwing his handkerchief over it and picking it up, said again, "Pat, I've got it."

What he had got was an idea. "Pat," said he, "you stay here until I whistle and call ye."

There was no doubt Mike was hungry. He made good time in reaching the hotel bar-room. Sitting there, of course, was a group of three or four leisurely countrymen who have all the time there is for gossip and discussion. No such place ever lacks such a group.

Mike strided up to the bar, and dropping the turtle on it out of his handkerchief, said,

"And what sort of a bir'rd is this?"

"It is no sort of a bird at all," said a forward one of the group. "Why do you call it a bird?"

"It's a bir'rd; it's a bir'rd!" said Mike.

"And it isn't a bird," said another.

"You sassy spalpeen," said Mike, "it's a bir'rd!"

Then the others got up, with animation, and took a hand, or a tongue, in the dispute.

They all shouted that it was not a bird, that it was a turtle, and that Mike was a fool. But Mike didn't care for majorities, and only asseverated in his richest brogue all the louder, "It's a bir'rd; it's a bir'rd!"

The scene was rather long drawn out and became very nearly tumultuous. Meantime Pat had moved nearer to the hotel, and Mike and Pat were now really hungry.

Very soon a member of the group moved up closer to Mike and yelled, "It's a turtle!" But Mike kept the air hot with, "Ye can't fool me; it's a bir'rd; it's a bir'rd!"

THE GAMELESS AMATEUR.

FARMER—"Hey, you! There ain't no shootin' here!"
THE BOY—"They ain't, ain't they? Say, are you deaf?"

"But how are you going to prove it?" said one of his opponents.

"Why," said Mike, "I'll leave it to the very first man who comes in. And I'll bet you two dinners it's a bir'rd!"

"Very well," said they all; "we'll do it."

Then Mike went out the door and softly whispered. Pat came up at once, and was instantly posted by Mike as to the momentous decision impending, when they immediately entered the hotel.

The whole assemblage gathered about the bar in due order, and, with judicial solemnity. Mike was of course the inquisitor.

"We've met, stranger," says Mike, "to find out what this thing is. No matter what who or anybody thinks, we differ, and have agreed to leave it to you. Tell us, and you'll have a good dinner."

"Why, that's too easy," said Pat. "It's a bir'rd, sure, and nothing else."

There was a crestfallen crowd when this decision came, but two hungry men had a good dinner, and something more. The landlord gave them a job, and was so pleased with Mike and his native wit and resourcefulness that he kept him in service about the hotel and grounds, and afterward—when he moved to another town—until the end of his days. Although he left the rural village very soon, to take a bigger hotel in one of the midway cities on the Hudson, Mike went with him, and soon got there the reputation of being a unique character. "He's a bir'rd, sure," they all said.

HIS LAST WORDS.

THE TURKEY—"I hope you and your whole durned family 'll have indigestion!"

## A Relief Movement.

"SIR," said the aggrieved music-teacher to the philanthropist who lived in the apartment beneath him, "you agreed to pay me for all my time provided that I devoted it only to the pupils you should send me."

"I did," acknowledged the philanthropist pleasantly.

"You gave me to understand it was in connection with your work along certain lines of relief."

"That is tru

"Yet the only pupils you have sent me are armless people, who cannot possibly use a piano."

"I know. I may have omitted to mention that I was doing this for my own relief."

## A Parent's Difficulties.

"WHAT are you crying for, Bertie?"

"I wish I had a little boy to play with me."

"You're too big now to cry for some one to play with."

"Well, then, get me a wife."

## Popular Refrains for Family Use.

*Model—"Everybody Works but Father."*

EVERYBODY works but mother. She sits around all day
Reading and talking nonsense, passing the hours away;
Getting up stuff on Ibsen, taking in guff on Shaw—
Everybody works at our house but my ma-maw.

Everybody works but brother, sophomore he at Yale;
Nothing to do all day long but just keep out of jail.
Taking a course in yelling, studying to be a "sub"—
Everybody works at our house but my old bub.

Everybody works but sister. Sister 's a sort of Squidge,
Morning, noon and evening playing the game of bridge.
Breakfast, dinner, luncheon, back to the game again—
Everybody works at our house but Sister Jane.

Everybody works but auntie. She spends her time at church,
Talking about the neighbors. out on a scandal search;
Filling her soul with worries o'er other people's biz—
Everybody works at our house but my Aunt Liz.

Everybody works but baby, yelling from morn till night,
Smashing our brand-new china, skinning the cat on sight;
Poking his mother's eyes out, pulling his nurse's nose—
Everybody works at our house but pinky-toes.

Nobody works but father. He goes to town each day,
Trying to earn the ducats, family bills to pay;
Has to walk to the station, dodging the butcher-man—
Nobody works at our house like my old man.

WILBERFORCE JENKINS.

## In Liquidation.

BEDFORD, Indiana, has a murder case certainly qualified to provoke showers of tears, as there are mentioned in connection therewith a man named Tanksley and a Miss Rainey.

# The Angel Child's Lesson

THE penurious parent had been instructing the angel child in the art of saving. The angel child had listened dutifully, and when the P. P. presented it with a patent savings-bank the A. C. agreed to put all the nickels he got into the bank.

At the end of a week of persistent begging from the other members of the family the A. C. gazed into the patent bank and discovered that he had four dollars and ninety cents.

"Oh, papa!" said the A. C., its dimpled physiognomy erupted with smiles. "I need only two more nickels to have the required five dollars. Have I not been a good boy to not spend them one by one as I used to do?"

"You have, my child," replied the P. P. proudly, "and to show you that the reward of economy is a comfortable bank account, I will now give you the money to fill your bank. It can then be opened and your money placed in the big bank down town."

Saying which he handed the A. C. two nickels, and the little one danced away happy.

"This only goes to show," said the P. P. to his yoke mate, "that the inculcation of right ideas cannot begin too soon with children. It is merely the forerunner of a great and glorious career for our child; and I feel that he will look back upon this moment in his after years, and remember with pride the fact that I taught him the first principles of good citizenship."

Having gotten which sentiment out of his system, the P. P. fell to perusing the financial gossip of the *Evening Exciter*.

And meanwhile the angel child, having pushed the two coins into the bank, gave it the proper twist and dumped the contents into his hat. Then he proceeded to sneak around the corner, gather up ten or fifteen of his alley acquaintances, and blow them off to soda, candy, ice-cream and cubeb cigarettes at the nearest confectionery, returning home with an empty bank but a full stomach.

Moral: You can't teach a young dog old tricks.

JACK APPLETON.

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IT'S a pretty sight to see a girl blush when she really has nothing to blush over.

THE NAIVETE OF ART.

By Jove, Miss Naseby! your coloring is exquisite—superb. I wish you could afford to have me paint your portrait."

NOT ENOUGH DANGER TO BE INTERESTING.

MR. SHOFER—"I'm afraid, my dear, you'll find the next few miles awfully stupid."
MRS. SHOFER—"How's that?"
MR. SHOFER—"We'll be able to see everybody that's coming."

## The Caustic Boarder.

"WELL," said the hotel proprietor, "I must go out to the race-track this afternoon and see if I can clean up a little stake."

"If I were you," said the caustic boarder, "I would stay here and see if I couldn't clean up the little steak served every meal at this table. It sure needs it."

Whereupon the proprietor went out and added three dollars for extras to the caustic boarder's bill.

## The Inertia of Jones.

"WHAT do you suppose is the cause of Jones getting on in the world so slowly?"

"Pure laziness. That man would actually rather pay rent than move."

## Nature Study versus Geography.

ALL the wiles known to pedagogy being exhausted in an effort to make the class name the most southern cape of South America, the teacher asked disgustedly,

"What do cows have?"

A hand waved frantically in her face.

"Calves!" was the eager reply.

## Logically.

*Naggsby*—"They tell me that when the packers find a lot of beef and pork offal that is rapidly approaching the spoiled stage the stuff is minced, potted, and called chicken."

*Waggsby*—"That is, when it becomes foul they label it chicken."

IMPUDENCE.

FARMER BACKUP—"I want ten cents' wuth o' stamps."

ALECK SMART (*the new clerk*)—"What denomination?"

FARMER BACKUP—"I'm a Baptist; but I don't know as it's enny o' your business."

## Business Is Business.

"HOW'S business?' I said to a butcher I met
While out for a stroll on the street.
"Well, sometimes it's tough, but by chopping," he said,
"I manage to make both ends meat."

I spoke to an author, a cheerful young chap,
Whose life seemed exceedingly bright.
"How goes it?" I asked; and he promptly replied,
"Oh, everything seems to be write."

"You're looking quite well," to a broker I said,
Whom I sat beside in a car.
"Don't take any stock in my health," he replied;
"I'm feeling away below par."

My tailor I met on a prominent street.
"Good-morning!" I said; "you look cute."
"Why shouldn't I, pray," he replied with a smile,
"When every one 's easy to suit?"

"Ah, doctor, good-morning! How goes it with you?"
I asked with a smile on the side.
"Oh, I'm going along in the same old way,
Enjoying bad health," he replied.

I said to the man who makes automobiles,
"It isn't quite proper to frown."
"I know it's dead wrong," he replied with a pout.
"The fact is, I'm all broken down."

PERRINE LAMBERT.

## Smoke Rings.

CONSIDERING how long ago they had their last real scrap, those Cubans seem remarkably little out of practice.

Germany, says a foreign dispatch, has become the premier bee country of Europe. That buzzing in the Kaiser's bonnet is now explained.

Not much use bothering with spelling reform, just when the Esperanto congress is putting the finishing touches on a brand-new universal language.

## Love's Answer.

"CAN you cook, darling?" asked her fiancé eagerly, for he was no Crœsus.

"Can I cook?" she sneered. "Do you suppose I'd be silly enough to marry a poor clerk if I could make forty dollars a month and my board?"

## The Scheme of the Patent-medicine Man.

HE arrived in the town at four p. m. He had until six, a sheer stretch of two hours, to devise some plan by which every person in the place should know of the merits of the celebrated Quickem and Quillem Pills. But two hours was ample. He had time to spare. By six o'clock dozens of violet-scented notes were flying to as many prosperous young married men of the place. The notes were identical and read :

"Dear Mr.——: I know you will think me a very dreadful person, but I am going to yield to a sudden temptation and write you. I saw you on the street yesterday. A mutual friend told me your name, and I lound your address in the directory. If you think you would care to meet me, I will be at —— this evening at eight o'clock. I will surely be there. I hope you will not disappoint me. —Miss D——."

Did the scheme work? It did. By noon the next day three wives had consulted their lawyers ; another went home to mamma. Her physician is treating a bride of a fortnight for hysteria. Two women bought horsewhips at a harness-store ; two others purchased pistols at a pawnshop. One married man went to his office with a pair of black eyes and several bumps on his head. The telegraph-office received messages signed "Mother-in-law," of which one read, "Your conduct is outrageous," and another ran, "Villain, meet me on the four p. m. train to-day." The next day the patent-medicine man owned up that he was the artificer of this brilliant scheme. He seemed to be proud of it. Then it was his victims' turn. They had but two hours to accomplish their work. But it was enough. They had time to spare. At six p. m. a gentleman with something of the feathery aspect of a bird and a subtle flavor of tar emerged across the town line in a northwesterly direction and hurried into a thick piece of woods in an earnest spirit of exodus.

## Tommy Gets Informed.

"PAW?"

"Yes, Tommy."

"What is Roquefort?'

"Spoiled cheese, my son.'

"And what is Limburger?"

"Spoiled Roquefort."

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*Waggsby*—"Once there was an Orangeman at a Hibernian picnic."

*Naggsby*—"Well, go on with the story."

*Waggsby*—"That is all there is of it."

*Naggsby*—"It's mighty short."

*Waggsby*—"But just as long as the Orangeman's stay at the picnic."

## In Racing Terms.

"HE liked her fairly well, but never dreamed of proposing until he first saw her in evening-dress."

"Won by a neck, I suppose."

## Jersey Wisdom.

*First mosquito*—"Say, Spiker Bill, king of the drill-gang, says he knows a place where even fat people sleep without covering and with the screenless windows raised to the limit."

*Second mosquito*—"Say, my boy, don't you know any better than to listen to the hot air of these get-rich-quick sharks?"

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"WHO are the F. F. V.'s?"

"Frenzied Finance Victims."

AND HE DID.

SAINT PETER—"Well, Jones, you're here rather earlier than I expected, and why such mirth?"

JONES—"You see—tee, hee!—Jinkins told me such a funny story that I thought I'd die laughing."

## A Fly-paper Fancy.

THE man with a shiny pate sat contemplating most cheerfully a sheet of fly-paper placed where it was doing yeoman service in the capture of its natural enemy. The man watched the struggles of the captives, rubbing his hands and his head and chuckling unctuously. With every new captive he laughed in fiendish glee.

"That's right," he gurgled joyously to the helpless, fluttering flies; "now you're getting what you deserve. You thought that nice, smooth surface was my head, didn't you? You buzzed brutally over it and then settled down to a steady diet of human blood, didn't you? But you didn't get it, did you? Oh, no; you didn't get it. Fly-paper ain't a bald head, no matter if it does shine and look tempting. And human blood doesn't stick like that shiny stuff does, either. No, no, Mr. Fly. You're up against a totally different proposition, and you're so tight up against it that you won't get away again. Stick it out, old chap. Perseverance is a good thing. Buzz and break your darn neck if you want to, and pull your legs out by the roots. I'm not butting in. This is no mix of mine. I'm not brushing you off as I would if you had found what you were looking for. Oh, no; I'm not slapping at you and swearing. I'm taking things easy and seeing you have the time of your life. That's right; dab down on it and get off again, only to come back and stick for good. That's the way you do when you light on my head and I shoo you away. But you don't care for me, do you? You come right back again worse than ever and pump your blamed bill right into me. But you don't do it that way to the fly-paper, do you? Fly-paper is so different. When you give that a little tap and are off again to come back, when you think your victim hopes you have departed for good, you don't get away so p. d. q. do you? You confounded, torturing old Indian, you're getting what's coming to you and I'm feeling better. By gravy! it's beautiful to watch you writhe and twist and lick your paws and bang your wings around. Keep it up, old chap; keep it up. That's the way you would do if you were on my bald head, only you would go home happy when your revelry was over. But you don't go home now, do you? No, siree; you've come to stay, and I hope you will. There's nothing like sticking to a thing. Good for you! Tell all your friends to come, for I want the whole bunch of you. There's another one—two more—and they are sticking to the paper like a sick kitten to a hot brick. Oh, say, how good my head feels when I can see the way you are making mistakes. Now keep right at it. Keep busy. I'll be back after a while and look at you some more. I'm going off now to have a nice quiet, flyless nap. See?"

W. J. LAMPTON.

A GENEROUS REFLECTION.

"Mag, I was t'inkin': When we gits married and I croaks what a stunnin' widow you'll make when you gits me life-insurance."

## An Opportunity for Rest.

WE come upon the Idle Rumor, taking its ease in a quiet spot.

"How now?" we say with an air of chiding. "Why this lack of industry? This is no way to get along in the world—lying around like a sluggard, as though there were nothing for you to do."

"I was quite busy yesterday," yawns the Idle Rumor; "but to-day I can loaf all I like."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. You see, this morning they began denying me."

## Lucky at That.

"DURING the first year of our married life my husband would call me up by long-distance 'phone every day when he had to be away from home."

"Doesn't he do so any more?"

"Mercy, no! The only means I have of hearing from him is through the picture postal-cards he sends the children."

ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. GREENING.

THE way Mose Beesnaper came to contract for the new addition to his clearing, up along the old Passadanky, was that Job Jeffers wanted to move to a place nearer the county seat, so that young Sam Hough, who was courting Job's daughter Sally, wouldn't have so far to go to do his courting. Sam was clerk in a store at the county seat, and had begun to complain some that it was a little wearing on his constitution to drive in ten miles to Job's two or three times a week to court Sally, and then get back in time to take down the shutters at the store early next morning; and Job had got it into his head that it wasn't so much the driving the ten miles in and back that was setting Sam to getting weak on coming to see Sally as it was Peleg Diller's snappy, red-haired daughter Betty, who lived only four miles from the county seat.

And Job wanted Sam in the family for reasons of his own independent of Sally's longings in the matter. Sam owned a good piece of hoop-pole land, and Job was calculating that if Sam was in the family it would naturally fetch the hoop-pole property along with him; and hoop-poles were getting to be a better and better crop every year as they got scarcer. So Job set about getting rid of his clearing so that he could buy one that Jonas Grimes had to sell, only three miles from the county seat, the first one below Peleg Diller's, so as to shut out the snappy, red-haired Betty, and leave Sam no further excuse that his traveling to see Sally was wearing him out.

Job disposed of all his old clearing but the potato lot. That lot joined Mose Beesnaper's place. Mose wanted the lot like Sam Hill, he told Job, but saw no way to buy it.

"Why, ding it, Mose," said Job, "I only want forty dollars fer it."

"Yes," replied Mose, "but you hain't got an idee that every time I grub out a stump I find forty dollars in the hole, have you?"

"Well, no," said Job. "I don't s'pose you do. But all I want is twenty dollars down, and t' other twenty dollars in a year. Can't you skeer up twenty dollars?"

Mose thought that maybe he could, and by digging and scraping he managed to do it, and took possession of the potato lot, and Job bought the Jonas Grimes clearing and moved down to within three miles of the county seat.

It came along within three weeks of the time that the other twenty dollars was due on the potato lot, and Mose Beesnaper was wondering how he was ever

"SAT DOWN ON THE WOODPILE AND SHOUTED 'GLORY!'"

"'BANG!' WENT A GUN."

going to get the money together, because his best ox had died only a few days before, and he had had to buy a new one; and a pig that he had expected to raise a good part of the money on had been stolen by a bear, and the prospects of the potato crop were looking anything but promising. While Mose was deep in his cheerless pondering, who should come along but Job Jeffers!

"Mose," said he, falling to business at once, "Sam and Sally was married yisterday, and Sam is hooked on to the family, but somehow Sam don't consider that the hoop-pole tract was hooked on at the same time, for he tells me that Bill Losey has made him an offer o' seventy-five dollars fer it, and that unless I want it bad enough to come up with that figure, why, he'll have to let it go to Bill. The deal has got to be closed to-morrer, too, and I'm shy jest ten dollars. Now, Mose, if you'll scrape up ten dollars fer me by to-morrer, the 'tater lot is your'n, clean and clear!"

Here was a chance to make ten dollars and get a deed to the potato lot at the same time, and although Mose saw no more chance to raise ten dollars than he did to raise one hundred dollars, he told Job he would "scuffle 'round and see." Job went home, and Mose sat down to his pondering again. Just before Job had come along Mose had told his boy Tim to take the gun and go out on the ridge.

"Mebbe you kin knock over a deer," said he. "And mebbe you mowt run ag'in that consarned thievin' bear that stole our pig."

Tim had gone, and while Mose sat there pondering and scheming how he was to raise that ten dollars a stranger drove up.

"Hullo!" said he. "Got any 'taters to sell?"

"Yes," replied Mose; "but they ain't dug."

"Dig 'em then!" exclaimed the man. "I want twenty bushel o' 'taters, and I want 'em when I come back this way at six o'clock. And I'll pay you fifty cents a bushel fer 'em, cash in hand."

"That'll be the ten dollars, by hokey!" shouted Mose, jumping up so quick that he scared the man almost out of his wagon. "You kin have 'em!"

The man said all right, and drove on, looking back at Mose a little suspiciously though. Mose hurried and got his hoe and was beginning to dig, when suddenly he dropped the hoe and gritted his teeth.

"Twenty bushel!" he exclaimed. "Why, great Peter! A feller that kin dig twenty bushel o' 'taters in half a day is doin' somethin' that he kin brag on till kingdom come, and here it's after two o'clock and I got to have twenty bushel dug by six! Ding that shiftless boy Tim! Why ain't he here to help his poor old pap, instead o' runnin' 'round the country with a gun?"

But Mose seized his hoe again and dug away, and he declared that he would have had the potatoes dug and time to spare if it had not been for Jep Stark.

Jep Stark drove the tannery bark wagon, and every morning while he was eating his breakfast before starting for the woods his wife put up his dinner in a pail that held a bounteous supply; for Jep had what the tannery men called an amazin' wide appetite. This particular morning he told his wife to put up an extra lot of pork in the bucket, because he was expecting Evander Pool to help him load bark and share his dinner. From all that they say, Jep's wife must have followed instructions and more, but for some reason Evander did not show up to help Jep that day. "And a mighty lucky thing it was fer me, too!" said Jep.

By the time Jep got his bark loaded and had driven out to the road it was dinner time. He let the mules jog along, and he opened his bucket. He had just begun to eat when a big bear came out of the woods at one side of the road, only a couple of paces behind the wagon. The bear was going on his way, but he looked so hungry that Jep, being a good-hearted chap, tossed him a piece of his pork from the pail. The bear stopped and ate the pork, and liked it, of course. He liked it so well that he followed the wagon, and followed it so close that Jep tossed

him another piece of pork. The bear swallowed it in a jiffy and followed on.

Jep thought he had done enough for the bear and paid no more attention to him—that is, not until the bear began to climb up the ranks of bark at the hind end of the wagon, and showed his big head and shoulders above the top of the load. Then Jep threw another piece of pork back in the road. The bear got down and went back, and soon gobbled it. Then he charged on the wagon again. Jep tossed more pork. And so it went on, the bear charging, and Jep feeding it pork, until Jep began to get mad.

"Consarn it!" said he. "I got somethin' else to do besides settin' here and feedin' good pork to bears!"

At the same time, from the way the bear was acting, it seemed plain to Jep that if the bear didn't get pork it would get him, so he made up his mind to throw the whole pailful to the bear, and while the bear was busy eating it unhook the mules, mount one of them, and ride for help, leading the other one. But before he started to do that he got a better idea.

"I'll jest coax the bear along," said he, "till I git him as fur as Mose Beesnaper's, and then holler to Mose to come out and shoot him."

Mose's was nearly two miles further on, and Jep kept coaxing the bear along by tossing it pork. When they got to within half a mile of Mose's the pork was almost gone, and Jep had to deal it out in such small bits to make it last that the bear got ripping and tearing mad, and snapped and snarled and threatened to get up on the wagon and satisfy himself with a few bites out of Jep. Jep had only two little morsels left when he came in sight of Mose's and saw Mose digging in the potato patch.

"Hullo, Mose!" he shouted. "Git your gun!"

Mose looked up from his digging and shouted back,

"I can't! Tim's out on the ridge with it!"

"Great jumpin' Jehu!" Jep yelled. "Got any pork?"

"Got about a pound in the house," said Mose.

"Git it then!" shouted Jep. "I'm coaxin' this consarned bear somewheres to git him shot. He won't coax with nothin' but pork, and my stock is run out. Git me pork, or this is goin' to be a coaxin' that's liable to leave Sairy Lib Stark a widder!"

Then Mose saw the bear for the first time, and it popped into his head that it was the bear that had carried off his pig, so he dropped his potato digging and rushed for the house to get the pork. When he got back the bear had finished the last piece of Jep's pork and was climbing into the wagon to see why more was not forthcoming. Mose tossed Jep the new supply, and Jep lost no time in chopping off a piece and throwing it back in the road. The bear got down and went after it, and Jep shouted to Mose,

"Run on to Si Bunkers! Git Si's gun and lay fer us! When I git him coaxed to where you lay, bore that bear fuller o' holes than a cullender!"

Mose, forgetting all about his potato digging, put on all speed for Si Bunker's, which was two miles further down the road. Jep fed the bear along, and although he used the greatest economy in dealing out the pork, it was all gone but one small piece before he got anywhere near Si's, and there was no sign of Mose anywhere.

"Consarn him!" said Jep. "He ain't goin' to lay fer us, and I can't coax this bear no furder!"

The bear began to climb on the wagon. Jep threw it the last bit of pork, jumped off the load and legged it down the road as fast as he could run. According to Jep's account of it, the bear must have thought that Jep was running away with a whole lot more of pork, for it followed him, and followed so fast that it almost had Jep by a part of him near the hind suspender button, when bang! went a gun, and so close to Jep's head that he thought he was shot. He was going right on, though, when some one shouted,

"Hold up, Jep!"

Jep held up and looked back. Mose was scrambling out of the bushes. The bear lay in the road giving its last kick.

"I laid fer him!" said Mose; and then he remembered his potato digging and what depended on it, and he knew that there was no use now trying to get those twenty

"'WHY, DING IT, MOSE,' SAID JOB."

bushels by six o'clock. He heaved a sigh and said to Jep,

"Jep, what in the tarnation dingbats did you go and do it fer?"

He didn't wait for Jep to tell him why, but threw the gun down on the ground and struck out for home. Jep was so taken aback that he could not say a word until Mose was out of sight and hearing. The mules had come along by that time, and Jep jacked the dead bear up on the load and drove on, saying,

"If anybody asks my ideas about it, I'll tell 'em never to start in to coax a bear some'rs fer somebody to shoot, not unless they've got a barrel o' pork. It's too tryin'!"

When the potato buyer came back to Mose's at six o'clock and found no potatoes for him he went away using very severe language toward Mose, and Mose's boy Tim came in from the ridge without having seen as much as a rabbit. The next morning Mose was getting ready to go to Job Jeffers to tell him there was no use, and the deal would have to be off, when up drove Jep Stark with his mules, on his way to the woods.

"Mose," said he, "here's your share of it."

"My share o' what?" said Mose.

"Of the bear I coaxed and you laid fer," said Jep. "I sold him fer twenty dollars."

Then Jep tossed Mose a ten-dollar bill and drove on. Mose stared at the money a spell, and then sat down on the woodpile and shouted "Glory!" That was all he said, but he had saved the potato lot, and Job got the hoop-pole tract hooked on to the family after all, in spite of Bill Losey.

## The Past Tense.

"THIS," says the resident who is showing us through the city park and is discoursing on the many improvements that have been made; "this is the band-stood."

"The what?" we ask him.

"The band-stood."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, it's where we used to have the band-stand."

## Economy.

"FATHER," says the scientific son of the plutocrat, "did you know that diamonds are pure carbon, and that they will burn just like coal?"

"What?" asked the plutocrat. "Is that a fact?"

"Yes," answered the son in a convincing manner.

With a bound the plutocrat goes to the wide marble stairway and calls "Mother! girls! Come here!" As soon as his wife and daughters appear he says, "I just had a ton of coal dumped into the furnace-room. Go to your jewel-caskets, take out all your diamonds, send them to the cellar and have that coal taken to your apartments. Burn the diamonds and wear the coal. We've got to cut expenses some way."

ONE EXAMPLE.

JOHNSON—"Did yo' evah heah ob anybody takin' silver for de liquor habit?"
JACKSON—"Wa-al yais! Ol' man Randolph swipes his wife's spoons occasionally."

## First Aid.

"MRS. NEW-STYLE'S baby fell from the window yesterday, and she saw it fall."

"Awful! what did she do?"

"Sent the nurse and the butler out at once to pick it up."

---

THE man who is willing to meet trouble half way seldom has to go that far to meet it.

## Her Only Open Date.

"NAME the day," sighed the fond lover.

He had stolen the opportunity to propose by availing himself of an artistic piano recital at the regular weekly meeting of the Bach-Gounod cult, of which she was a prominent member.

"I wish I could," she whispered; "but my Mondays are taken up by the ladies' literary association, my Tuesdays by the sewing and slandering social, my Wednesdays by the higher-thought coterie, my Thursdays by the Bach-Gounods, my Fridays by the Browning researchers, my Saturdays by the charitable visitors, and my Sundays by the heathen-helpers. My evenings are all booked for a long time ahead because of lectures, essay readings, and various intermittent clubs. I wish I could find an open date, but you see how it is."

"Couldn't you"—the lover's voice trembled with the rashness of his suggestion—"couldn't you resign from one of the clubs and trust me to take its place?"

"Mercy, no!" she rippled; "but I'll tell you what we might do. Wait until the next leap-year, and I will marry you the evening of the twenty-ninth of February."

---

"WHERE in thunder are you going with that stove and all those overcoats?"

"I am going, my friend, to spend the winter in Florida."

OFF COLOR.

## An Artistic Criticism.

"DRAW, scoundrel!" hisses d'Artagnan. Nervously the unknown enemy endeavors to comply with the demand. He tangles his scabbard in his legs and almost falls over himself.

"Draw?" shouts d'Artagnan with that reckless laugh of his. "Ma foi! You act as if you were a Sunday-supplement artist."

HOW HE WORKED IT.

Mr. Stouter couldn't quite reach the slot to put his penny in,

——he was a man of resourcefulness.

ALL HE ASKED.

MRS. NEWLYWED—"Remember, sir, that I am your wife!"
MR. NEWLYWED—"Would you allow me to forget that fact long enough to have some photographs taken to-morrow looking pleasant?"

# The Exact Man and the Joke

*By Wilbur D. Nesbit*

MR. PLIMMER is an exact man, as is to be expected of one who is engaged in the practice of law. It is when he tells a story that his anxiety to cling to the framework of exactness is most plain. Recently he perpetrated the following crisp little bon-mot:

"That reminds me of a very clever skit, or jest, or joke, or quip, that I happened to observe in one of the humorous, or comic, or amusing periodicals, or papers, or publications, not so long ago. It was illustrated, or, rather, there was a picture which was designed or intended to illuminate the words of the persons in the picture, or, rather, the words that were represented, of course, as being spoken by these persons. It was really a good piece of art—the picture—though, to be sure, it was not a work of art, as a matter of fact. No doubt it was drawn very hurriedly. I have been told that some of the artists who make those amusing pictures can really dash them off, so to speak, in an amazingly short time if they so desire. There were two persons represented in the picture. One was a tall gentleman, fashionably attired—that is, he was pictured in what we might call very stylish garb. I should not care to say, with my present recollection of the picture, that he was the glass of fashion and the mould of form, as the poet so aptly expresses it; yet, in a sense, he was portrayed as a finely dressed man—not a fop, you understand, for really he had what one might term an intellectual face. He was looking at the other person in the picture, who was in the attire of an artisan, or a workingman. He was not a humble-looking person—really, he had more of an arrogant air. He was roughly and, I might say, unfashionably dressed—that is, as compared with the other gentleman—of course, taking the assumption that all men are gentlemen, without regard to their clothing; for, as we have so often read, clothes do not make the man. The rougher person—that is, the one who was shown in rough garments—had a ladder upon his arm, and seemed to be either going to or coming from his work, depending upon the time of day, which was not definitely indicated in the picture. Apparently, however, he had been going along the street and had been stopped by the fashionably dressed gentleman. On the other hand, he might have been standing there, while it might have been the other man who had approached him and stopped. But that, as you may think, has no necessary connection with the witticism or repartee they were designed to illustrate, or, rather, the bit of conversation which was represented as passing between them. The man who wore the excellent suit of clothes was represented as saying to the individual in the ruder attire, 'How far are we from the St. Regis?' This hostelry, as you know, is one of the most expensive and fashionable in New York, so from that I draw the conclusion that the well-dressed man was a person of some consequence; also that the scene of the picture was some spot in New York. The workingman was represented as saying to him in reply, 'You're about four blocks from it, but I'm about four million dollars from it,' or something to that effect. At any rate, his rejoinder was such as to draw a ludicrous distinction between distance on the one hand and fortune on the other, which impressed me at the time as being very humorous indeed. I remember that at the moment I laughed somewhat heartily over it. I laid the paper aside, intending to return to it at some leisure moment and study the picture and the conversation more particularly, feeling that in some way I could trace the sociological influences actuating the retort, but unfortunately it was thrown away by my janitor. Still, the gist of the funny saying was in the main as I have repeated it to you, and it really is a striking example of the spontaneity of our American humor."

Whereat everybody laughed, for they knew that Mr. Plimmer would immediately go into an explanation of the story otherwise.

THE WOMAN OF IT.

"But why did you refuse him? I thought you said you loved him."

"I do. But I refused him so that when I finally accept him, and we're wed, I can remind him how often he begged me to marry him."

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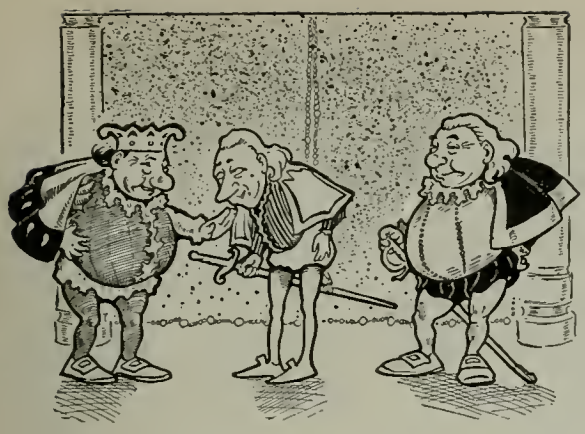
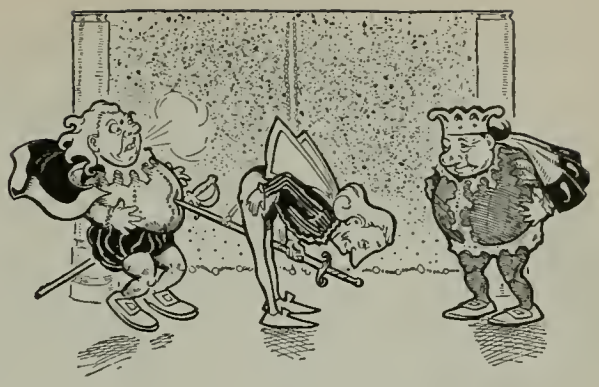
NOTICE has been served on all vested interests to pull down their vests.



1.

THE KING—"Truly, retainer, thou hast a goodly wit Chamberlain, for that merry crack——



2.

——I will have him knighted.——

3.

——By my halidom——

4.

——I've changed my mind!"

WHY THE KING CHANGED HIS MIND.

ANOTHER MONT PELÉE.

THE FLY—"Run, boys, run! There's one of those volcanoes just breaking out."

## It Got Twisted.

THE visitor from Kansas gazes intently at the spiral fire-escape which winds its way down the rear of the fifteen-story building.

"By jox!" he says, "that must have been a darned long ladder afore the cyclone hit it."

## A Good Character.

*The ladies* — "What sort of a person is Mrs. Newcome, Mr. Hopper?"

*The general dealer*— "She's a perfect lady— doesn't know one brand o' goods from another."

## The Lay of the Liver.

NOW his pa had died of liver
On the O-kee-cho-bee River,
And his mother's liver 'd killed her at the west;
Then a sister, warmly cherished,
Had taken ill and perished,
Though she'd coddled up her liver just her best.
Next his brother Bill was taken
With a sort of inward achin'
That required no skilled physician to discern
Was a case of plain cirrhosis,
By the quickest diagnosis—
William kicked the well-known cooperage in turn.

So this liver-haunted fellow,
With a face like jaundice yellow
From the constant fear that racked him day and night,
Set before himself the question
How to obviate congestion
And to keep his liver well and working right.
Then he learned from Dr. Slaughter
That the danger lay in water,
And that once he found a spring to suit his case
He could live on infinitum,
Just to fool folks or to spite 'em,
Till the skin was dried like parchment on his face.

Hence he sought with ardent vigor
'Mid the northern winter's rigor,
Hence he sought amid the tropics of the south;
And he never saw a puddle
But he said, "Perchance this mud 'll
Be the stuff to break my liveristic drouth."
Yes; he tried 'em all, be jabers!
Never ceased he from his labors
Till he found the very water he desired.
And he settled there to stay
Till his distant, dying day,
While he boasted in a way to make you tired.

Happened down in old Virginia,
Did this yarn I've set to spin ye;
And this liver-liberated fellow stayed
Till, by tanking up discreetly,
He had rid himself completely
Of the symptoms that had rendered him afraid.
To a century and fifty
He was feeling nice and nifty—
But his body grew exhausted—there's the rub.
Yet his liver, when he croaked,
With such deathlessness was soaked
That they took it out and killed it with a club.

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

## What She Said.

*Bride*—"Oh, John, darling! I'm so glad you've come home! Cook is acting something awful—smashing dishes and tearing around like a lunatic! Do go and soothe her."

*Groom*—"Why, sweetheart, what upset her?"

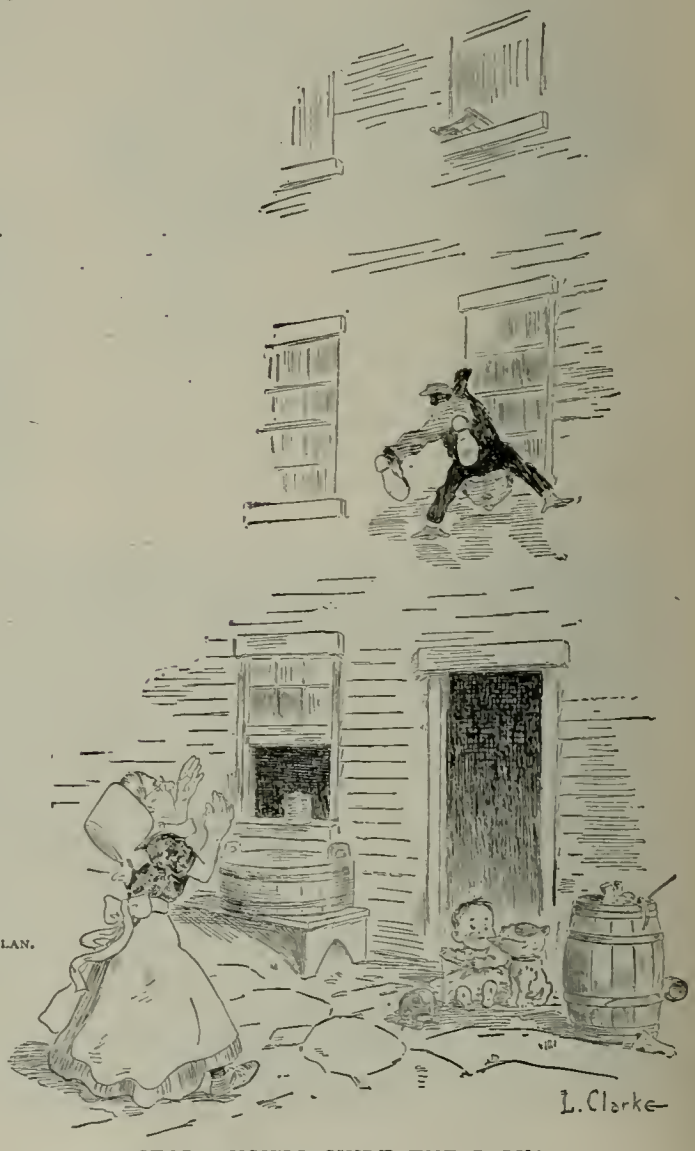
*Bride*—"Nothing at all—except that I told her you said she was a fierce cook."

## Threw Himself on the Beam.

IT was a lovely night. The stars were twinkling, the moon was shining, the dogs were howling, the cats were holding forth in chorus—in fact, everything was peaceful and quiet. I was strolling along the track, when suddenly I saw a beam lying across the rails. I looked at it; but, much as I wished, I hadn't the power to move it. I was in a tremble. I did not know what to do, for just at that moment I heard the rumble and roar and rattle of a coming express. Nearer and nearer it came. Louder and louder grew the noise. What was I to do? I couldn't lift it! I was powerless. All at once an idea struck me. I put my body between the train and the beam, and the train—thank goodness!—the train passed on without harm.

It was—it was a moonbeam!

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.




STOP! YOU'LL HURT THE BABY!

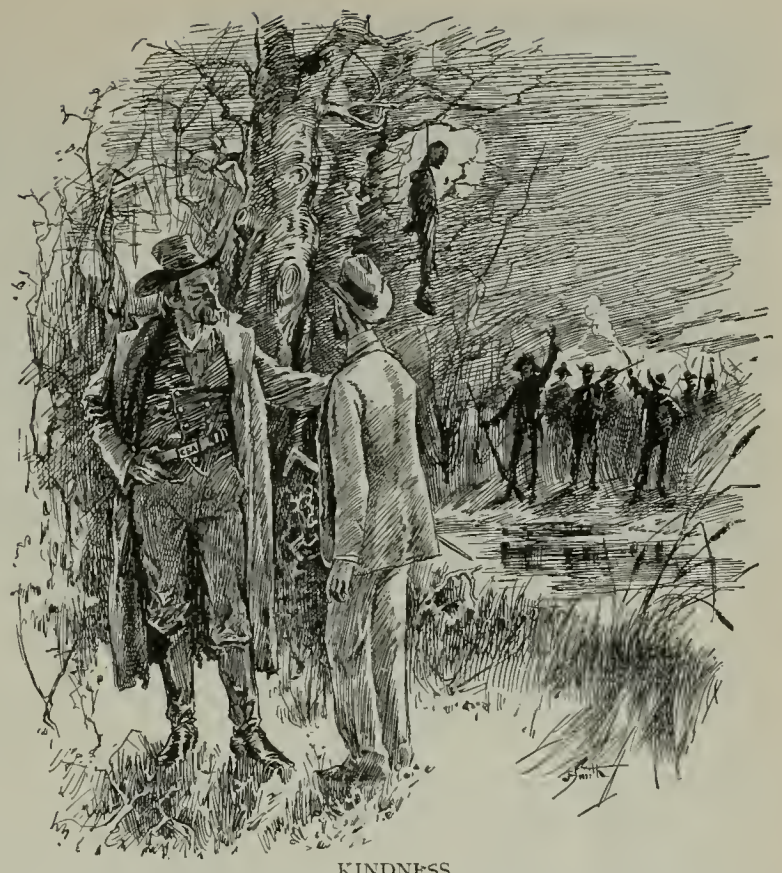
OLD LADY—"Hey, there! Stop where you are! Can't you see where you're falling?"

## Fate of the Hero.

A MAN whose cheeks were pale,
whose eyes were lustreless,
Came walking with the air of one
in deep distress.
And as he paced the street the
ladies turned to see,
And sighed because his limbs
were bandaged at the knee.
They sighed also because his fore-
head bore a patch
Of plaster meant to hide a long
and ragged scratch.
One arm was in a sling. At this
the ladies wept—
In fact, they pitied him as slowly
on he crept.

"Oh, sir," they said to him,
"pray tell us of the game;
Pray tell us of the field where you went forth to maim.
Were you the centre-rush, or tackle, or a guard,
That thus you have been torn and mangled, bruised
and scarred?
Was it in some swift dash—some scrimmage for the
ball—
That you were thrown around, a plaything for them
all?
Come, we will talk with you and marvel at your
speech.
Oh, tell us of the game—please tell us, we beseech!"

The pallid man then smiled and leaned upon his
crutch.
"Fair ones," said he, "my wounds do not amount
to much.
I did not chance to play at football, but the scenes
Where I was whittled up were in the Philippines."
The gentle ladies then refused to smile or sing,
But with sharp looks of scorn they said, "The hor-
rid thing!"



KINDNESS.

SOUTHERNER—"Yes, they wanted to burn him at first, but as they had no proof of his guilt I persuaded them to hang him instead. (*Proudly.*) You northerners may not think it, but there are some southerners who possess a little of the milk of human kindness."

HEART AND HEART.
Oh, yes; she had met this young man.

## The Unexpected.

A SOUTHERN woman, on returning home from a protracted absence, was surprised at her old-fashioned colored serving-woman's queer idea of "a place for everything."

"Mr. Maury tells me he has to buy new socks every few days. What becomes of them, Aunt Lucy?"

"Why, Miss Alice, I put 'em in de sugar-bucket, ob co'se." And with a reproachful air the faithful servant brought out a well-scoured wooden bucket filled with neatly-laundered socks.

---

MANY a man takes a joke for the purpose of working it off as his own later.

CORN MEAL.

## No Hope for Him.

"YOU have just as much right and, theoretically, just as good a chance as anybody else to be president," says the patriotic citizen to his neighbor.

"I cannot agree with you," sighs the neighbor. "We have no children, and that fact alone would lose me the photographers' vote,"

---

TACT is the art of doing things without appearing to do them.

Whizzville, Kansas, May 12th. (Special to JUDGE.) The first cyclone of the season struck this town yesterday. The only building left standing is Murphy's saloon. The new Baptist church is demolished.

## A Costly Filling.

"WILL you have this cavity filled with gold or amalgam?" asks the dentist of his plutocratic patient.

"Use the most expensive material you have," orders the multi-millionaire.

Forthwith the dentist takes his coal-scuttle from the safe and begins the operation.

## Will Be Imported.

"THE cake-walk, which has lost its vogue here," said the first man, "is reported to be all the rage in Paris."

"Ah," commented the second man, "that means that it will be seen in our higher-priced theatres at last."

Knowing from whence we get our society dramas, the first man is forced to acknowledge the truth of his deduction.

AT NIAGARA.

JOSHUA BACKWOODS—"'Lindy, it beats all how them newspapers lie. Them falls ain't *harnessed* no more'n I am."

## Mud Knob Style.

*Smith*—"So Whitney is going to retire after making his fortune in street-cars? I suppose he will devote himself to society now."

*Jones*—"Yes; he is going to 'move up front and step lively.'"

## Not Often.

*Secretary of the navy*—"I shall go over to New York in the morning."

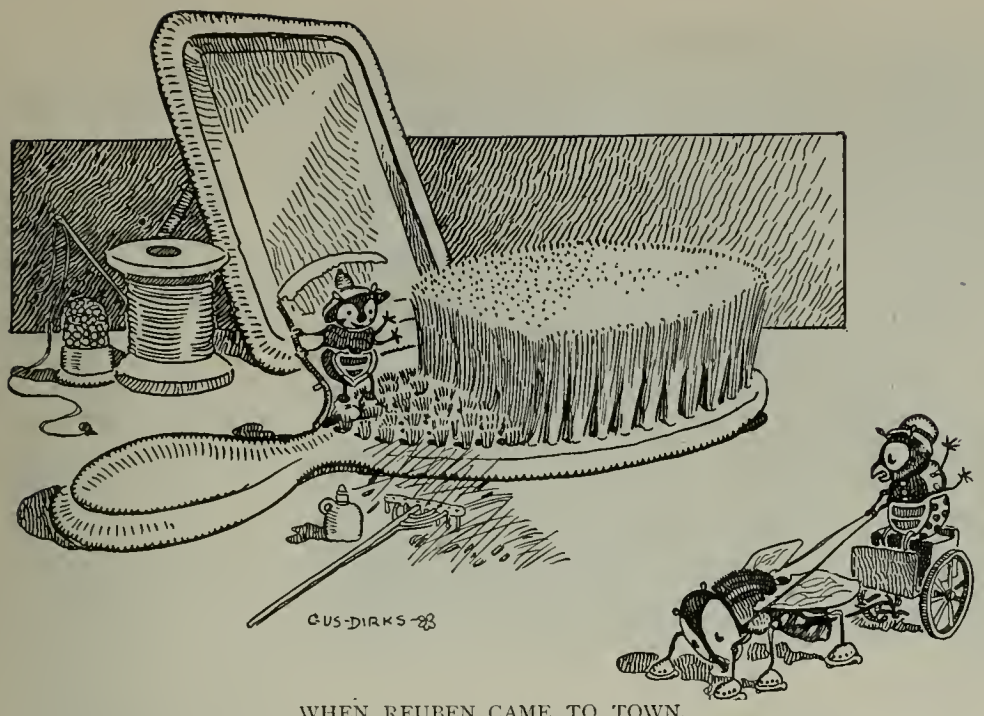
*Assistant*—"On one of the naval vessels?"

*Secretary of the navy*—"Did you ever hear of a doctor taking his own medicine?"

## Delivered.

DAN CUPID, with his moving-van,
Is standing at my door.
He tenderly loads in my heart;
I'll see it nevermore.

He drives it to Myrtilla's house;
She takes it in with care.
I wonder will it move again,
Or stay forever there?




WHEN REUBEN CAME TO TOWN.

MR. RUBE BUG—"My goodness, Bill! but that's a fine crop of hay you have there—and so early, too."

## The Difference.

"AFTER all, how times do change!" said the sage of Kohack, deftly performing the strabismusmatical feat of casting a retrospective and regretful glance back into the past the while he fixed a severe and hypercritical glare on the foibles and follies of the present. "When I was young a man was rich enough to beenvied when he had the leisure to shave his upper lip regularly, and part his hair at the back and brush it toward his ears, and found it within his means to paint his house every other year, and wear an ivory-headed cane on Sundays, and had an authoritative voice at the sessions of the school board, and occasionally pulled the nose of an opponent at town-meetin'; and there was to be found in his parlor a hair-cloth sofa as cold as a tomb and as slippery as Greenland's icy mountains, a marble-topped centre-table adorned with a batch of sad and soggy wax-flowers in a glass case, and a lot of horned and freckled sea-shells on the what-not. If he possessed all these he was considered to be just about as rich as a man could possibly get to be, and was looked up to accordin'ly.

"But, nowadays—huh!—if a man can't afford to wear side-whiskers and a prominent abdomen, and buy himself a seat in the senate, and be investigated for belongin' to a trust, and be spoken of as a magnate or some kind of a baron, and have a son who ought to be on the rock-pile half of the time and shot by the reform committee the rest of the time, and a daughter who is newspaperially accused of havin' designs on the peace and poverty of a foreign nobleman, and maintain a horseless carriage, he ain't even considered rich enough to be hated. In this day and age a man's got to be an automobillionaire, or he ain't in it."

POOR SUPPORTERS.

MRS. HANDOUT—"Poor fellow! have you no means of support?"

WEARY WILLIE—"No, lady. I wanted ter bring me sons up ter be jockeys, but me wife insisted on makin' poets out uv dem."

SOLD.

"This hot-water bottle ain't wuth a durn."
"Why?"
"Well, sur, I had water in it more'n four hours an' it didn't git hot a bit."

## He Was Desperate.

DRAKE had just nailed the broom to the mast-head when he was asked his reason.

"Because," he answered with a hunted look, "my wife said she was going to clean house to-morrow."

And silence fell upon the curious, while their hearts went out to the man who was driven to so desperate an expedient.

## How They Affected Him.

"YES, my poor husband suffers so much with dyspepsia," says the first woman.

"What caused it?" asks the second.

"He always props the paper in front of him at breakfast, and I think he got the dyspepsia from reading so many of the health-food advertisements."

## Swapping Antiques.

MY WIFE ransacked both high and low—
Tears were of no avail—
And sent three-quarters of our goods
Off to a rummage sale.

And now she's patronized a few,
And, to my grief and pain,
Has bought two loads of worthless truck
And filled our house again.

## A Chemist's Point of View.

FAIR Cleopatra, so they tell us, centuries ago
Dissolved a pearl and drank it, her magnificence to show;
But lo! this did not serve to prove the glory of her state—
It showed that vinegar dissolves calcium carbonate.

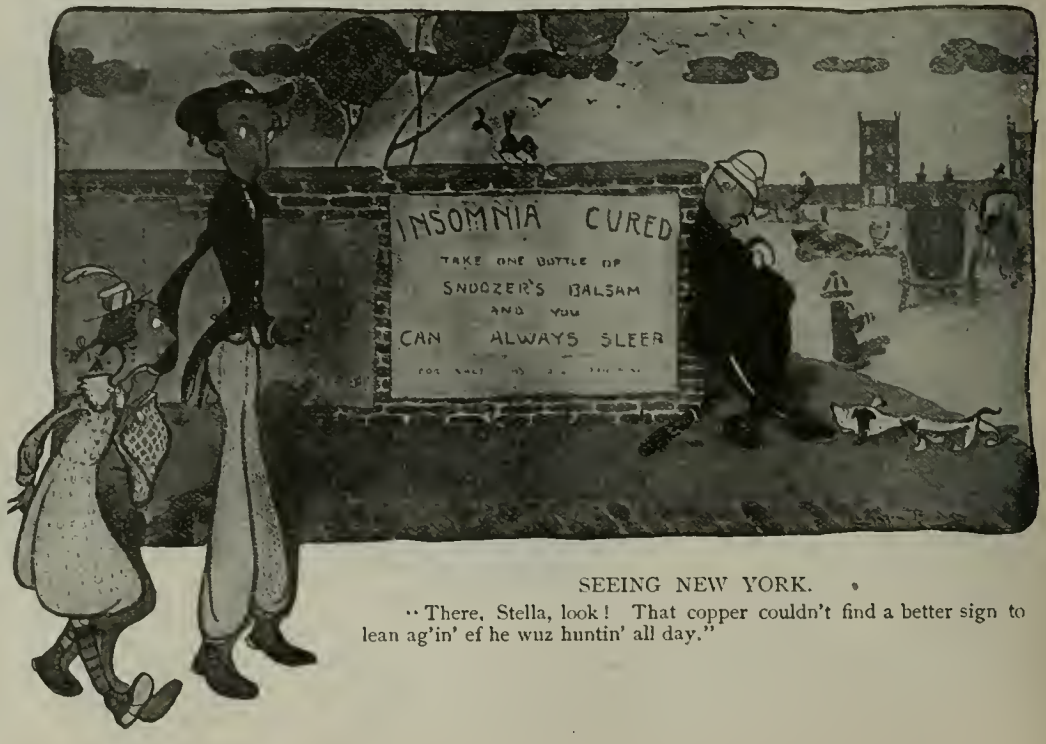
## Reassuring.

"I AM afraid," said the coal-man, "that some of these scientists will produce an effective substitute for coal and injure my business."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry if I were you," advised the ice-man. "The artificial-ice industry never hurt me in the least."

## Harry's Thought.

I THINK the little shining stars
That blink way up so high
Are simply Roman-candle balls
Stuck fast into the sky.




SEEING NEW YORK.

"There, Stella, look! That copper couldn't find a better sign to lean ag'in' ef he wuz huntin' all day."

## Genuine Inspiration.

"SAY!" exclaimed the author, jumping to his feet; "say! I've just got the inspiration for a story that will sell a million copies before the ink is dry."

"Good!" declared his friend.

"Good? Why, man, it's superb! I'm going to write a story that will be cherished in the boudoir of every woman in the world. I've only thought of one character, and that is the hero; but he'll he the dream and the despair of every female between the ages of eight and eighty before my book has been out for a week."

"You don't say! What sort of a hero is he?"

"He is to be the man who invented bargain-sales."

## The Light that Failed.

*Abe Cæsar* (a new recruit)—"Yes, brudders an' sistahs, I's lef' de serbice ob ole Satan. I's now a bright an' shinin' light on de Lawd's side."

*Skeptical listener* (in back seat)—"Den pay me back dat fo'r dollahs yo' owe me, 'less yo'r no bettah dan a dahk-lantern."

HE TOOK HIS PEN IN HAND.

HIS ONLY HOPE.

MRS. FEEDEM—"So you used to be an actor? How did you happen to become a tramp?"
WEARY RATTLES—"Well, I got tired uv goin' hungry."

## How Dreadful!

"IN the wild and woolly west, dear boy," sighed Archibald, "the men are terribly crude in their living, don't you know."

"I should imagine so," simpered Ferdinand.

"Ya-as, oh, ya-as. Why, do you know, not a man on my fathaw's ranch has a valet."

"Since you mention it, dear fellaw, I recall reading somewhere that everybody of any pwominence in the — aw — the region you mention has killed his man."

"Really, it is true, 'pon my word."

"And why did he kill him? Couldn't the man tie a scarf properly? Sometimes, when my man bungles my cravat so atrociously, I am almost tempted to feel as if I could have an inclination to murder him, bah Jove!"

"Bah Jove! so do I," said Archibald, as if he were wondering why he never had realized that he had felt that way when he did feel that way.

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MONEY has kept many a man out of the penitentiary—and out of heaven, also.

## March.

MARCH is full
Of terrible gales—
Also full
Of hosiery sales.

## Resonant.

*Hurleigh*—"How did you ever happen to pick out such a suit of clothes?"

*Burleigh*—"Oh, I just went it blind."

*Hurleigh*—"And deaf?"

## Among the Mermaids.

"WHY are all the girls rushing to the department-store to-day?" asked the merman of the merpoliceman.

"Somebody down there is giving a demonstration of a new fashion called the rainy-day tail."

COULDN'T ACCOUNT FOR IT.

UNCLE EZRA WILKINS—"Hanged if these city fellers hain't queer. Thet young dude thet's with us didn't hev no complaint last summer, but this season he's allus kickin' 'bout the butter."

HANK HUNKINS—"What's the matter with it?"

UNCLE EZRA—"Cussed if I know. It's the same butter we hed last year."

## Spring.

NOW within the crowded car
Enters Spring so sweet;
Hoary Winter rises up,
Giving her his seat.

## A Time of Stress.

"MAMMA, what are the equinoctial storms?" asks the little Wise boy.

"The equinoctial storms," put in Mr. Wise before his wife could get her mouth open, "are due about the time your ma discovers the ugliness of her winter hat and the beauties of the new spring bonnets."

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IT is not what a man thinks but what he thinks he thinks that determines his mental status.

A WARNING.

BUNCO-STEERER—"Isn't this Jasper Hayseed of Moose Meadow? No? Pray excuse me! No harm, I hope?"

DEACON SCUDDER—"Not a bit, young feller; but you orter be a leetle more careful. S'posen I'd bin a 'bunco-steerer'—how easy it 'd bin fer me tew string yew!"

FORESIGHT.

MR. CRUSTY—"Young Jenkins asked me for Maria's hand last night and I threw him out of the house."

MRS. CRUSTY—"Horrors! Why did you do that?"

MR. CRUSTY—"So they will elope and save wedding expenses."

## A Professional Criticism.

"BUT," sneers the tattooed lady, "the contortionist is such a piece of vanity."

"I have never noticed it," argues the wild man. "He always seemed to me to be a perfectly modest, unassuming fellow."

"Unassuming!" exclaimed the tattooed lady. "And half the time he is simply wrapped up in himself."

## Old and New.

THEY used to turn the gas down low,
So they could not be seen;
But courtship in these modern days
Is more like this, I ween:

An auto in a country road,
A broken-down machine,
A pair of occupants who then
Turn down the gasoline.

## His Eccentricity.

"CRANKSMITH is a very eccentric person, isn't he?"

"Yes; so I have observed."

"But did you ever notice the queerest of all his peculiar traits? When he sees something that is none of his business he invariably acts just as if it was none of his business and quietly goes on about his business."

## No Doubt of It.

*Mrs. Closefist*—"Oh, do give me a new bonnet, my dear! It will set all my friends talking."

*Closefist*—"If you're after notoriety, why don't you get the old one made over? That will make your friends talk twice as much."

---

A MAN may not have a cent to his name and still have dollars in the name of his wife.

---

A BACHELOR'S ideal better half is a woman with money.

AT THE CIRCUS.

MRS. CORNBRIDE—"Look, Josh! Ain't that trick elephant cute? I jest gave him one of *my* biscuits, an' now he's playin' dead."

JOSH—"Come on, Maria! We 'd better scoot fer home. Poor cuss! he *is* dead."

IN SHANTYTOWN.

GATE-SLAMMING GEORGE—"To de woods fer mine, where dey only keeps dogs."

## A Scientific Diagnosis.

"WHAT is your diagnosis?" asks the older physician of his young confrère, who is earnest but inexperienced, and who has been called in consultation.

"Well," says the younger medico, "there doesn't seem to be much the matter. The patient has a slight fever and some little tightness of the chest. I should say there was nothing more than a cold bothering him."

"My boy," said the older man kindly, "you have gone about it wrong. Note these symptoms: A white-marble stairway in the entrance hall, gold furniture in the parlor, cut glass and silver galore in the dining-room, two automobiles in the yard, a solid mahogany"——

"But what has that to do with the sickness of Mr. Gumpurse?"

"It has lots to do with it. The man has congestion of the bank-account, and the proper move for us to make is to relieve that as much as possible."

## Her System.

"YES, my wife has broken me of smoking," says the sad-eyed man.

"She did?" asks the friend. "How did she go about it?"

"She broke me," explains the first man, exhibiting a receipted bill for two spring bonnets and four creations from Paris.

## Vocal Gymnastics.

MISS AMELIA VERISOPHT has been obliging with a song.

*Miss Verjuice* (sympathetically)—"Thank you so very much! Do you know, I should think it would tire your eyebrows excessively to sing for so long a time."

APPRECIATED.

NATIVE—"God bless Mr. Carnegie, sir! He gave us that fine free public library, sir."
STRANGER—"I'm glad you appreciate it. You don't look like a reading man, either."
NATIVE—"I ain't, sir; but I've got the job o' takin' care o' the buildin', sir."

ALWAYS LONG LIVERS.

LIFE-INSURANCE PRESIDENT—"Are you sure that man is a good risk? He is seventy years old and looks frail."
AGENT—"Oh, he'll live for years. He is very rich and has a swarm of poor and expectant relatives."

## A Business Head.

THE interviewers ask the nobleman who has just arrived, why he is carrying the neat little savings-bank among his baggage.

"I wish," he explains, "to apply American business methods to my love affair—if there should be one."

"But we thought that would be perfectly understood," murmur a few of the interviewers.

"Ah, gentlemen, I see you do not understand. You see, I read the American papers. I observe how one may buy a piano, or a house, or a set of books, or anything, and take possession of it without paying in full. The dealers supply him with a small savings-bank, similar to the one I have. Then each day the purchaser slips a dime or a quarter or a dollar into the bank, the dealer retaining the key. Presto! Before you know it you have paid for what you bought and do not notice the expense."

"And you—how will you apply this method to your own case?"

"And I—if I marry an heiress whose father is temporarily tangled in the markets—I shall install the little savings-bank in my home, retaining the key, of course, and my wife shall place each day a small sum in the bank. You see, messieurs, it will make it pleasanter all around."

NOT INFECTIOUS.

CUSTOMER (*who has ordered a book*)—"Have you got the encyclopædia?"
NEW ASSISTANT—"Oh, no, sir! It's something you can't ketch."

## A Smoker's Joy.

I WALK the quiet thoroughfare,
As if on breezy springs,
And blow serenely in the air
These flor del fumar rings.

I see them slowly drift away
While I cavort in style
And heave my chest in manner gay
And wear a happy smile.

And as my arms about me fly
And in the zephyr wave,
They envy me the weed that I
Puff on the purple pave.

And yet I have a little joke
While on my way I dive—
The flor del fumars that I smoke
Are always "three for five."

## Spring Bulletin.

THERE'S a most excited twitter
Going on just overhead,
For a newsboy robin shouted,
"Extra! Extra! Winter's dead!"

## The Woman of It.

WHEN Mrs. Pot met Mrs. Kettle the memory of the little dispute of their husbands was fresh in their minds. However, Mrs. Pot got over it gracefully, and the other members of the club said no one could have been nicer or more thoughtful about it. Mrs. Kettle advanced cordially, took Mrs. Pot's hand, and murmured her pleasure. Mrs. Pot cried,

"So glad to see you! And how well you look! Black, my dear, is so becoming to you!"

---

IT is a wise leap-year girl that looks carefully before she leaps.

AN ANNIHILATOR OF "TIME AND SPACE."

## A Rural Pessimist.

WHILE good folks are shoutin'
I am very glum.
All these dancin' blossoms
Do not mean a plum.

On the peach's blossom
You can never bet
Thet a peach for certain
You will ever get.

Folks may take ter dancin',
But your Uncle Cale
Bets his bottom dollar
Thet the crops 'll fail.

## A Sign of Spring.

*Cobwigger* — "What do you want with a set of wheels?"

*Freddie* — "Want to make an express-wagon out of the bobsled."

## A Celestial Conversation.

EVERY now and then the newly-arrived spirit was rather inclined to throw on style, which, considering his abiding-place, was uncalled for, and was naturally distasteful to the other spirits. He was always talking about how many things had happened to him while he sojourned on earth. One day he fell in with a mild-mannered spirit who listened patiently to his boasting.

"And so you think you are entitled to some special distinction because you endured so much in your other life?" asked the mild-mannered spirit.

"Oh, I don't say that, exactly," was the airy, nonchalant reply; "but of course any one who has gone through what I did is of necessity entitled to some distinction."

"Um-m-m! Well, what was the most trying ordeal you suffered?"

"The very worst, I should say, was being operated upon for appendicitis."

The mild-mannered spirit laughed satirically. "Appendicitis?" he chuckled. "My good fellow, you don't know the least thing about critical operations. I've got you double discounted." And he floated away, with a trail of sardonic laughter in his wake.

"Who is that old boaster?" asked the new spirit of a by-flyer.

"The one you were talking with? Don't you know him? That's Adam."

## He Was Flourishing.

"I HEAR that Jimpkins is getting along fine in the city," said Blobbson.

"I suppose he is, maybe; but I never thought he would," commented Niverly.

"His father told me he was flourishing, though."

"Yes, he is. He is teaching penmanship."

---

THE royal housekeeper found King Midas in the cellar weeping golden tears that were rattling down on the floor like hail.

"Good master!" cried she, "what is the matter?"

"Alack, alack!" cried the unlucky king. "It was dark down here, and I have put my hand in the coal-bin by mistake."

A GOOD SIGN.

THE CABBY (*soliloquizing*)—"Shure, Oi knew from th' shtart 'twould be a match. He niver mintioned a wur-rd about th' price av' th' fare, bless his heart!"

## A Romantic Goat.

I'M HAPPY, said the goat, to-day;
Love's sun upon me shines.
And just in passing let me say
I'm full of valentines.

Three score of them within my pouch
My finest visions wake—
I feel I'm on Joy's softest couch,
A-brim with angel-cake.

In fact, I'm full of Love's sweet pain;
My heart beats pit-a-pat
Until I view with cold disdain
The predigested hat.

With bleeding hearts I'm simply gay;
Likewise with sonnets pure.
And promises I trust that may
Unbroken long endure.

Oh, "love" and "dove" and "fate" and "mate"
My fancies keep afloat;
They tenderly assimilate
And gild my inner goat

Until I feel a beast of note
That quite outpards the pard,
And not the common can-fed goat
Of Mulligan's back yard.

HE DIDN'T WANT A PAIR.

PROPRIETOR—"So you wish a pair of trousers?"
ABSENT-MINDED CUSTOMER—"No; I think one will be sufficient."

## Distinguishing the Tint.

AT THE seance there are marvelous materializations. During the evening a spirit of a pale-pink hue emerges from the cabinet and floats about the room.

"What can that be?" asks a trembling newcomer.

"That?" says the experienced investigator. "Oh, that is nothing but the shade of a red man."

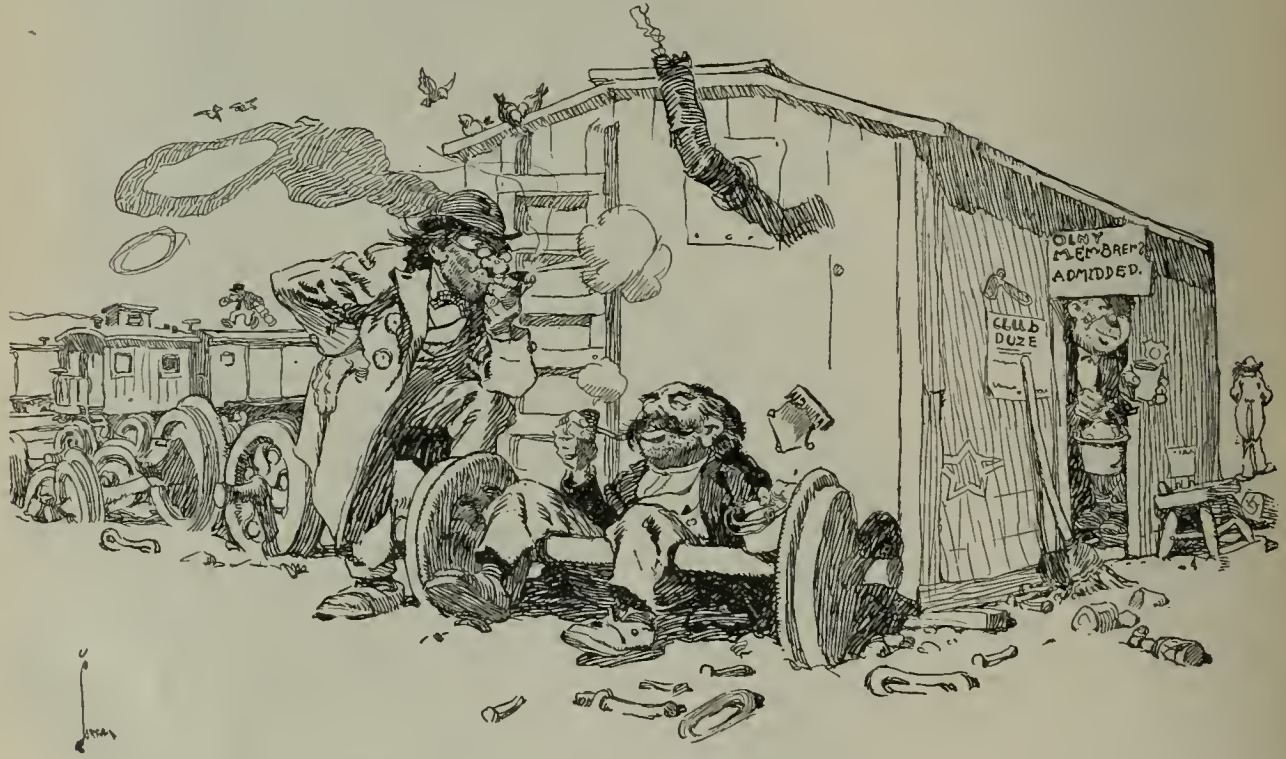
## His Little Ruse.

*Mrs. Oldwed*—"My husband has given up card-playing during Lent."

*Mrs. Justwed* (not to be outdone)—"And mine has given up smoking those lovely cigars I bought him."

## A Spring Carol.

WHEN dandelions dot the mead
And render gay the verdant scenes,
My inner self is glad indeed—
They prophesy a mess of greens.




TOO SEVERE.

FIRST TRAMP—"Say, Bill, couldn't I get yer ter join our 'knocker club'?"
SECOND TRAMP—"W'ot's de 'knocker club'?"
FIRST TRAMP—"Why, every member swears ter knock off work five minutes after he gets a job."
SECOND TRAMP—"Leave me out! I'd sooner git knocked in de head dan work five minutes."

## She Crushed Him.

"CASSANDRA," sighs our hero, "there is something within me that thrills me to the innermost recesses of my soul. I must tell you of the haunting heaviness, of the doubt, the dread, the pain that fills me"——

"Percival," titters our heroine, "have you been eating green apples?"

1.

AGENT—"The finest hair-tonic in the world, my dear madam. Makes the hair grow instantly. Allow me——

## One Way To Avoid It.

"DEARIE," said Mrs. Lovedovey, "I see in the paper that a man out west has had his stomach removed. I wonder why?"

"I suppose," said Mr. Loveydovey, "that his wife persists in trying to cook all the new-fangled things she reads about in the recipe department of the *Ladies' Home Weekly*."

## The Reason.

*The farmer*—"Your cow must be sick. She doesn't chew her cud."

*The amateur farmer*—"She doesn't have to chew her cud. I feed her with predigested hay."

## At Mud Knob.

*Jasper*—"That fellow Jones smokes all the time. He fairly lives on tobacco."

*Jumpuppe*—"Why, of course. He is a vegetarian, you know."

## Resourceful Woman.

"MY wife," says the first husband, "bought her a tailored suit last spring and thought it would do to wear this fall."

"And will it?" asks the second husband.

"No; but she is sure that she can buy one this fall that she can wear next spring."

2.

——to remove my hat and show you the marvelous effect it has had on my hair."

## A Stamp Wasted.

PETTISHLY she stamped her foot. They were standing on the corner. He had offended her in some way. Again she stamped her foot.

"Well," he said slowly, "here is a letter-box, but you might know you can't drop your foot in it. You are simply wasting postage."

## Varied Experience.

"WHAT experience have you had as a cook?" asked Mrs. Dinsmore of the applicant for the situation.

"Twinty places in three mont's, mum," replied Bridget.

## A Sign.

*Jack*—"He must be a military man."

*Tom*—"What makes you think so?"

*Jack*—"He swears like a trooper."

## His Unlucky Lapse.

"I HAD a good job last summer but lost it on account of my fool absent-mindedness," said poor old Seldum Fedd, pessimistically. I was actin' as de echo fer a mountain hotel. I done all right till one moonlight night, when a smart guy from de city hollered 'Hello, Smith!' Durn me! I fergot meself an' answered back, 'Which Smith do you mean?'"

3.

But the absent-minded agent forgets to remove all the hat-pins, and her exit is more hurried than graceful.

## An Exciting Tale.

"AS an attraction and an entertainment for my guests," said the summer landlord, "I have engaged the famous missionary lady to lecture on 'How I escaped from the brigands.'"

"You might please them more," said the star boarder, "if you would get some one to lecture on 'How to escape from the summer-hotel man.'"

HOW RUDE OF THE PAINTER.

PAINTER (*to Cholly, who has just had a pot of cerulean blue drop on him*)—"Say, young feller, do youse t'ink youse kin walk away wid our paint dat way? Youse's got about a buck's wort' dere, so jest cough up before youse gits a whang on de lamp."

## Strong Evidence.

"BUT," protests the manager of the matrimonial agency, "I don't see why you accuse me of being a bunco-steerer. You haven't found any green-goods, circulars among my papers."

"I haven't?" asks the astute detective. "How about all those catalogue-lists of grass-widows?"

## Envy.

"ALAS!" moaned the plain, or garden poet. "I put my most soulful thoughts on paper, but my messages fall before the eyes of the unthinking canaille. They laugh at all I write."

"Alas!" moaned the humorous poet, "I wish I had your luck!"

## Much Ado About Nix.

*Macbeth*—"How now, my lord? Methinks yonder goes a band o' men who look not like the inhabitants o' the earth."

*Falstaff*—"By heavings! and they carry leathern bags filled, I wot, with shillalahs."

*Belarius*—"A thousand times no, me lud; they contain brassies and cleeks."

*Gauderius*—"And niblicks."

*Arviragus*—"And putters."

*Belarius*—"And mashies."

*Macbeth*—"Egad! then 'tmust be a golf-club from Hoboken."

*The jester*—"Neigh, neigh, old hoss; 'tis the Boston tee party."

*Arviragus*—"Ho, ho!"

*Belarius*—"He, he!"

*Gauderius*—"Ha, ha!"

## Ancient History Fight.

HANNIBAL had been trying in vain to draw out Fabius to battle.

"Is there no way," he exclaimed angrily, "of making the man fight?"

"You might try asking him to arbitrate," suggested one of his generals.

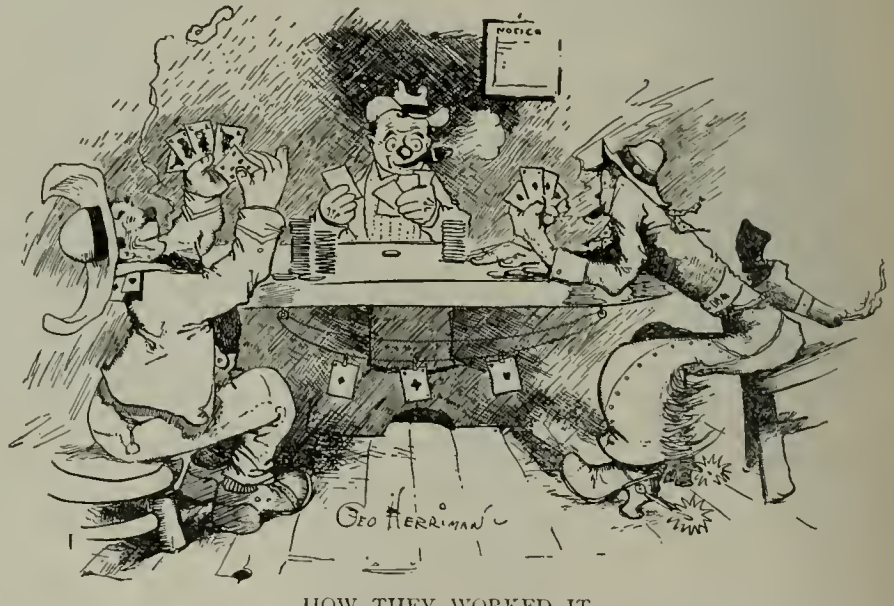
Soon after Cannal was fought and the Roman forces destroyed.

---

DRUG-STORE complexions cover a multitude of freckles.

## An Extremist.

"IT is very commendable," said the Boston lady, "for one to mortify the flesh during Lent. Abstention from nutriment that is abundantly supplied with calorics and proteids is no doubt beneficial to the system and should inculcate reflections that will develop the subliminal consciousness and encourage the transcendentality of the spirit; but when a person refrains from partaking of beans for a period of forty days, as did Mrs. Highbrough, I am inclined to give her the appellation of fanatic."




HOW THEY WORKED IT.

BILL BITTERS—"As I said before, stranger, Hank an' I, here, has carried on some purty nifty deals."

STRANGER—"Working hand-in-hand, I suppose?"

BILL BITTERS—"Thet's it—handin' hands."

## An Ingenious Villain.

"HA!" growled Puddiford Suggs, the villain, as he strode from the wings to be confronted by Titherington Botts, the hero.

"Aha yourself!" retorted Titherington Botts. "What are you up to now?"

"To practice me villainy, rash youth!" replied Puddiford Suggs.

Slowly from the opposite wings came the poor heroine, beating her way in the face of a pitiless snow-storm. She passed up stage, followed by the gaze of the two men.

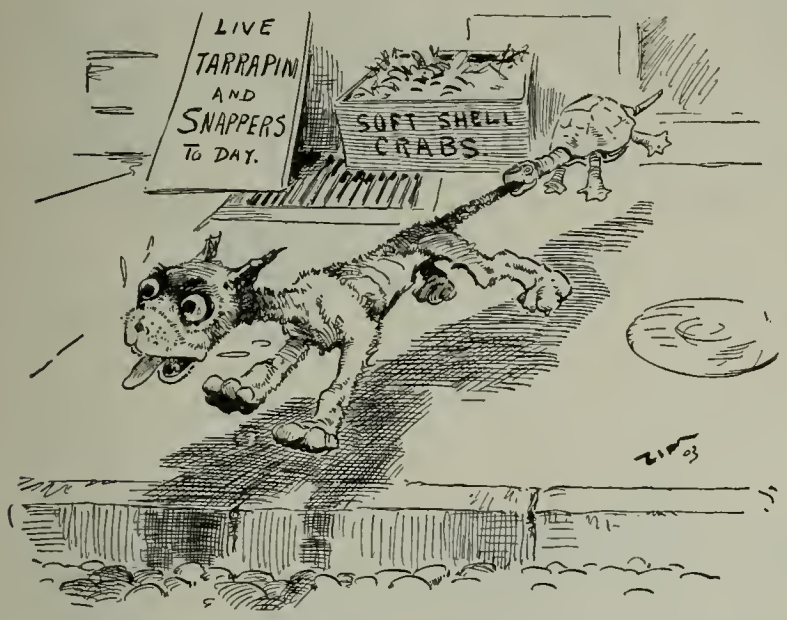
"Listen!" came the hoarse whisper of Titherington Botts. "You shall not persecute her. I have foiled you again, wretch that you are!"

"Foiled me, eh?" sneered Puddiford Suggs. "Foiled me? So? And how?"

"I have hidden your cigarette papers, and you cannot practice your nefarious designs without the aid of a lighted cigarette."

With a maddening laugh, Puddiford Suggs reached into the midst of the snow-storm, grasped one of the largest flakes, and rolled his tobacco in it. Lighting the affair, he stalked along the trail of the heroine, chuckling like a fiend incarnate.

But Titherington Botts, our hero, dashed off the stage to change his costume for the great foiling scene in the third and last act.



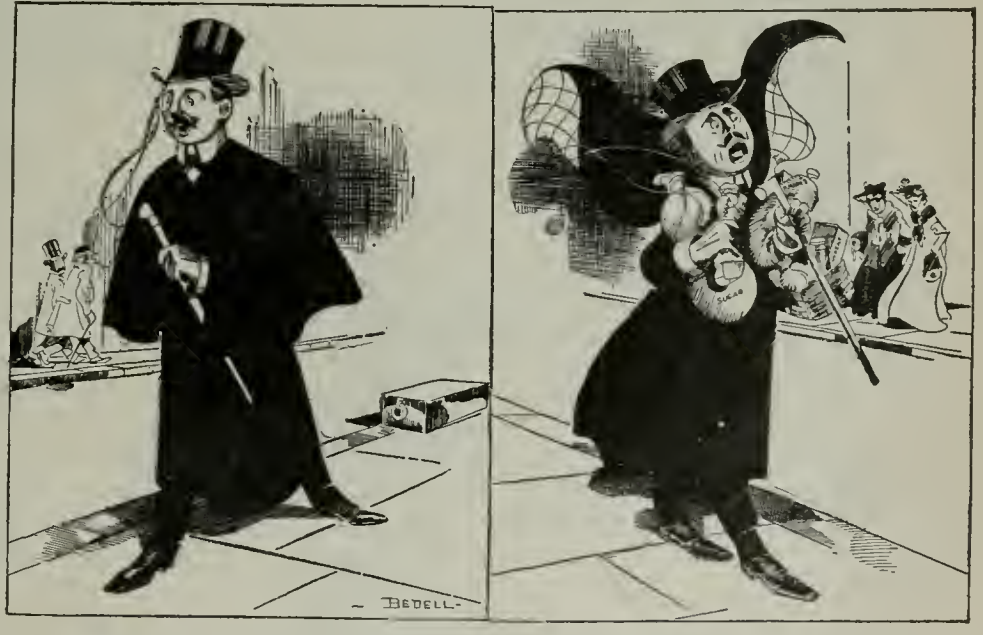

A MATTER OF CHOICE.

THE CUR—"Wow! I don't know what it is fastened to my tail, but gimme a tin can any old time."

HER SYMPATHIES WITH THE MOUSE.

BOARDER—"Mrs. Stewdprune, I found a mouse in the milk this morning."

MRS. STEWDPRUNE—"Oh, the poor thing! Was it dead?"




AN AWFUL EXPOSURE.

Cholly was cutting quite a dash along the avenue until——

——an unfriendly gust of wind disclosed the fact that he was doing some bachelor marketing.

A COUNTRY CLUB.

## Of No Avail.

"WE MUST stand up for our rights in the street-cars!" shouts the impassioned orator at the meeting called to formulate a protest against the overcrowding of passengers on the lines of transportation.

"We do stand up," cries a little man in a back seat, "but we don't git 'em!"

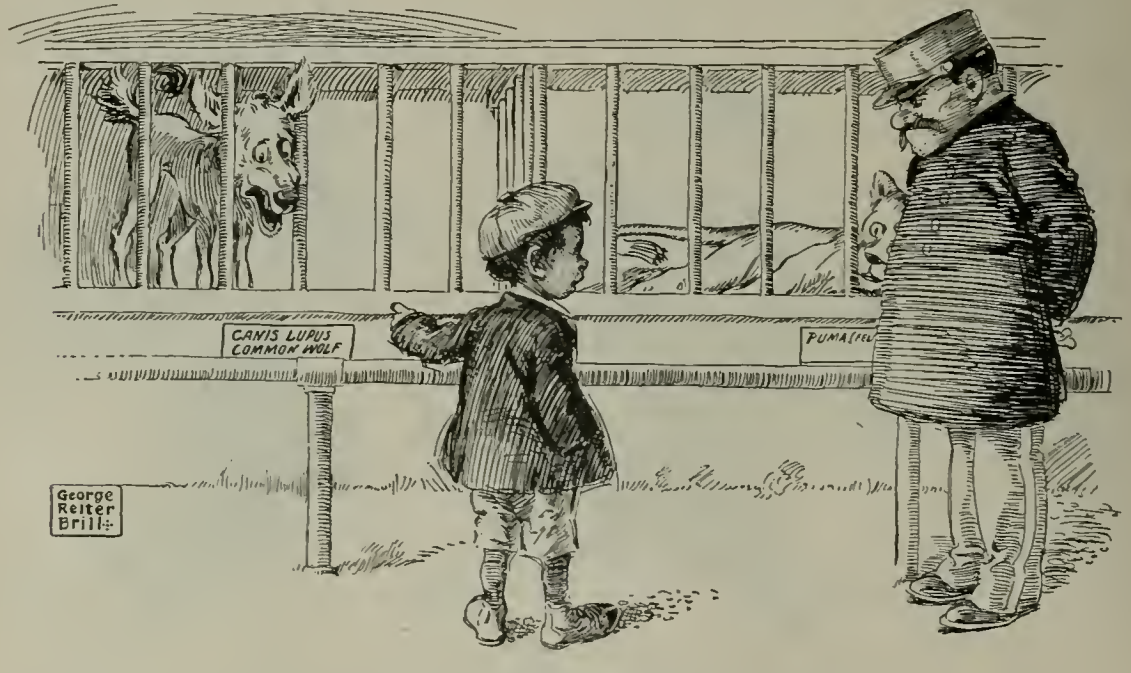
COULD, BUT HE COULDN'T.

CHIMMIE—"Gee! De boss said if I lost any uv dese collars an' cuffs I'd be *collared* and *cuffed*."

## Could Afford To Wait.

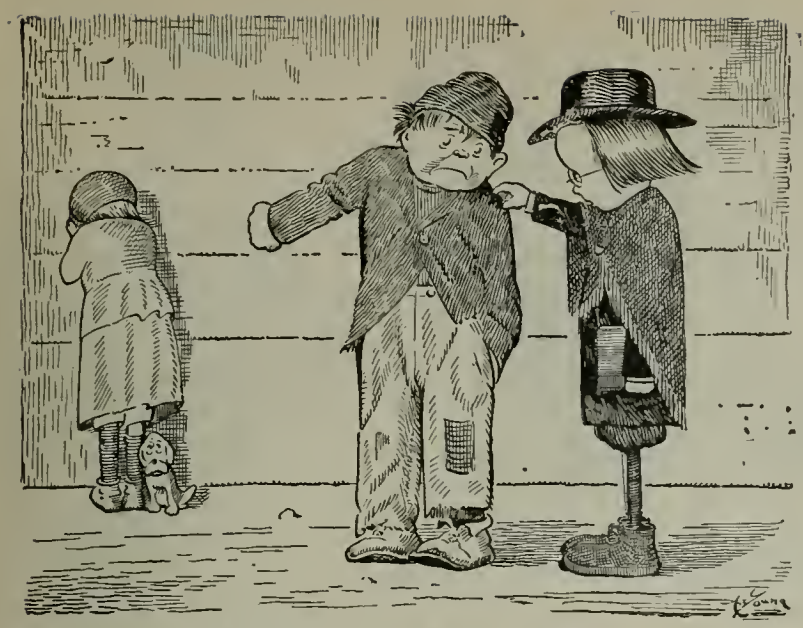
ANGRILY the agriculturist glares at the ram which has butted him through the side of the barn.

"Drat ye!" he exclaims; "drat ye! I'd sell ye to the butcher this very day if it wasn't I could wait another week and get forty cents a pound for ye as spring lamb."




HIS REASON.

KEEPER—"What makes you think we do not take good care of that wolf?"
VISITOR—"'Cause pa says he has a hard time keepin' him away from our door."



ANOTHER BOUT WITH BOSTON.

THAT BOSTON BOY (*bless him!*)—"Pardon me, but during the heated discussion you just held with your sister I heard you command her to 'stop chewing the rag.' Don't you think it would have been more gentlemanly to have said, 'Desist masticating the fabric'?"

## The Wash-out on the Roof.

*(With an i. o. u. to one of the new school of poesy.)*

ACROSS the roofs, secured upon a line,
The Monday wash sags round and flaps all day.
No matter what the weather, rain or shine,
When Bridget hangs it there "it's put" to stay.

The evening shadows creep upon the wall;
The yellow dog is chained up all the night.
I hear across the fence-top some one call,
"Haul in the line and take the togs from sight!"

And thus I sit and let my eyelids down;
My fancy wanders seaward without fear.
And thus a voyage I make, while still in town
And save the price of many a stein of beer.

## A Secondary Consideration.

THE demure comedienne has closed with the impresario, and agreed to create the leading rôle in the new comic opera.

"And now," says the impresario, "what figure would you want for the season?"

"Oh," she titters, with affectation of embarrassment, "had we not best leave that to the costumer?"

EVERY time an old bachelor hears a baby cry he takes a fresh grip on his resolution to remain single.

AN absent-minded woman is one who forgets herself and buys things when she goes shopping.

## A Legal Technicality.

UNCLE EPHRAIM was about to be tried for "walkin' disorderly befo' de chu ch," and fearing high-handed procedure on the part of the board of deacons, he pleaded,

"Bredderen an' sisteren, it 'pear ter me laik we ought ter be reg'lar 'bout dese prognostications, so no scandilizement kin cum on our belubbed boa'd ob deekins. It's 'bleeged ter be mo' laik white folks ter 'pint a reg'lar quorum ter set on dis yere case."

The deacons however, sternly refused to shirk their responsibility, and Uncle Eph was duly found guilty of stealing the pastor's hog.

A SAD CASE.

MAN—"Why do you weep, my boy?"

BOY—"Please, sir, me fadder 's drinkin', an' me mudder ain't got a cent in de house, an' termorrer 's me birt'day, an' she don't know *what* we *are* goin' ter do about givin' me a reception."

ARTIST EXPECTED TO BUY IT.

*Editor*—"I'll take this; but why did you name it 'His First Square Meal'?"
*Artist*—"Well, you see, I expected to sell it."

## The Burglar's Vacation.

THE BURGLAR decided that he needed a vacation. It was true that business was never better, and that there was a long list of easy jobs on hand; but, as he said to his wife,

"All the wise guys say a rest in the country in the summer does a man a world of good. He works better when he comes back, and lives longer for the change."

The burglar's wife agreed with him, and five minutes later he sat down and wrote to Mossybank House for rates. He received the following reply a few days later:

"Dere sir—I take my pen in hand to informe you that we kin put you and your family up for Auggust. We hav eight kows, fortie chickins, seventeen pigs, four dogs and six cats, so you kin see we hav plentie of fresh milk and meat on the farm. You give the names of Theodore Roosevelt and John Smith for refference. I never heard tell of Roosevelt, but any one named John Smith must be honest, so his refference is all righte."

About six weeks later the burglar returned to the city looking a new man. He declared he never felt better in his life, but in telling of his vacation a look of pain came in his eyes as he said,

"Up to the last week we just took solid comfort and laid on the fat. Then we got a bump that sickened us of country life."

"What happened?" he was asked.

"Why," he said fiercely, "some mean, low-down, white-livered scoundrel of a thief got into my room and stole two hundred dollars and the old lady's diamonds!"

A. B. LEWIS.

## Her Idea of a Wooden Leg.

*Hewitt*—"Is your wife a woman of practical ideas?"

*Jewett*—"Well, I could imagine that if I lost a leg she would think that the vacancy could be filled by taking one of the legs out of a pine table that we no longer use."

THE LOGIC OF DELAY.

"Ethelbert Murphy, do you think it's quite right for your little brother to go in bathing on Sunday? Don't you think he might have waited till to-morrow?"

"What'd 'a' bin de use? He'd 'a' needed it woise."

IT ALWAYS BREAKS DOWN.

"I think some long walks would do me a lot of good."
"All right. I'll take you out in my automobile a few times."

## Cause and Effect.

*Teacher*—"Willie, why don't you keep your hair combed?"

*Willie*—"'Cause I ain't got no comb."

*Teacher*—"Why don't you ask your mamma to buy you one?"

*Willie*—"'Cause then I'd have ter keep my hair combed."

## Better.

"I SUPPOSE," said the beautiful girl, "that you often burn the midnight oil."

"No," replied the poet. "I hang my hat on the door-knob, so the landlady can't look through the key-hole and catch me burning gas."

## But Not To Pay Back.

*Dinks*—"I see Rouge has bought an automobile. I didn't think he had sufficient means to do that."

*Winks*—"Oh, he has all sorts of means of borrowing money, and just as many means of spending it."

A SWELL.

A crocodile thought he'd be swell,
So he tied to his tail a big bell.
When he walked by the Nile
You could hear it a mile—
And it was becoming as well.

A TWIN MYSTIFICATION.

1. *Theodore Roosevelt Jackson*—"Foh de Lawd's sake, who eber seed a basket walkin' 'long on a fence!"

2. *Mrs. T. R. J.*—"Explain this, sah!"

## Poor Judgment.

"YOUR proposal," sighed the young woman, gazing upon the man who knelt before her, "is very beautiful; but it sounds to me like the one Hector de Bauvilleine made to Genevra Colincourt in 'The Romance of Old Chizzlewick Castle.'"

"It is," confessed the swain; "it is almost word for word the same proposal. You see, it seemed to me that it was the best form I had ever seen, so I adopted it."

"Well, did you read the rest of the story?"

"No; only to see that she accepted him. That's as far as I read."

"You do not know, then, that Hector de Bauvilleine ran away with the cook after stealing all of Genevra's jewels and money? Please go away. I shudder when I think of what I have escaped."

MUST BE DRY.

"Have yez had yer breaklast yit, Moike?"
"Not a dhrop."

## Literary Names.

"YES," says the fond mamma; "I think we picked real pretty names for the twins. Pa got them out of a book. I always did like a name with a literary tone to it."

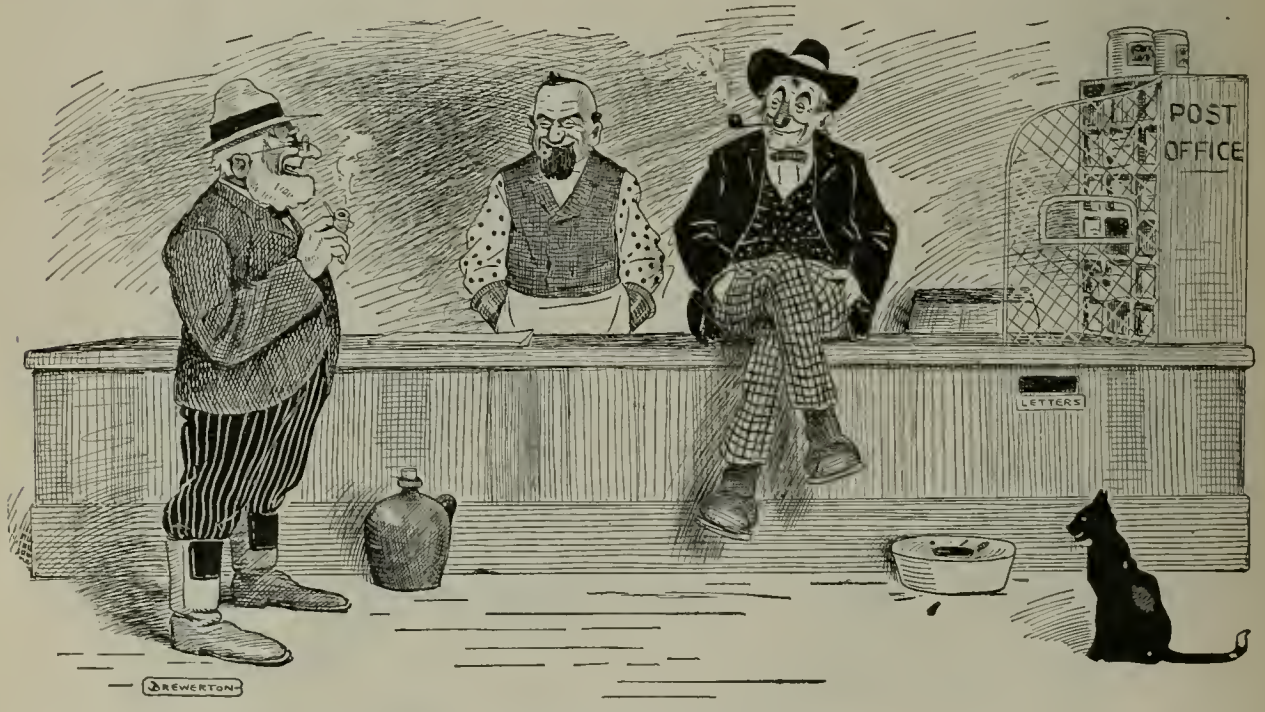
"And what do you call the little darlings?"

"Fauna and Flora. It's from a book in the library down town that tells about 'The Fauna and Flora of the western hemisphere.'"

## Spirited Criticism.

"MABEL SNOGGS wore a claret-colored gown with vermouth braid and rye ribbon and bourbon laces," says the first young woman. "And I heard Orville Bings tell her she was perfectly intoxicating. Tee-hee!"

"Intoxicating?" sniffs the second young woman. "I saw her. The dress was a mile too tight for her!"




SEVERELY PUNISHED.

"So Silas was charged with havin' seven wives. Was th' judge severe on him?"
"Awful! He discharged him with all seven of his wives waitin' fer him in th' corridor."

## Unparalleled.

"SEE that woman going down the aisle?" asks the salesman of the floor-superintendent, whom he has been frantically signaling.

"Yes. What about her—shoplifter?"

"No; crazy."

"Crazy?"

"Undoubtedly. She came here and bought goods enough for three dresses without asking me to unroll more than four bolts of material and without saying that she'd take samples of everything on the shelves and come back later."

"HE DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED."

## His Status.

"IN my native land," explains the pundit, "humanity is divided into castes. Thus, one family will do nothing but menial labor, because their caste prescribes and proscribes their occupation. Another family will do no menial work for the same reason."

"Then," timidly asks the earnest young lady who hopes to gather sufficient material for a club paper on sociology, "I suppose the people who put mortar on the walls belong to the plaster cast, do they?"

THE VITAL REASON.

SHE—"Folks say you only married me because I had money."
HE—"Nonsense! My principal reason for marrying you was because I had none."

## The Diners.

THE gambler should dine on steaks.
The policeman on beets.
The actor on ham—and duck-eggs.
The woodsman on chops.
The critic on roasts.
The jeweler on carrots.
The electrician on currants.
The wife on tongue.
The husband on pocket-book rolls.

Sweethearts should dine on venison, because they are deer to each other.

## Oh, What a Language!

WHAT a language—what a language it is that we speak! How little we may depend upon a rule once learned! We note the word that is formed apparently exactly as is some other word whose meaning we have been taught to ascertain by the application of certain rules, and, behold! we make an egregious—nay, even a ridiculous—blunder.

For instance, we say a man has been disarmed, meaning that he has had his arms taken away from him. But when we speak of the prisoner after the disarming scrimmage as being disheveled, we do not mean that they also took his hevel away from him. Of course not.

We mention the dehorned cow, meaning that the cow has been taken while a calf and robbed of her horns. Yet when we speak of a man who has been defeated, we do not refer to a man who, while a calf, was tied up and robbed of his feat or his feet.

We say that Anne Boleyn and other ladies were beheaded, meaning that they were placed upon a block and had their heads chopped off. But take, again, the word befuddled—we speak of a man as being in such condition. But do we mean that he lay down on a block and had his fuddle chopped off? Certainly, certainly not.

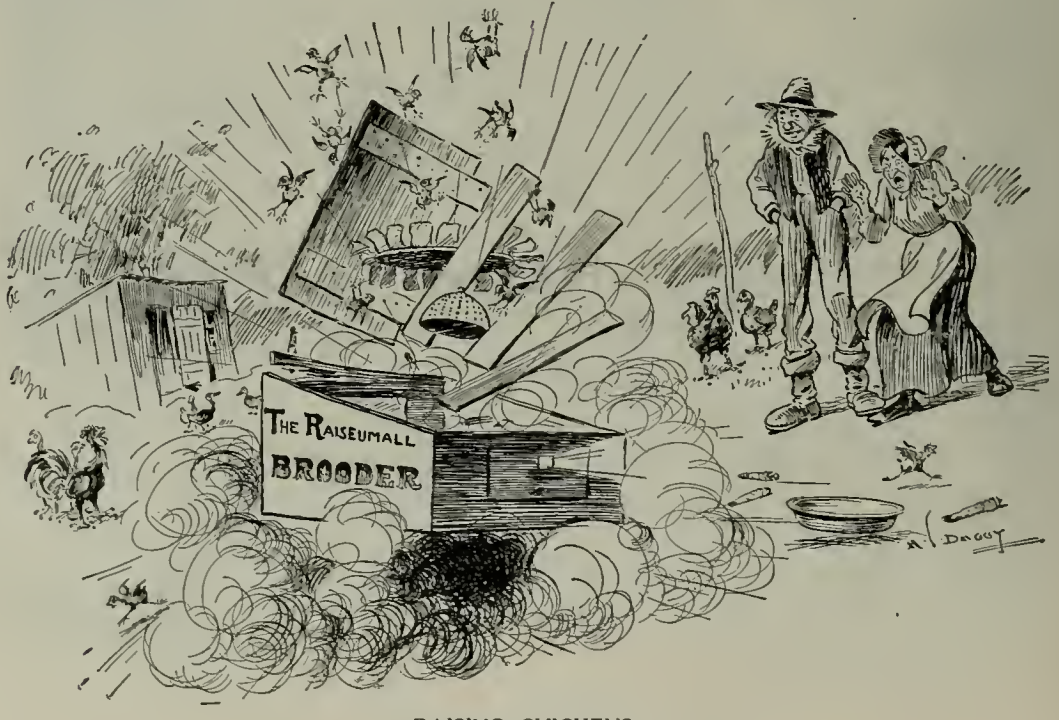
So you see how untrustworthy this language of ours is.

Class is dismissed. Take the next two pages for the next lesson.

S. W. G.

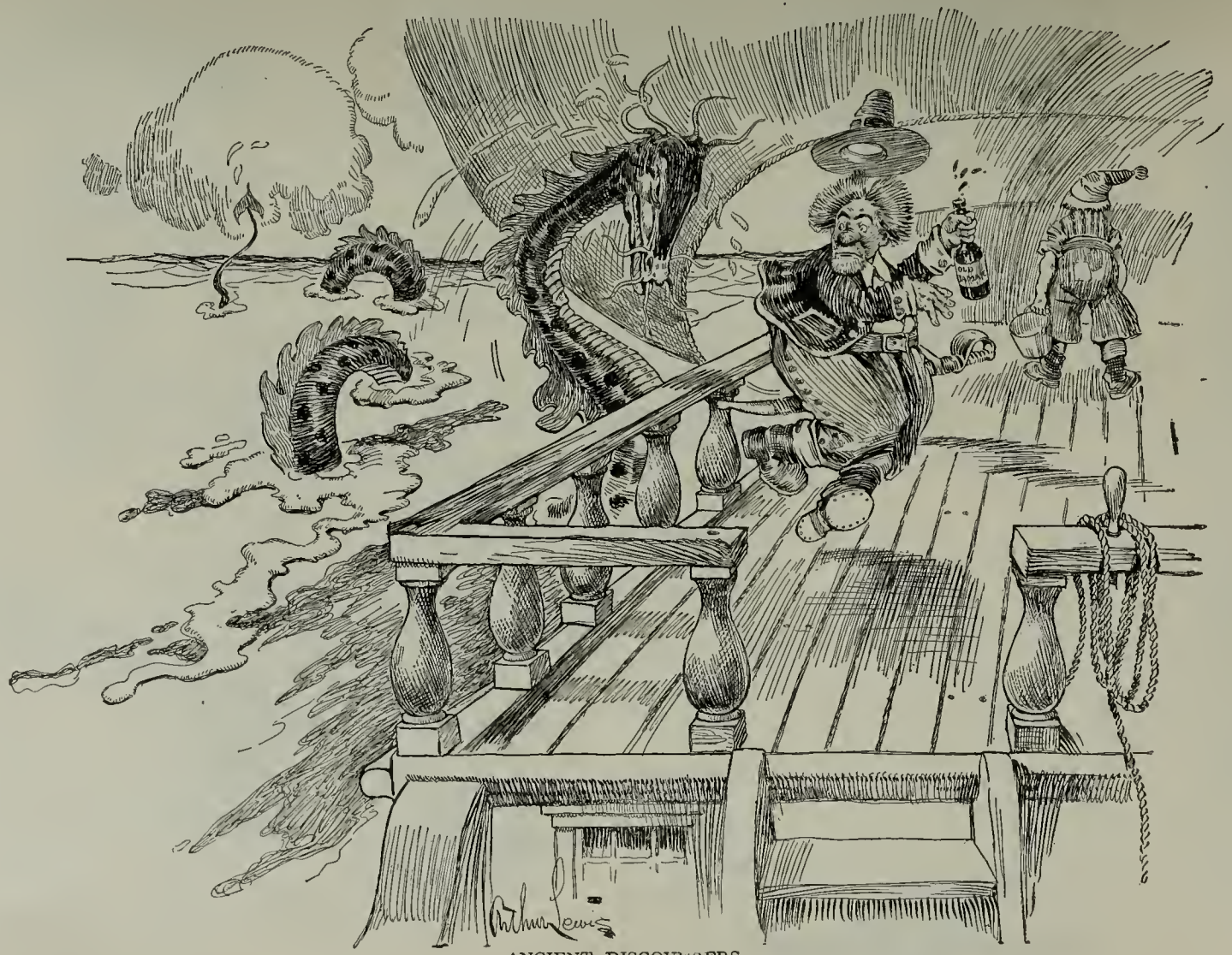
CERTAINLY NOT.

"Did Jones take his wife with him on his trip?"
"No. He was traveling for pleasure."




RAISING CHICKENS.

*Uncle Cy* (as the brooder-lamp explodes)—"There ain't no disputin' thet you hev demonstrated thet ye kin raise chicks with one o' them machines."




ANCIENT DISCOVERERS.

The sea-serpent was first sighted by Hans von Booze, the noted Dutch navigator.

# HAFA NUTHER AND THE TROUPERS

By W. D. NESBIT. Illustrated by J. H. SMITH.

IT CHANCED one evening that as Hafa Nuther sat in the door of his tent, smoking his bismillah or his nargileh, or one of those queer oriental water-bottles that you buy in the department-store and swear at in your home, there came across the spreading prairie a strange and motley company of people.

"What have we here?" said Hafa Nuther, taking his purse from his pocket and sitting upon it.

The strange and motley company of people came slowly across the plain, until at last they reached the tent of Hafa Nuther. The leader approached Hafa Nuther and asked,

"Where's the rest of the outfit?"

"I am the rest of it, sir," was the courteous reply. "I am also the other part of it; but I hardly understand you."

"Pardon me, but is not this a tent-show?"

"A what?"

"A canvas Tom show, or a reppytoire?"

"Reppytoire? Sir, the nearest thing to that I have is a chiffonier I purchased from an amiable individual who blew in here on a cyclone one evening and was compelled to part with the chiffonier because his team had been carried over into the next state, and he must betake himself in that direction also, to see that they got rubbed down and fed as usual."

By this time the rest of the crowd of strangers were in a circle about the two, and one of them interrupted,

"Wait a minute, Bill. This party isn't no perfessional. I take it that he just camps out here. Isn't that right, perfessor?"

"It is right. But I do not camp out and I am not a professor," mildly answered Hafa Nuther, coiling his tubing about his katishah, or wady halfa, or whatever kind of a glass pipe it is, and rising to his feet, at the same time deftly lifting his purse and dropping it into the bosom of his burnoose.

"'THE HONEST WATCHMAN.'"

"Then," said the second speaker, who was a short man with a blue-black beard indication on his cheeks, "permit me to introduce us. We are members of the Rollicking Ramblers' comic opera and extravaganza company, and we have, perforce, been compelled to trudge across the prairies to our next stand owing to a railroad wreck. Seeing your commodious tent, we made bold to come over and pass the time of day, being glad of the chance to see a human being with whom we did not feel the necessity of quarreling."

"Rollicking Ramblers?" echoed Hafa Nuther, shoving his hubble-bubble—that's it—hubble-bubble back into the tent. "I see you are rambling, but I have not as yet observed any rollicking."

"We only rollick for the regular price of admission," explained the original speaker, who was the manager of the company.

"Price of admission?" asked Hafa Nuther. "Ah, I begin to understand. You are in the show business. I, too, was at one time in the profession of uplifting and educating the masses. I had a trained comet."

"You had? And where is it now?"

"It went up."

"That's the way all shows go," put in the second comedian, who had been moodily chewing some clover.

"Might I inquire the nature of your exhibition?" said Hafa Nuther, motioning them all to take seats on the grass.

"Well," said the spokesman, "we give a combined production of singing, dancing and gags, together with some acrobatics and moving pictures."

"I do my famous imitation of the leading comediennes," said a little girl with saucy black eyes, gazing soulfully at Hafa.

"I am sure," murmured Hafa Nuther, "that you could imitate anybody so well that thereafter they would seem to be imitating you."

"Sing your song for him, Lizzie," suggested the manager, who had looked into the tent and discovered that there was plenty of food, canned and otherwise, within.

Lizzie—on the bills she was Mlle. Lizette de Mirphé—arose, shook out her skirts and began:

"In a city far away there dwelt
A lad so young and fair,
With honest eyes and willing hands,
And softly c-u-r-l-i-n-g hair-ah.
He was employed by night to be
A bank watchman on pay,
And when the wicked cashier sought
To bribe him he did s-a-ay-ah:

"'No, sir, I spurn-ah your gold;
No, sir, I spurn-ah your gold.
I hope to be
Honest and free
When I like you am old-ah.
Though I'm a lad,
Still I'm not bad'—
'Tis the lesson that the wicked cashier was told."

"'*Two* BAD.'"

"There's two more verses," she explained. "The next one tells how the cashier grabbed him by the throat and jammed him against the wall, and I sing the chorus just as if I was chokin', and you bet I get a big hand on that. And then the last verse tells how the cashier repents and quits robbing, and I have a boy in the gallery who sings a duet with me for the chorus. Oh, it goes great!"

"A highly moral song, and very instructive," said Hafa Nuther. "But do not the rest of the ladies and gentlemen do anything?"

"Not on an empty stomach," was the reply of the manager.

## HAFA NUTHER AND THE TROUPERS.

"Well, I'd hate to have them perform their dances on mine when it was full."

"Shake, old man!" shouted the principal comedian. "That carries me back to the good old days."

However, Hafa Nuther brought out a goodly supply of eatables and the company lunched joyously with him. After the repast the ladies of the chorus sang and danced and gave the Amazonian march, and the little black-eyed girl sang "Just because she winked," and "Mah honey is a-makin' money," both of which songs pleased Hafa Nuther immensely. He also almost broke his hubble-bubble by falling over it in a paroxysm of laughter when the second comedian got the principal comedian on the joke about "Have you heard about the three boiled eggs? No? Two bad!"

While he was yet shaking with laughter the troupe arose and bade him good-bye.

Hafa Nuther sat in the door of his tent, relit his water-pipe and smoked thoughtfully as they trudged away. Suddenly he arose and called,

"Say, did you hear that song about the bank cashier and the watchman? Two bad!"

Then, until late in the evening, he smoked and thought and thought and smoked. When he arose to seek his couch he sighed, "I'd like to be as happy as they are, but I shouldn't like to be as hungry as they were."

## HAFA NUTHER AND THE SCIENTIST.

ONE evening Hafa Nuther was sitting in the door of his tent, resting from the labors of the day, when a dusty traveler approached and, making a courteous bow, inquired after his health.

"I am quite well," said Hafa Nuther. And you?"

"So, so," said the other, dropping upon the grass and heaving a sigh of relief. "It's wearing on the constitution—my work."

"Might I inquire what vocation you pursue?"

"Just at present I'm not pursuing a vocation. I'm pursuing butterflies."

"Butterflies?"

"Yes. I work for the government, and it has sent me out here to chase down the gay and festive butterfly; or, rather, a gay and festive butterfly which has never been seen so far as is known."

"I must confess that I scarcely understand you," said Hafa Nuther.

"Well, it's this way: The chief assistant superintendent of insectorial research got to figuring around among the cases of butterflies and he discovered that there was one variety that carried its front legs crossed when flying and another that held them straight out. So he argues that nature always works in a series, and if we look long enough we will find a butterfly that holds its front legs bent at the knees when in full flight. Hence, there is an appropriation of fifty thousand dollars and I am

"'SENT TO CATCH THE GAY AND FESTIVE BUTTERFLY.'"

searching for the bent-legged butterfly. Have you seen him?"

"Not that I remember. But since you are a scientist and a government official I must beg that you accept of my poor hospitality so long as your labors keep you in this vicinity."

The stranger thankfully accepted, and introduced himself more completely by telling Hafa Nuther that his name was J. B. Henry Collingham, Ph.D., L.S., C.O.D.

"I have always been deeply interested in science," confessed Hafa Nuther, after Mr. Collingham had filled his pipe.

"It's a good thing to be interested in," answered the other. "In fact, as we go through life we learn that it is always excellent to be interested in a good thing, do we not?"

Hafa Nuther gravely agreed in the statement.

"Now," continued the scientist, "I have always devoted myself to studies along lines that I believed would benefit mankind. Why, the year after I left college—I am a graduate of Yarvard, by the way—I succeeded in carrying to success a plan to cross the ordinary hen with the mosquito."

"For what purpose?" asked Hafa Nuther, striking a match and touching up his tobacco again.

"Eggs. You know, in the course of the summer the common, every-day mosquito will lay 93,654,822 eggs. The ordinary hen will produce something like one hundred. I figured that the henquito, as I called the new breed, would lay at least 75,000,000 eggs, and even if I only had ten or fifteen hens I could relieve any egg famine that ever afflicted humanity."

"Noble ambition," commented Hafa Nuther, poking a straw down his pipe-stem to clear it.

"Sure it was. But it didn't work."

"Didn't?"

"Nope. I don't know where the trouble came in, but instead of combining the egg-laying propensities of the two species, the chickens that resulted were provided with bills ten feet long, and I had to kill them all because they did nothing but buzz around and bite inoffensive strangers."

Hafa Nuther gave him a searching look before murmuring, "Remarkable!"

"Then I had another project," went on the scientist. "I managed to produce a variety of oyster-plant that had shells on it. Did that by sowing lots of phosphate and bone dust about the beds where the oyster-plant grew, and the shells really were splendid. Looked just like the real thing. Had to give it up, though."

"You don't say."

"Fact. Unprincipled scoundrels got on to my secret, robbed my garden and sold the shell oyster-plant as midget cocoanuts. Couldn't stand for that. Destroyed my plans and specifications and exposed the swindlers."

"Noble youth."

"Thank you. Well, the next thing I tried was a humanitarian project, pure and simple. Cross bred lightning-bugs and June-bugs so that the June-bugs would have a light to carry around with them at night and keep them from bumping against the walls and ceilings when they got into a bedroom and tried to get out again."

"That shows a kind heart."

"Sure. That certainly turns the X-rays on my disposition. But it wouldn't go, either."

"I should have thought it would."

"No. You see, when my illuminated June-bugs got into houses the ignorant people thought at first it was lightning, and then when they learned what it was they claimed that the June-bugs kept the room so light that sleep was impossible."

"And did you abandon the enterprise simply because of that?"

"Oh, no. But some capitalists got hold of me and induced me to raise about a million of the self-lighting June-bugs and sell them to cities as substitutes for electric lights. You see, the bugs would fly through the trees in the parks and shed a soft radiance over the scene that made the effect positively entrancing."

"Yet I can't see how that failed."

"It didn't fail. The society for the prevention of cruelty to animals argued that a bug was an animal and got the courts to sustain the argument and then had me fined for keeping the June-bugs on duty all night."

"That was discouraging."

"You're right. And so then I went into the government service, and here I am, forty miles from a post-office and my pay cheque waiting me there. Might I be so bold as to presume upon your friendship for me by asking you for a small advance until I can go there and get my salary?"

Hafa Nuther looked meditatively into the eyes of the scientist.

"Pardon me," he said softly, "but your pipe has gone out."

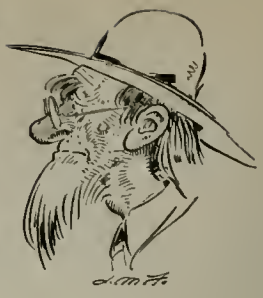
"Why," replied the scientist, "it is still smoking."

"Your pipe has gone out," repeated Hafa Nuther, making a gracious bow and entering his tent. Soon he heard the footsteps of the scientist gradually fading away into the silence.

"A little bit more," mused Hafa Nuther, "and he would have been trying to graft something around here."

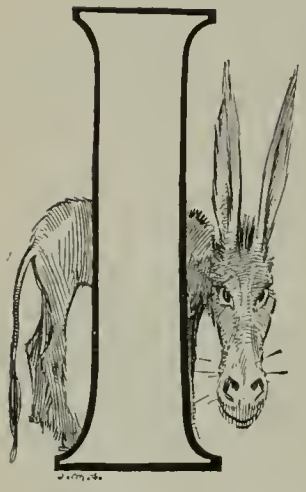
However, it pained him for several days to think that there could be people who thought he looked so easy.

# THE HEARTLESS BUNCOING OF UNCLE DAVID



## BY ED. MOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY J. M. FLAGG.



I SEEN right away that there was somethin' uncommon the matter with Uncle David Beckendarter, 'cause he had fergot to put the corncob stopper back into the jug and to set the jug behind the door when he seen me comin' in. Either that, I says to myself, or else he's been to meetin', seen the error of his ways, and has repented and is goin' to ask me to git a tumbler out o' the cubberd and j'ine him; 'cause he hadn't never fergot himself so before. But he didn't ask me to do nothin' o' the sort, and he come to himself with a jerk, and shoved the cork in the jug and sot it away so quick that I seen with a sorrowin' heart that he hadn't see the error of his ways none, and that if I wanted consolation I'd have to go some'rs where they didn't keep it shet in quite so close as they did at Uncle David's."

Solomon Cribber did not add, "Hence I am here," but he looked around him at 'Kiar Biff's cozy tavern, as much as to say that he was willing to regard it as the place he was looking for and to go no further. If there was any acknowledgment, though, on the part of Landlord Biff, or of any of the others present, that Mr. Cribber was right in his selection of the spot, it must have been entirely mental. There was no appearance of it on the surface.

"Yes," continued Mr. Cribber; "but when I seen with a sorrowin' heart that he hadn't see the error of his ways and repented, I didn't let my disapp'intment blind me to it that somethin' uncommon was the matter with Uncle David, and I sot and says to him,

"'Uncle David,' I says, 'somethin' is weightin' of you down.'

"'Like a ton o' lead!' says he.

"'What kin it be?' says I.

"'Absalom,' says he. 'Absalom has gone and done it at last!' says he.

"'Done it!' says I. 'Not died?'

"'Died?' says he. 'No. Nothin' as good as that,' says he.

"'You don't mean to tell me, Uncle David,' I says,

"'ABSALOM WAS THERE AND TOOK CHARGE OF THE YOUNG FELLER.'"

' that he has run away with Aunt Sally and kicked her out o' the wagon!' I says.

"'No,' says he. 'Worse than that! He has steered us up ag'in' a bunco game! That's what he's done,' says Uncle David.

"'Not Absalom?' says I.

"'Absalom,' says he, heavin' a sigh and reachin' down in his tumbler to git the lump o' sugar that was wet yit and smelt o' consolation. 'Absalom,' says he, after he had swallered the sugar and blinked a little. 'Absalom. And seems to me, Solomon, as if it's goin' to be tarnation hard fer us to pin our confidence on to him after this,' says he.

"'Kiar, mebbe I'd better tell you about Absalom first, and then you kin jedge better o' the heft o' what was

"WHEN HE WENT TO MAKE HIS FIRST CALL ON AUNT SALLY."

weightin Uncle David down. Absalom is a mule—a little buckskin-colored mule—and he's been runnin' things on Uncle David's place so long that they 've fergot how old he is. And he's been the boss over there, too. Things had to be done jest accordin' to the way Absalom jedged about 'em, and Uncle David and Aunt Sally wouldn't no more think o' doin' the contrary than they 'd think o' killin' pigs when the moon wasn't right—that is, they wouldn't not till he run 'em into this bunco game. Whether they're goin' to do any different now I hain't here to say.

"Why, there couldn't nobody on top o' earth do business with Uncle David or Aunt Sally Beckendarter unless he got a recommend from Absalom. When Absalom folded them two-foot ears o' his'n back onto his neck and made as if he'd run a feller off o that place, that feller couldn't do no business with the Beckendarter family, though there was two or three times when other folks could see that Absalom's jedgment was somethin, tremendous queer. Fer instance. Take the feller that drove up to Uncle David's one day, time the railroad was buildin'.

"He drove up, lit out of his wagon, and was walkin' to the house, when Absalom come and shet him off. Absalom didn't only lay back his ears and show the feller an uncompromisin' front, but he shifted tail, too, and let his heels fly out so positive in the direction of the visitor that the visitor got back into his wagon a good deal quicker than he had got out of it, and he hollered to Uncle David to call off his mule.

"'I've got some ding important business with you!' he hollers to Uncle David, who was standin' on the stoop lookin' the field over.

"'No you hain't,' Uncle David hollers back. 'You hain't got no sort o' business with me at all,' he hollers, 'cause Absalom 's ag'in' you, and Absalom knows!'

"The feller went away in a huff; and come to find out, he was the agent of the railroad, and he had come over to make a contract with Uncle David to buy a big lot o' railroad ties, and Uncle David had been layin' back fer the chance to sell 'em. The railroad give the job to a neighbor o' Uncle David's, and he cleaned up more 'n a thousand dollars on it. But uncle David stuck by Absalom.

"'The chances is,' says he, 'that if I 'd 'a' took that contract I 'd 'a' gone and put all the money in the bank,

and the bank would 'a' busted. I tell you, Absalom knows,' says he.

"Then see the case o' the new preacher that come to the Pochuck circuit. There wasn't never a meeker, milder, innocenter mortal ever eat yaller-leg chickens than that preacher was. When he went to make his first call on to Aunt Sally he was bounced off o' them premises so quick by Absalom that he actu'ly never knowed how he got out into the road. It saddened the hearts of Uncle David and Aunt Sally beyend all calcalation to know that the new preacher had been weighed in the balance by Absalom and found wantin', but there was no gittin' 'round it. They suspicioned that poor dominie from then on, and never went to meetin' once durin' the hull time he was on the circuit. And it didn't shake their faith in Absalom as much as the tiniest quaver that when the preacher left the district he had a record as spotless as the first trackin' snow. Not a quaver!

"'The world hain't come to an end yit,' says Uncle David and Aunt Sally. 'Preachers is doin' some terrible queer things these days, when you're least expectin' it,' they says, 'and that un is a young feller yit, and has got plenty o' time. Absalom knows,' they says.

"So you kin see, 'Kiar, how shook up I must 'a' been when, knowin' all about the standin' of Absalom on the Beckendarte place, I see Uncle David all weighted down over this chatterin' of the family idol.

"'S'eered you ag'in' a bunco game,' I says. 'Not Absa'om?'

"'Absalom!' says Uncle David, moanin' some, but with a longin' peek behind the door. 'He has gone and shook my confidence in him tremendous,' says he. 'Seems as if I couldn't never put no dependence onto him ag'in. Say, Solomon,' says he, 'you know what store me and your aunt Sally sot by that knowin' little varmint?'

"'Consider'ble,' says I.

"'You remember how his idees o' things worked in that railroad-tie deal?' says Uncle David.

"'Somewhat,' I says.

"'And you remember how me and your aunt Saily humped along fer a year and better without no spiritual consolation, owin' to Absalom's idee as to the standin' o' that new preacher?" says he.

"'A trifle,' says I.

"'Yes, yes,' says Uncle David. 'And we jest sot by and let things jog, setch was our confidence in that mule,' says he. 'Well, one day somethin' like three months ago,' says he, 'the nicest young chap you ever sot eyes onto stopped here, jumped out of his wagon, and started for the door. Absalom was there, and he took charge o' the young feller. Seemed as if he was just about tickled to death to see him. He shoved his nose ag'in' his sleeve the welcomest kind, and actu'ly walked him right up to the door, and even wanted to foller him into the house, he had took setch a fancy to him.

"'Well, we didn't know what the young feller's business was jest then,' says Uncle David, 'but Absalom's was all the recommendation me and your aunt Sally wanted fer him, and he didn't dilly-dally a minute, but got right down to the doin' of what he had come to see us about. He got down to it so snug that in less than fifteen minutes he had my signatoor to a contract to be the agent fer the

JEALOUSY.

SALLIE STORK—"Well, I don't see what you men admire about her figure."

most amazin' stump-puller and root-grubbin' machine that ever pulled or rooted. Then the nice young feller went away, with Absalom showing him back to his wagon and hee-hawin' him good-bye.

"'"Sally," says I, as he drove off, "I'll bet my boots on that feller," says I.

"'Well,' says Uncle David, 't' other day the contract to be the agent fer that amazin' stump-puller and root-grubber turned up in the shape o' the slickest cut-throat jedgment note fer one hundred and sixty-three dollars and thirty-nine cents that ever took the shirt off o' a misguided mortal's back. And with it come a notice from a lawyer at the county seat that I was expected to drop in on him and settle that note without delay. I sent back word that I 'd be dinged if I would, and so they come over yisterday and levied on this, that, and t' other o' my movable belongin's, includin' Absalom!

"'"'Tain't that I mind so much, Solomon,' says Uncle David, sad as the sad sea waves, and takin' another peek behind the door, seemin'ly most inclined to git holt o' the jug and drag it out, but changin' his mind. 'Tain't that I mind so much, Solomon,' says he, 'but to think that after we've left Absalom have the run o' the place fer all these years, he'd turn to and run us up ag'in' a bunco game is what is breakin' me all up,' says he. 'Seems to me,' says he, 'as if it 'll be sort o' hard fer us to pin our confidence on to him ag'in,' he says.

"Seein' that Uncle David was all weighted down so, and perceivin' with a sorrowin' heart that he hadn't been to meetin' and see the error of his ways, I didn't hardly have the spirit to say what I thunk, and I got up and come out. But as I heerd the corncob stopper squeakin' before I got the door shet yit, I had an idee that Uncle David was gittin' consolation enough to bear him up under his weightin' down, and that if I wanted any myself I'd have to go some'rs where they didn't keep it shet in quite so close as they did at Uncle David's."

The Pochuck chronicler paused, cracked a finger or two, looked about him a moment, rose, and said,

"But I see I hain't got there yit."

Then, putting on his ear-muffs and his gum shoes, he went out, presumably to renew his quest.

## An Allegory.

NOW, upon a time there were two swains, and each loved the same fair lady. Upon a day they came unto the damsel, and the first made speech unto her, saying,

"Behold! I am consumed with the fires of devotion for you. I would go to the ends of the world for you."

Whereat she responded, "Go!" And he went out in great happiness, believing that when he had sought the end of the world he should have her hand.

Then came to her side the second swain, much cast down in spirit and exceeding heavy of heart.

"Oh, fair one!" he sighed, "I would not go to the end of the world for you, but I would go to the end of the world with you."

"Come," she said.

This teaches us that the way to make 'em happy is to make 'em happy with us.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE AGENT.
"I'll write you out a policy."
"Not on your life," said Hutch.
"Of course not," said the agent bland;
"But on your *own*—how much?"

## Easy Lesson for the Little Ones.

SEE the man.

Is the man looking into the cannon?

Yes, the man is looking into the cannon.

Why does he gaze so intently into the muzzle?

He wishes to see why it does not go off.

Oh, goodness! the cannon has been discharged.

Look, look! The man is unhurt.

But did not the discharge of the cannon blow out his brains?

No, indeed, child. If the man had had any brains he would not have rubbered down the mouth of the gun.

Thus we learn that Nature is a wise guy.

---

*Barkley*—"Poynter's greyhound was awarded a prize of ten dollars for perfect form at the dog-show."

*Barker*—"Yes; and then the ladies' humane society had Poynter arrested, and he was fined twenty dollars for shaping his dog with corsets."

THE REAL THING.

POET—"Here is a spring poem, sir."

EDITOR—"I can see that. I can detect the microbes of malaria, rheumatism, influenza, and brain-fag in every line."

## Miss Avoirdupois.

SHE'S keeping Lent. To wash away
Her sins? It is not that.
She finds this fasting day by day
A splendid anti-fat.

## Better than Hay.

"HE SAYS that he always makes hay while the sun shines."

"Yes; he is now making love to a rich grass-widow."

## His Sad End.

"W'OT'S become uv dat red-headed bell-hopper w'ot always said he could guess w'ot people wanted by de way de bell rung?" asked the hotel-porter of the head bell-boy.

"He hopped a call from four-eighty-six yestiddy mornin'," explained the head bell-boy. "He took up a pitcher uv ice-water, because he said the bell rung like it was a thirsty call."

"Well?"

"Well, dere was a guy from Kentucky in dat room, dat's all."

## Unqualified.

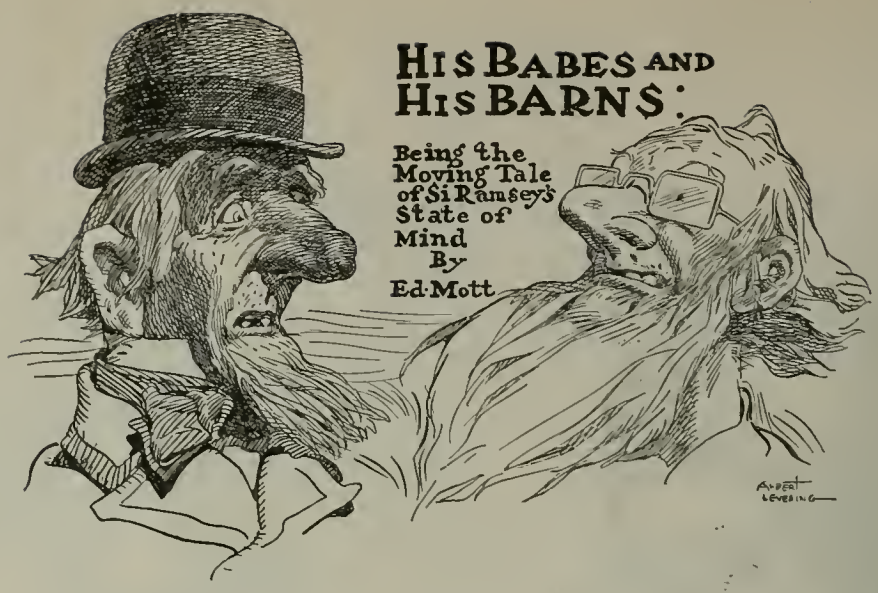
*First South American*—"Faugh! Think of that man pretending to be a statesman! Why he knows absolutely nothing of political economy."

*Second South American*—"I should say he didn't. Why, he couldn't tell a revolution from a North-American college-yell."

Scene in Germany as Johnny imagines it to be after seeing a dachshund.

NO DOUBT OF IT.

CASEY—"I think money, Callahan, is th' root av all evil."
CALLAHAN—"Begobs, thot's roight! If it wasn't fer money there wud be no Jews, an' th' Oirish wud git th' whole lot av it.



# His Babes and His Barns:

## Being the Moving Tale of Si Ramsey's State of Mind

By Ed. Mott

Illustrated by Albert Levering.

"I'M OVER here, but it's painful unneighborly in me! I don't know what Si Ramsey'll think o' me—him in that state o mind, and me over here, thoughtless and unneighborly, and jest as like as not goin' to say, 'Yes,' if anybody asks me, and maybe take as much as three fingers, not countin' the chaser, instead o' bein' over home holdin' buckets o' water ready to douse 'em, and kind o' ease that state o' mind o' Si's a little. I guess I'll go back."

But Sol Cribber, the willing disseminator of news from the Pochuck district, made no move to rise and go back, although no one then present at 'Kiar Biff's tavern at the Corners showed any disposition to put to him the query he had intimated that he might feel inclined to answer in the affirmative.

"I wouldn't be in the state o' mind my friend Si Ramsey is in, not for Si's whole farm," he resumed after a while. "Not for his whole farm—and that's sayin' a good deal, for Si's farm jines mine, and there ain't nothin' I'd rather have than that farm. But bad as I want it, if Si should come to me and say, 'Solomon, I'll give you that farm o' mine, free, gratis, for nothin', but you'll have to take my state o' mind along with it,' I'd have to say to him, 'Silas, you're no friend o' mine! Excuse me, Silas,' I'd say, 'but that's right!' Now, what do you folks over here think of a chap that wouldn't take the best farm in the Pochuck country as a gift if he had to take the owner's state o' mind with it? What do you think of him?"

"Is the state o' mind somethin' awful?" asked 'Kiar Biff.

"Awful? Why, it would throw some folks into fits every three minutes!" replied the Pochuck citizen.

"I want to know!" said 'Kiar. "Do you think it mowt be liable to turn a feller to stealin his neighbor's sheep?"

"Now, 'Kiar, I wouldn't wonder a bit but what it mowt!" was Mr. Cribber's response.

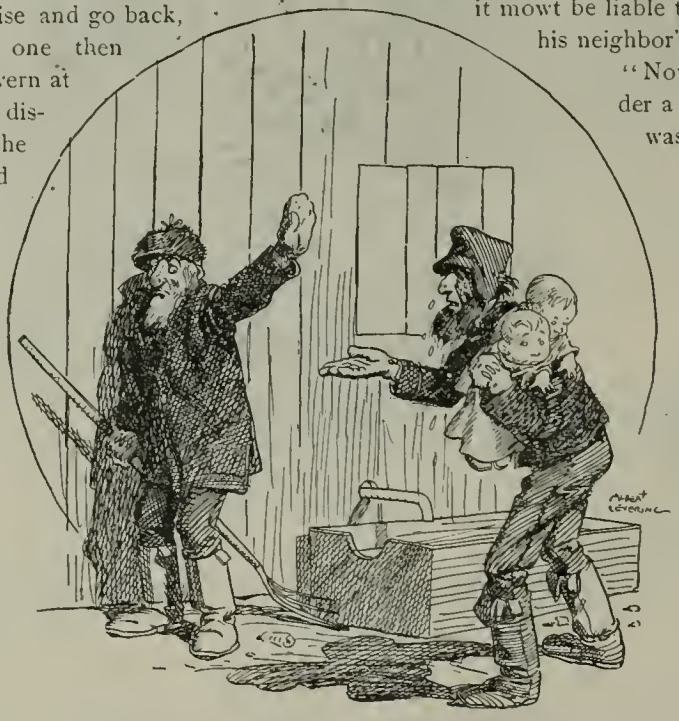
"Humph!" responded the landlord. "And it mowt kill a feller, too, mowtn't it?"

"'Kiar, if you had that state o' mind I don't believe you'd live two days!" asserted the citizen from the Pochuck district.

"Is the farm a real, genuine Pochuck farm, Solomon?" asked 'Kiar.

"That's what it is," said Solomon.

"Then," remarked the landlord, emphasizing the remark by a



"'I'D HAVE TO SAY TO HIM, "EXCUSE ME, SILAS."'"

"'WHY, IT WOULD THROW SOME FOLKS EVERY THREE MINUTES.'"

sounding whack on the table with his fist, "if a feller in such a terrible wearin' state o' mind as that should offer me that farm providin' I'd take the state o' mind along with it, I'd say, 'I don't mind takin' your state o' mind, neighbor, but you kin keep your farm!'"

Those citizens of the Corners who were waiting the main chance at the tavern allowed that 'Kiar was about right, but Mr. Cribber simply cracked two fingers on his right hand and the thumb on his left, and looked pleasant.

"Yes, indeed," said he. "It's painful unneighborly in me to be here, for I ought to be over to Si's this minute with a bucket o' water in each hand, waitin' for the worst, but I feel that I won't be doin' exactly right by myself or by you folks here at the Corners if I go without tellin' about that state o' mind o' Si's. Seems to me as if you ought to know it. I think it was seven years ago that Si got married, and bought the farm I'm tellin' you about, next neighbor to me. Two days after his first baby was born Si's barn burnt down, with everything in it. Nobody could find out how it happened to ketch fire, but Si soon had a nice new barn, and a bigger one, in its place.

"'New baby, new barn,' says Si. 'That seems to be all right,' he says.

"Two years after that, Si's second baby come along, and as it was a boy, Si felt more than a foot taller. That same week Si was away fightin' brush fire, and his big barn ketched fire and there wa'n't nothin' but cinders left of it when Si got home.

"'Another new baby, another new barn, too,' says Si. 'That seems no more than square,' says he.

"Si put up another new barn, and had it insured same as t'other two barns had been. About two years later, I think it was—anyhow, I know it was the third o' July—Mrs. Si added baby No. 3 to the family, and next day bein' the glorious Fourth, Si made up his mind to celebrate both occasions by shootin' off some mild fireworks durin' the evenin'. The Roman candles that Si sent a-sissin' and a-poppin' up and down and criss-cross jest tickled the neighbors all but to pieces, and everything was goin' off in a way that the spirit o' '76 couldn't have asked to had any better, when the hired man come runnin' from back o' the house, yellin',

"'Them roamin' candles o' yourn, Silas,' he yelled, 'has roamed too ding fur! They've roamed, some of 'em, over on to the barn, and she's jest a-hummin'!'

"Sure enough, the barn was on fire, and all that we could do wouldn't save it. It went up in a bonfire to help celebrate the bran' new baby and the fourth o' July.

"'Well, see here,' says Si, 'babies is all right, but if I've got to burn a barn down every time one comes

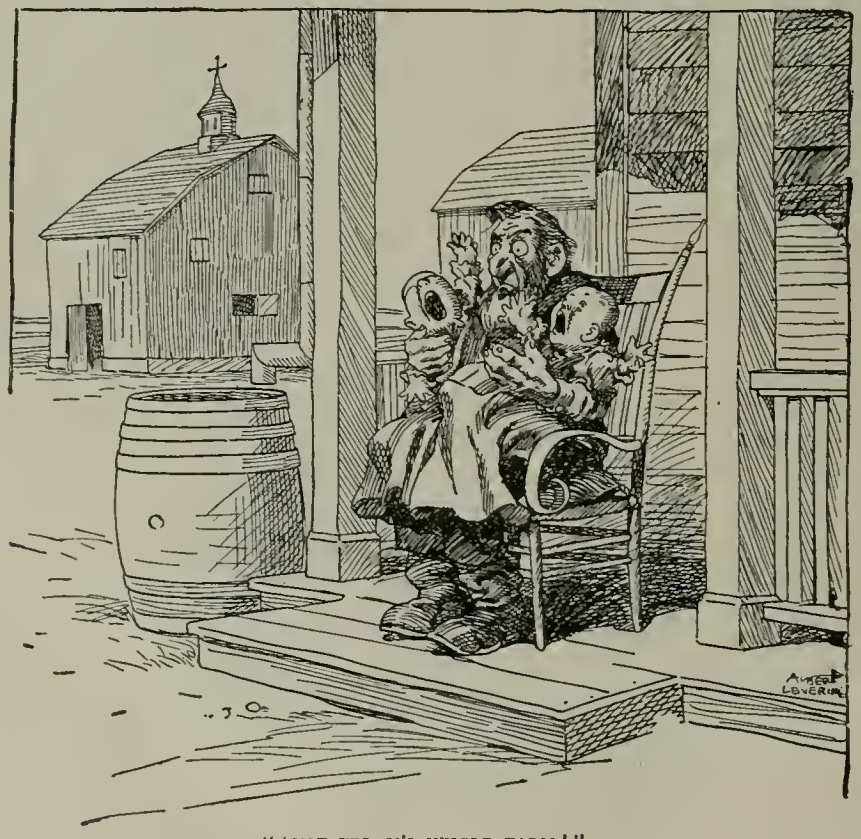
"'SURE ENOUGH, THE BARN WAS ON FIRE.'"

along, there's liable to be more bright spots in me and 'Lizy Jane's future than it's cheerin' to look forward to. This is gittin' monotonous!' says Si.

"But he had to have a new barn, and he built him a new one to remind him o' the third baby. When he went to have it insured, though, the insurance man told him that this here hand-runnin' markin' of an increase in his family by his barn burnin' down had sot the insurance company to thinkin' and figgerin', and they had come to look at future transactions with Si with an anxious eye.

"'They've classed you as extra hazardous, Si,' says the insurance man. 'I'll have to raise the rate on you toler'ble high if I take a risk on your new barn,' he says.

"But Si had to have insurance, and he paid the extra rate on the new barn. Last year Si's hay crop was so tremendous big that to store it he had to build another barn in a meadow not fur from the house. He insured it, and paid the extra rate. Two or three weeks ago the insurance man was passin' that way, and he stopped and had dinner with Si and 'Lizy Jane. The



"'NOT FER SI'S WHOLE FARM.'"

next day Si was all knocked out by gittin' a letter from the insurance man cancellin' the policies on them two barns. Si was madder than a wet hen, but he was too busy to go see about it jest then.

"'But I'll give 'em fits when I do see 'em!' he says.

"Well, day before yisterday what does 'Lizy Jane do but go and present Si with twins. When Si heerd it he stood dumb for a minute. Then he broke out,

"'That's right!' he says. 'It's jest the way it ought to be! I've got two barns now!' he says. 'Twins is right! A barn to burn for each twin!' he says.

"And now see the state o' mind Si is in! Of course, soon as the news got around, the neighbors rushed to Si's from all directions, and they've been standin' around the barns with buckets o' water ever sence, ready to douse 'em on as soon as the fire breaks out. They may save the barns, but Si don't have much hope. And the trouble is, everybody's work is rushin' jest now, and neighbors can't be expected to wait much longer at Si's, waitin' fer the barns to ketch fire. So you see what a state o' mind Si is in, and no insurance to sort o' ease it a little. Take his farm and that state o' mind? Me? Not for worlds!"

And with the remark that it was most amazing how far-seeing insurance men were, and that he must hurry home and help surround Si's barns with buckets of water, the chronicler of Pochuck happenings went away smiling.

## WHEN CIDER TASTES THE BEST.

WHEN autumn paints her ruddy glow across each hill and dale,
And Jack Frost plays at hide-and-seek through orchard, wood and vale,
Then comes the cider-making time—the old horse walking round,
The apples crunching in the cogs, a mellow, soothing sound;
The press with rye-straw mingled with the pulp of red and gold,
The luscious cheeses dripping with a cadence yet untold;
And then the foaming tub of juice, with boys and bees about,
And, too, the straw with which we draw the mellow liquid out.

Oh, that is when it tastes the best, a straw poked in the foam,
And we upon our bended knees to draw the cider home!
A golden goblet if you will, or cut-glass and the rest,
But when we draw it through a straw is when it tastes the best.

Then, later, when the cogs are stilled and all the cider 's made,
With twenty barrels in a row behind the old mill's shade,
With twenty bung-holes waiting there to make a youngster smile,
I'd give a heap to take a straw and linger there a while.
I'd like to straddle every cask and sample every one,
And sozzle in that apple-juice until the day was done;
And then I'd like to go to bed and dream that I were still
A-straddle of a cider-cask down under Martin's mill.

For that is when it tastes the best, a straw poked in the foam,
Humped over on a cider-cask to draw that sweetness home.
A golden goblet if you will, or cut-glass and the rest,
But when we draw it through a straw is when it tastes the best.

IN OKLAHOMA.

FIRST NATIVE—"Bill Jenkins and his wife hev separated."
SECOND NATIVE—"Divorce?"
FIRST NATIVE—"Nope; cyclone."

## Obed Daw's Theory.

HERE I sit upon the dock,
Fishing in the deep.
And against the spile I rock.
Dreaming and asleep.

This is just the way to fish
That I like the best,
For my angling is a dish
Of sweet, gilt-edged rest.

And I catch them left and right
While I sleep and bake;
For whene'er I get a bite,
Bang! and I'm awake.

---

*Edith*—"What do the Buddhists mean by 'Nirvana'?"

*Ethel*—"One of these patent medicines, I guess."

## Dark Outlook.

"WELL," said the cheery friend, "what's the outlook for business?"

"Miserable, disheartening!" replied the manufacturer of food-stuffs.

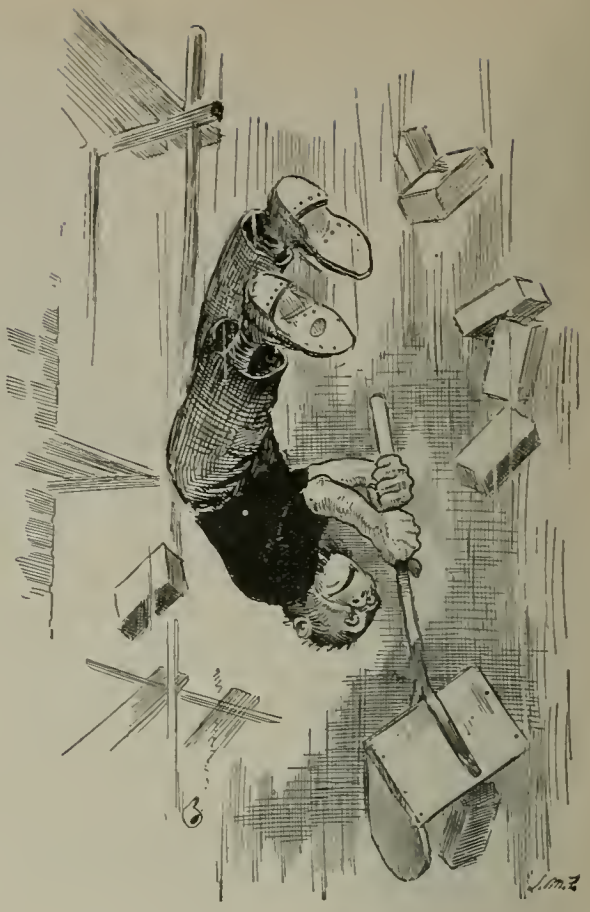
"Bless me! can it be? Why, I understood that there never was such a plentiful supply of raw material, that shipping facilities are now at their most excellent stage, that the workmen are perfectly satisfied with wages and conditions, and that the public is demanding more and more of your product."

"Just so. There isn't the ghost of an excuse for raising prices."

## Affluence.

*The black turkey*—"And so she has married that rich gobbler? They say his nest is well feathered."

*The bronze turkey*—"Yes. Now I suppose she'll be well supplied with pin-feathers."



MURPHY'S CONCERN.

MURPHY—"Cassidy will give me th' divil av Oi busht this hod av his. Oh, wurra, wurra!"

DREADFUL!

RICARDO—"Some one stole the star ballet-girl's wrist-bag, and it caused a dreadful commotion."
EDOWARDO—"How so?"
RICARDO—"Why, it contained her costume!"

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

HIRAM—"A feller tried to sell me a gold-brick down to Noo York."

SILAS—"Did ye buy it?"

HIRAM—"Nope; but I told him I would ef he'd come out here an' take his pay in board."

## Enough To Irritate the Bird.

THE impassioned orator had got all tangled up in his flowing speech. He had dragged in the proud American eagle and the constitution of the United States, and some ten or fifteen of the forefathers, and one or two undying principles of liberty, and several miles of bulwarks of the nation, and had jumbled them all together, and it began to look as if he could not get his shoulders above the wreck of his own eloquence. Still he struggled bravely on, while the audience sat in patient sympathy.

"Yes, friends!" he shouted. "We will take the proud bird of freedom from his eyrie on the mountain height, and we shall make him soar—we shall lead him across the pages of our lustrous history, and we will make him soar from end to end—we will endow him with the glorious deeds of our forefathers, and make him soar—and we—as I said before, fellow-citizens, we will make the eagle soar"——

"I should say we would!" interrups one listener, who is no longer able to restrain himself. "You've pulled out enough of his tail-feathers to make him sore for fifty years!"

SARCASM.

"Every one tells me I have a splendid face for light comedy."

"How could you help it with that lantern jaw?"

## Had Reached the Limit.

*Mickey*—"Wot made yer quit yer job, Jimmie?"

*Jimmie*—"'Cos de boss had a record of all me relations wot died last summer, an' he wouldn't let me use none of 'em over again. If I don't git a new job I can't see no ball-games."

## Oh, Perish the Thought!

WITH horseless steeds and wireless wires
We prove this age a hummer;
But terrible 'twould be to have
The summer-girlless summer.

VERY SMALL.

"Oh, George! I've left my bathing-suit behind."

"Aw, don't mind a little thing like that."

IN KANSAS.

DEACON BROWSER—"Wa-al, I vum! When I prayed, last night, fer things ter come my way, I guess I was a *leetle* too durned fervent."

## Orpheus Johnson.

WHEN I's pickin' on de strings,
An' mah hahd day's wuk am done,
All mah sorrers up an' wings,
An' I's brimmin' full ob fun.

For I charms de pussy-cat,
An' de brindled house-dawg, too,
An' some day de 'possum fat
An' de cocka-doodle-doo

I will charm, an' den I'll be
Out ob wuk an' feelin' fine
As de blossom blowin' free
On de watahmillion vine.

Fo' mah banjo 'll be a trap
An' a gun ter beat de band,
An' I 'll live, while I flip-flap.
On de fat ob all de land.

## Yes.

WE were tracing our ancestry. Filgerson claimed that his people came over in the Mayflower. Murphy recapitulated a long line of Irish kings. Pierson said he had a progenitor in the crusades and that his name was formed by the apt twisting of the names of some of the battles in which the forefather had figured.

"But I beat you all," declared Smith.

"Oh, there always have been Smiths," we laughed.

"Sure! My family history goes clear back to legendary days. The origin of my family is Smithical."

## "Blithering."

NO dictionary gives this word,
Which from the tongue goes slithering
When one by deep disgust is stirred
And must call some one "blithering."

What does it mean? It has a sound
Sarcastic, sharp and withering.
Has no word-doctor ever found
Why "blithering" means blithering?

THE BRUTE.

DOLLY—"I told him never to speak to me again."

DAISY—"Did he deserve such treatment?"

DOLLY—"Y-y-yes. H-he h-hasn't!"

GETTING EVEN.

FIRST SPORT—"About how much do you usually give the waiter?"

SECOND SPORT—"Well, if he serves me well I give him a dollar, and if he serves me poorly I give him a tip on the races."

*He*—"My sweet one, do you love me?"

*She*—"Ah, dearest, how can you ask that?"

*He*—"Why, it's a very simple physiological process. The impulse doubtless originates in the cerebellum, is accelerated in the cerebrum, and, upon being transmitted by the proper nerves, is converted by the vocal organs into the words, 'Do you love me?'"

HOW SHE MANAGES IT.

"Jack and I are going to Hot Springs."
"How do you manage it? I cannot get Tom to go anywhere."
"Very simple. I just say mother 's coming, and he 'll travel any distance."

## No Room for Him.

THE reckless automobilist pulls up at the foot of the cinder-path and toots two or three times, until the iron gate of the warm regions opens cautiously.

"What do you want, sir?" asks Mephistopheles.

"Want to come in," says the automobilist.

"I guess not!" cries Meph. as the door clangs shut. "There's trouble enough in here since I admitted a bunch of golf-players. They've got all my imps caddying for them. If I let you come in you'll make this place too hot to hold me."

## A Veterinary Surgeon Needed.

THE amateur automobilist tries to go through a ten-mile ordinance town at the rate of forty miles an hour. At the intersection of the main streets he whirls into a collection of cables, chains, fence-posts, and other barriers. He is dug out of the wreck and carried into the first doctor's office his rescuers see.

"I can't do anything for this man," says the doctor. "I am a veterinary surgeon."

"You're the right man, doc.," moans the amateur automobilist. "I was a jackass to think I could run that machine."

---

"I SUPPOSE, dear,' said Mrs. Greene to her husband, "if these saloon-keepers raise prices on account of the increased liquor tax you men will get even by taking smaller drinks?"

Mr. Greene looked at her suspiciously, but made no immediate reply.

## Appropriately Gowned.

*Marie*—"How are you going to dress for the ping-pong party?"

*Gladys*—"I think I'll wear my pink-pongee."

THINGS TO BE PROUD OF.

THE DRUMMER—"You folks seem to be very proud of your little village."

THE POSTMASTER—"Wa-al, jest a leetle. Eddie Galootze, thet played 'short' with our ball-nine in 'ninety-seven, is now engaged fer th' national league, an' Steve McClusky, thet played with th' national league in 'ninety-seven, is now captain of our ball-nine."

He had no pull;
He was too full,
And think it was quite right.
The law, of course,
One must enforce—
Arrest a shoe that's tight.

## Another Case of Mahomet's Mountain.

*Jim*—"Did the Uptowns succeed in getting a new piano for their flat?"

*Jack*—"No. They had to get a new flat to fit the piano."

## The Casus Belli.

"AND what," inquired the school-teacher, "was the occasion of the disgraceful brawl in McGinniss's saloon last night? I have been able to glean but a garbled account of it from the others who were present."

"Well," explained Mr. O'Tunder, "they was th' two O'Rourkes, an' Moike Clancy, an' Terry Murphy, an' Pat Casey, an' wan or two others in th' place, drinkin' this an' thot, an' sayin' this an' thot, an' doin' this an' thot, an' finally they got t' divilin' wan another, an' some wan hit wan av thim in th' shtoomach, an' from thin on 'twas a foine foight fer shure."

"Ah!" commented the teacher. "Then the blow was the casus belli?"

"Ye may be roight," said Mr. O'Tunder, scratching his head in perplexity; "but 'twas my undershtandin' 'twas Murphy's thot got th' lick."

ILLUSTRATED SLANG.
"Doing a stunt."

THE MENDICANT CLASS.

TOURIST—"Is there much poverty in this village at the present time?"
NATIVE—"Loads of it. Why, thar's forty-seven summer boarders between here an' Hog's Neck alone."

## He Knew.

"THERE is a good deal of illiteracy around here, isn't there?" asked the man from the north, who was journeying through the wilds of Arkansas.

"Thar used to be, stranger," replied the native to whom the inquiry was addressed, "but them confounded revenue officers have done busted the business plumb up."

## His Role.

"I SEE that de Rantem is going to be a star next season," observed Brutus Futlites to Beatrice Litefutes.

"A shooting-star, no doubt," commented Beatrice with that spontaneous wit which has made her press-agent famous; "for I understand he is to have the leading rôle in a wild-west drama."

HIS DEFINITION.

"By hookey! thet must be the fire-water I've heerd the Indians tell so much on but never seed before."

## The Merry Magnates.

"HA, HA!" laughed the first street-railway magnate, who was going through his mail. "Here's a funny letter."

"What is it?" asked the second street-railway magnate.

"Oh, the usual bunch of complaints about the service," explained the first speaker; "but it is signed 'A patron of twenty years' standing.'"

---

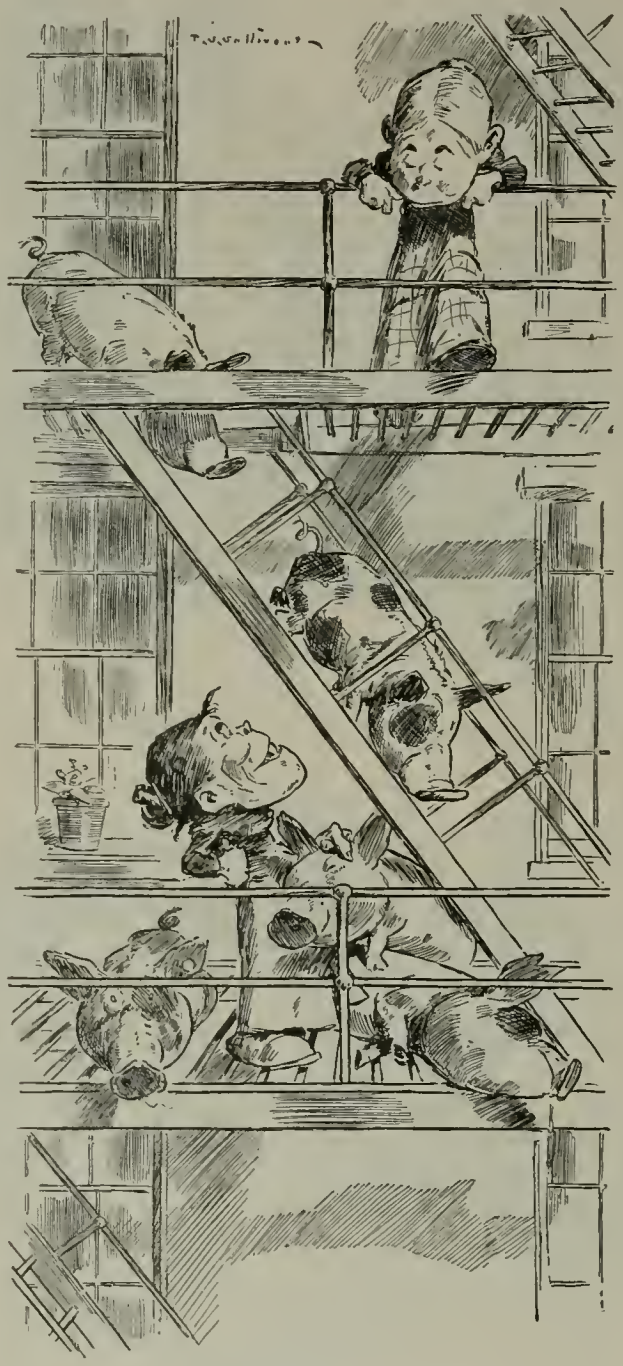
*McTigger*—"I saw Markley blowing off that theatrical manager to a ten-dollar dinner yesterday."

*Thingumbob*—"Yes; a scheme of his, and it worked beautifully. He was working him for a couple of passes."

HOW THE UP-TO-DATE PROPRIETOR OF MANLESS BEACH UTILIZED THE SEA-SERPENT.

## The Angora Goat.

THE United States department of agriculture has kindly sent us a scholarly and exhaustive treatise on the Angora goat. The author of this pleasant excursion into a field that is comparatively unexplored has not only covered himself with glory, but has brought to the public eye an animal that is all overcoat. His wool hangs down in heavy draperies that make him look like a mop in repose. He parts his wool in the middle, along the spine, and lets it hang over on each side like football hair. Like his Harlem brother, he is very fond of scrap-iron, which delicacy is fed to him in captivity that he may yield mineral wool. He also yields mohair, which is noted for its specific gravity, though not so much as the Angora goat is himself noted for his skill, in which sphere he is said to be superior to the Chinaman, in clearing land. He makes the brushwood fly like oysters at a church fair, eats chestnut-burrs with the same delight that a Scotch golfer devours thistles while helping the caddy find a lost ball. When he begins to clear off the bosom of the landscape he eats cans, bottles and other things with such gusto that the owner of the place is harrowed by the suspicion that the omnivorous Angora may devour the title and both mortgages that hold the pumpkins down as if fastened with spikes. He has been known to eat cord-wood, and sometimes he has been given slivers of cedar, which have the same effect on him that a chest of that wood has on a sealskin sacque — inasmuch as the moths fly to him as if he were a lamp. His pelt makes fine rugs, college diplomas and shoes, while Angora milk is much richer than that of the cow, and, in addition, is absolutely water-proof. It is furthermore translatable into a cheese beside which limburger is as the dainty scent of the wild-flower. He wears brick-à-brac horns and a van Dyck beard; his wool is so long that sometimes it is done up in papers, that it may be curled up off the ground and not trip him. He protects ordinary sheep against wolves and dogs, and always keeps out of thickets, that he may not become snarled and tangled to such a degree that he will fall over himself and become impossible of unraveling. His song is an emulsion of the susurra and the frou-frou, and we thank the author, George Fayette Thompson, for the hour of genuine pleasure that was ours while reading his luminous exploitation of the Angora goat.



PLENTY OF SPACE OUTSIDE.

MRS. ROONEY—"Th' landlord av these flats sez he'll allow no more pigs in th' house."

MRS. CASSIDY—"Faith, thot's raisonable enoof, Mrs. Rooney, wid such large, roomy foire-eshcapes an' an illigant roof."

### A Relapse.

*Biggs* — "I understand Lushleigh was graduated from the liquor-cure establishment not long ago."

*Boggs*—"He was, and he went back two weeks later for a post-graduate course."

### A Fall.

*Customer*—"I understand that your chef has been discharged."

*Waiter* — "Yes, sir. He has gone to a place where they call him cook."

### Human Nature.

GIVE a play a bad name, and the public will stand in line for hours to buy tickets.

RACING TERM.
Her running mate.

## The South American Revolutionist.

"THE revolution habit," said the visitor from South America, "is apt to grow on one until he does not know whether he is a patriot or a pinwheel. I have made a careful study of the matter, and believe that the result of my researches will be of material benefit to science, and perchance of some aid to the society for the supplying peace to localities with overworked wars. I have, you might say, viewed the revolutionist in his native lair and studied him both coming and going, and I have learned that he is to be divided into the following grades :

"Revolutionist politicalibus. This variety grows best when barred off from the treasury department. Should be planted as soon as possible after discovery.

"Revolutionist religioso. One of the most uncertain varieties of this species. Hard to cultivate and rather unproductive.

"Revolutionist conversationalito. This variety is perennial. May be recognized readily by the large mouth and proneness to bloom wherever there is liquor in the vicinity.

"Revolutionist militaris. Easily recognized by the profusion of pronunciamentos attached to it. Grows best at night. Some fine specimens, however, have been plucked in the public grounds during the day-time.

"Revolutionist. The common or garden variety of revolutionist is discerned by the absence of a shirt and the raggedness of the trousers. It thrives when in proximity to the revolutionist politicalibus or militaris. It grows wild under these conditions, and will be found in luxuriant bloom near the commissary quarters. Must be provided with rain-checks when weather is unpropitious for revoluting.

"I think," concluded the South American visitor, "that this includes all the varieties except the revolutionist absenteeisto, which is not so numerous as the ones I have mentioned. This one is sporadic, and invariably appears in France, England, or America, with its tendrils wrapped around the remains of the state treasury."

## The Indulgent Papa.

"POPPER," said Beatrice Bondclipper, "my new automobile is just lovely."

"I am glad you like it, daughter," responded Mr. Bondclipper.

"But, popper, it ought to have a chauffeur."

"Well, Betty," said Mr. Bondclipper, who at times forgot that his daughter had shifted her first name after attending boarding-school, "I reckon you can have it, but the machine is pretty well cluttered up the way it stands. You have two kinds of automatic brakes on it, and an umbrella-rack, and a dog-carrier, and a nickel-plated bundle-holder, and—yes, by jings ! you've got a whip-socket on the thing—but I don't see where you're going to fasten this here chauf—this here what-you-call-it. But go ahead and get it, and have 'em send the bill to me, if you think you ought to have it."

## A Spellbinder.

*First citizen*—"Talkaway is a born orator."

*Second citizen*—"Yes, indeed. It is only when you see his speeches in cold type that you realize that he hasn't anything to say."

SUCH CONSIDERATION!

MRS. HAYMOW—"Ef you will draw water fer a half-hour I'll give you your dinner."

ENNUI EDDIE—"Lady, I'm just dyin' ter draw water ; but we now know dat de beautiful symmetry of woman's figure kin only be preserved by exercise, an' be it far from me, madam, to deprive you of de trainin' w'ich I perceive keeps your Venus-like form in all its youthful shapeliness an' glory."

## Monotony.

FATE met a discontented man.

"Why are you discontented?" asked Fate.

"Alas!" said the man, "my life is so monotonous. I desire a change of time and place."

"That is impossible," said Fate.

"Nay," said the man; "it is in your power to transport me to a distant land and a different era."

"Choose," said Fate.

The man's eyes sparkled.

"I choose," he replied, "Rome during the Augustan age."

His wish was granted, but ere long Fate found him again disconsolate.

"Why are you discontented?" asked Fate.

"Alas!" he said, "my life is so monotonous. I desire a change of time and place."

"Choose," said Fate.

"I choose England in the Elizabethan age," said the man.

His wish was granted, but ere long Fate found him again disconsolate.

"Why are you discontented?" asked Fate.

"Alas!" said the man, "my life is so monotonous. I desire a change of time and place."

"Fool!" said Fate. "Have you not yet discovered that one is always here and it is always now?"

HIS DESIRE.

LAZY HANKS—"I wish I had money enough ter take a Turkish bath."

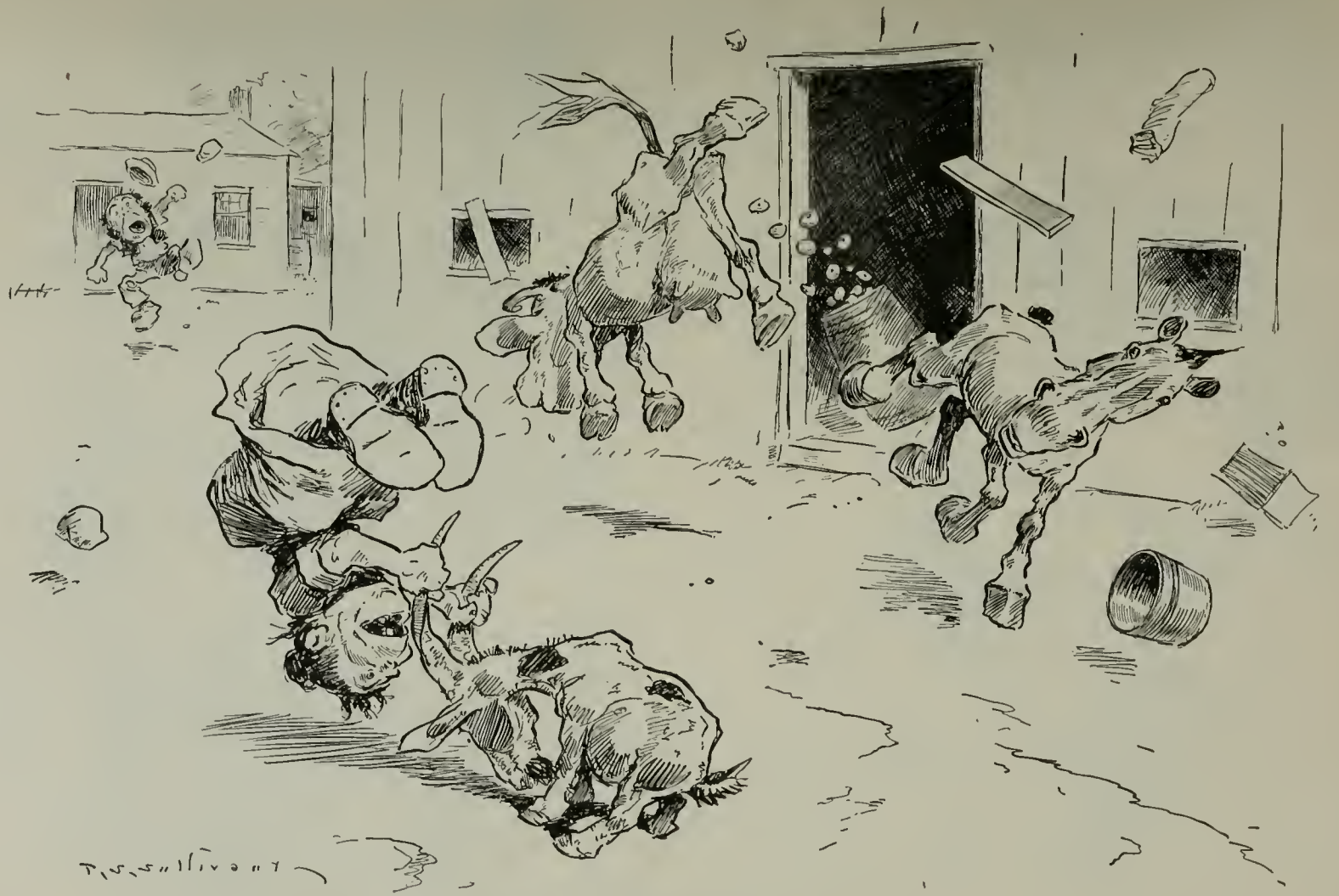
TORN THOMPSON—"W'ot! Would yer take a Turkish bath?"

LAZY HANKS—"Oh, no; I'd buy a keg uv beer wid it."

WELL SUPPLIED.

MRS. JONES—"The Chinese alphabet has forty thousand characters."

MRS. BROWN—"Dear me! that's more than our cook had who eloped with all our china."



A SURE THING.

MRS. KELLY—"Th' goat has eaten th' bath-sponge, Moike!"
MR. KELLY—"Hit 'im in th' solar-plexus an' he'll throw up th' sponge."

## Modern Liberty.

THE step-daughters of the revolution were in convention assembled.

"Madam President," said an eloquent member from Gotham, "the day has come when we must make our influence felt upon our beloved country."

A patter of refined applause ran around the hall.

"I move," cried the member, "that we go in a body to the next session of congress and demand in clarion tones that the goddess of liberty be represented hereafter as wearing a straight front. Why, the dowdy old back-number statues they are erecting now are a disgrace to us and the laughing-stock of every foreigner who knows what the fashions are."

HANDICAPPED.

BEGGAR—"Could yer help a poor guy dat's starvin' ?"
LADY—"You should take your hat off when you ask for alms."
BEGGAR—"I can't, mum; it's full uv sandwiches."

## They Couldn't.

THE khan went to visit his harem.
They asked him, "Oh, khan! can we can-can?"
He growled in a way fit to scare 'em,
"You cannot can-can, but the khan can."

## The Power of Slang.

THE power transmutative of slang
With wonder strikes me dumb.
The man once called a big "sardine"
A "lobster" has become.

COMPLETELY DRY.

MIKE—"Ye did a shmart thrick, ye did, whin ye let th' goat eat thot prohibition paper. She's gone complately dhry."

## The Fount of Information.

"WHERE will you spend the summer, Miss Lightfeet?" asked the reporter of the comic-opera staress.

"Confidentially, my boy," she told him, "I am going to papa's little old shack in Jersey; but if it's information you want for the paper, go ask my press-agent. I don't know whether he has decided between a tour of the Yosemite or Aix-les-Bains for me."

## Obvious.

"THE oak is my favorite tree," said she.
She paused—he took the cue!
"If I have a favorite tree," said he,
"It is undoubtedly yew!"

## A Seaside Chat.

"HOW do you do?" said the man-o'-war as he sailed in past the light-ship Arabella B.

"Why, howdydo, Mr. Newsarge?" replied the lady lightship, waving her bow at him.

"How are you enjoying light housekeeping?" asked the man-o'-war, continuing his progress up the channel.

"Pretty well," she answered; "but it is so hard to keep my buoys behaving properly. I think two or three of them ran away last night. If you see any of them playing about in the channel please tell them to hurry home, won't you?"

"Oh, don't be too severe with them," urged the man-o'-war. "We older fellows can get along all right, even if they do try to play pranks on us. Remember that buoys will be buoys."

And he bade her farewell as he turned to salute the fortress gallantly.

---

THE wife seems disposed to hark back somewhat into the distant past.

"You are not like you used to be," she says to the husband. "I remember how you used to swear that I was an angel."

"Well," replies the brutal man, "you haven't changed much. You are as flighty as ever."

THE HEAVING SWELL.

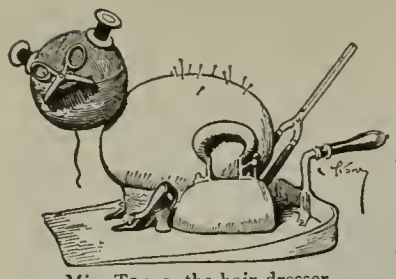
"Yes, it was so rough the captain thought he'd heave to."
"And what did you do?"
Why, I thought it best to heave, too."

THE bald head will agree with the short-stop that a fly is not always as easy to catch as it looks.

BEYOND EXPECTATION.

MR. JONES—"See here! This horse you sold me runs up on the sidewalk every time he sees an auto."
HORSE-DEALER—"Well, you don't expect a fifty-dollar horse to run up a telegraph-pole or climb a tree, do you?"

A FEW APPROPRIATE COMBINATIONS.



Miss Tongs, the hair-dresser.

## Prepared.

*Mrs. Todds*—"Good heavens, John! You're not going to dinner in that sweater?"

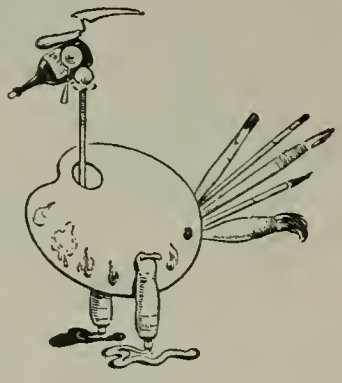
*Mr. Todds*—"Yes, my dear. The landlady told me last night that she was going to call on me to carve the turkey."

## A Free Translation.

"CANST thou, then, minister to a mind diseased?" casually inquired the eminent exponent of the drama, while the spot-light sputtered radiantly.

"Wot's dat guy gittin' t'roo him?" inquired One-eyed of Limpy Lou, his companion in the gallery.

"He means, 'Have yer got any dope fer a bug-house guy?'" was the lucid explanation of the gentleman addressed.



The artist.

## The Height of Realism.

*Scene-painter*—"When you write your next story try to work in a little puff for me."

*Press-agent*—"All right. I'll make the star sprain her ankle by slipping on one of the rocks you painted."

---

THE camel is now called the automobile of the desert.

ILLUSTRATED SLANG.
"Throwing a fit."

HE *BARELY* ESCAPED.

## An Illusion Dispelled.

THE tourist had dropped two dollars and eighteen cents into the maw of the slot-machine that stood in Rome, but to no avail.

The little indicator stood immovable and refused to divulge his avoirdupois.

"Huh!" sneered the tourist. "I always did think there was a good deal of fake about this Appian weigh."

But the guide merely suggested that they hie onward to the coliseum.

The stage-door "Johnnie."

## Ambiguous.

"HE MAY mean well," said the young doctor, "but I don't exactly like the tone of his letter."

"What's the matter?" inquired the old practitioner.

"Jones, the undertaker, writes and says that if I will send my patients to him he will guarantee them satisfaction."

The sporty friend.

## Useless to Her.

"CHOLLY has room to let in his upper story," said Miss Frocks to Miss Kittish.

"But I don't wish to rent a flat," added the latter.

1.

"With the aid of my mesmeric influence I put the subject into a hypnotic sleep, causing him to remain upon the backs of the chairs——

## Proper Exercises.

A LITTLE boy, spending the summer at the seashore, was greatly interested in the opening of the lobster-pots and wished to have them opened one Sunday morning.

"No, my dear," said his mother; "we'll wait until to-morrow. To-day is Sunday."

"But, mamma," persisted the little fellow, "couldn't we open them with prayer?"

## An Unreasonable Request.

*Mr. Hardfist*—"Well, what do you want?"

*Quilldriver* (his clerk)—"I thought I'd like to ask for a vacation, sir" ——

*Mr. Hardfist*—"Vacation? Why, you've already been away for a month sick and you're not able to do your work now, and yet you come and ask for a vacation. No, sir!"

2.

——in this position, as you can plainly see."

DID NOT WORK RIGHT.

WILLIE BACKBAY'S CONFESSION.

I lope on the flagstone at morning and night,
And peddle the *News* with a grin of delight;
I yell of great battles that never were fought,
And all my big pack in a jiffy is bought.

I shout like a war-painted Indian, you bet,
And smoke, while I'm shouting, the gay cigarette,
And whirl in my flight like a dervish of song,
Until my staccato is heard in Hong-Kong.

And then when my coins in the twilight I count
The charger of rapture instanter I mount
And glide to my château upon the Back bay,
And fancy I lounge on the sward in Cathay.

And that's why I'm ever alert and elate,
While dancing and snapping my fingers at fate,
And filling the ambient zephyr apace
With news of the battles that never took place.

## Not Always.

"NO; the models are not a bad lot," says the artist. "I hardly thought they could be as bad as you paint them," comments the friend.

TOO GOOD FOR HIM.

CASEY (*from his hiding-place*)—"Whist, Muldoon! How's th' Or-rangeman Oi shwatted yisterday?"

MULDOON—"He's in th' hospital, hangin' betwixt loife an' death."

CASEY—"Hangin' is he? Shure, thot's too good fer him."

"BOXING HIS EARS."

## Where G. W. Was Shy.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, so history saith,
A sportsman true was he,
And yet he never in his life
A fisherman could be.

He never to the brookside went
To cast the bait or fly.
He lacked the angler's chiefest gift—
He could not tell a lie!

## Too Bad!

*Lawyer*—"What are you kicking for? You got only a year."

*Fair client*—"It might as well have been twenty. By the time I get out I will be forgotten, and then I can't go on the stage."

## He Knew.

*Winterbottom* (delivering a temperance oration) — "Yes, gentlemen, I know *from personal experience* that in the city of Bangor, Maine, you can get a drink of whiskey on every street corner!"

THE AGE OF FADS.

MRS. CRAWFORD—"In what way is your little boy too delicate to attend the public schools?"

MRS. CRABSHAW—"He isn't strong enough to carry home all the books the children have to study."

## Journalism.

EX-TREE! All the latest news!
P'lice at work on murder clews!
Big elopement from Cohoes!
Knock-out drops! a hot prize-fight!
Man held up in broad daylight!
Croker says New York's all right!
'Nother bank has gone to smash—
Teller skipped with all the cash!
Rich man poisoned eating hash!
Crime, insanity, and booze!
Comic section for the blues!
Ex-tree! All the latest news!

## One on the Colonel.

*Barnett*—"Colonel Blower showed me a bible that saved his life during the war."

*Garnett*—"But did you notice that he carries it in the hind pocket of his trousers?"

## The Latest.

"HE has arranged for the very latest attraction for his circus next season."

"What is it?"

"A group of trained automobiles."

---

CUPID is but a sorry marksman, and would save a lot of time by using a rapid-fire rifle.

A NEW Prince Albert and a silk hat are more potent factors in drawing young men to church than any minister.

ON THE LAST DAY'S SKATING.

PARSON JONES—"Once there was a little boy who went skating on Sunday. Now, do you know what terrible thing happened to that little boy?"

BOY—"Y-yes, sir. I s'pose his folks made him go to church three times the next week to pay for it."

# A Three-cornered Affair

**By Tom Masson**

I TOOK in the situation at a glance. Helen had two fellows on the string.

It was pretty hard to come two hundred miles to find that out—especially when, a month before, I had bid Helen good-bye at the station in town, and there was a look in her eyes—well, that seemed to be for me alone. It had given me a comfortable feeling all along, and especially as Helen's letters seemed to exhale a certain atmosphere of disconsolateness—just as if she really missed me.

Yet here was the solemn truth. I hadn't been in Ballington Inn an hour before I knew it.

Of course she met me at the station. I took it afterward that she had to be ordinarily decent—especially as I had come two hundred miles to see her, and her alone. For Helen knew how I hated inns and all kinds of conventional resorts.

She greeted me, indeed, quite cordially. She really seemed quite glad to see me. But, then, Helen has a way of being pleasant to every one—I thought of this quite bitterly that night as I made up my mind to take the first train in the morning back to town. Of course I didn't go. For when the morning came I had determined to stick it out another day. Certainly I wasn't going to let those two chaps get the best of me so easily as that.

We came into the inn from the station on the buckboard It was a two-mile drive. The road was the kind called corduroy—and we got some heavy jolts. Still, I managed to take Helen's hand, and she didn't seem to mind. After all, at that moment it seemed quite worth while to have come all that distance. There was the first embarrassment that always comes to lovers long separated—but our eyes told volumes. I was glad also that we were surrounded by forests. There would be chances for me to have Helen all to myself in such a wilderness.

I had scarcely registered, however, before, as I turned around, I overheard a buzz of conversation. The two had come up. Helen introduced them rapidly.

"Mr. Pollard, Mr. Castleton. Mr. Bertrand, Mr. Castleton."

They nodded cheerfully. I could feel myself growing uneasy.

"Say, Miss Helen," said Mr. Pollard, "can I have the first dance to-night?"

"And,' broke in Mr. Bertrand, "I claim the second."

These two chaps were immaculately dressed in white-flannel suits. They were apparently cast in the same mould.

I didn't dance myself—I hated it. Her answer made me desperate.

"I suppose so," said Helen. She looked at me as if to get my sanction, or as if she had really done something of which she expected me to approve. At any rate, I didn't approve. I could feel myself growing warm with rage. To think that I had come two hundred miles only to find that the girl I counted on was as fickle as that.

"I must see about my room," I said, and broke away and went up stairs.

When I came back they were all three sitting together. It was in the front hall. Helen got up.

"Shall we all go for a walk?" she said. "I want to show you the surroundings."

"Let's," said Mr. Pollard.

"Let's," said Mr. Bertrand.

There was an old-fashioned, apparently genuine tomahawk over the mantel. I could have taken it down gladly and brained these two Willie-boys on the spot. And to think Helen had invited them to go with us!

But I controlled myself. At the first opportunity I would tell Helen what I thought of the whole affair—and

"THEN I UNDERSTOOD."

especially what I thought of her—and that would end it. Then I would go back to town and begin life over again.

We walked in pairs—Mr. Pollard and Helen, Mr. Bertrand and myself. Bertrand talked like a phonograph. I answered in monosyllables.

It was not until just after dinner, however, and before the dancing began, that I had an opportunity to get Helen alone. I came face to face with her on the piazza.

"Oh," she said, "Jack, dear, I've been looking for you."

"And I for you," I said sternly. "What's the meaning of this?"

"Of what?" she inquired innocently.

"Why, of these two chaps following you around. Do you suppose I came up here to make love to them?"

"They are awfully nice."

"I'm glad you think so. I've my humble opinion—they are two first-class chumps."

"Now, Jack"——

"I'm going back to-morrow."

"You mustn't. They like you so much. Mr. Pollard said"——

"Hang what he said!" I exclaimed. "Don't you see they are in the way? Besides, you have treated me pretty badly. You've got to choose."

Helen put her hand on my arm. "Now, Jack," she said, "be nice to them, won't you? I have a particular reason for asking you. You know they are in reality very nice fellows—they come from splendid families. And have you noticed how well dressed they are, and how nicely they look together? Really, you would go a long way before you found any handsomer young men than Mr. Pollard and Mr. Bertrand."

"'WHERE ARE YOU GOING?' SHE DEMANDED."

I stared at her in utter amazement. Could this be the girl I loved—the girl I had always thought so genuine and true?

At this instant the music started up. A voice came out of the darkness. It was the dulcet voice of Pollard.

"My dance, please."

I strode away in the utmost disgust. What was to be done? I went down toward the lake to think it over. Here I had come all this distance, and at a time when business really almost made it necessary to stay at the office, to find that my whole opportunity of seeing Helen was being usurped by these chaps, whom I had come to detest. The worst of it was, I could not tell for the life of me which one she really cared for. That, however, did not really matter. That she cared for either of them was bad enough. Somehow it seemed to me in the nature of a disgrace.

Well, what was I to do? I thought it over for half an hour, sitting on the lonely boat-house that night, and then I made up my mind that I would stick it out. As long as I was there I would make the most of it. I would go my own way and have the best time I could. It isn't my nature to mope, and I set my teeth together and swore that I wouldn't let the prettiest and sweetest girl I had ever known get the best of me for the sake of two human fashion-plates.

I got up the boatman and told him to get me a canoe. Just then I heard voices.

"Oh, Jack!" exclaimed Helen. "I've been looking for you everywhere. What are you going to do?"

"I'm going out on the lake," I replied doggedly.

"What! at night?"

"Yes."

"How jolly!" exclaimed the voice of Mr. Pollard.

"Delightful!" cried Mr. Bertrand.

"Let's make up a party," said Helen. "Come, Jack; take us all. You row so splendidly!"

They piled in, and, there being no help for it, I went along.

The next morning I determined, however, to circumvent them. As long as I couldn't have Helen alone I would get along by myself. Besides, I was full of rage to think Helen would permit such things. Evidently it was all off between us, in spite of what she had given me to understand in the days gone by.

I got up early and, having fortunately brought along my pack-basket, determined to start out on a long tramp.

The cook of the inn provided me with a steak, potatoes, a broiling-iron, and other accessories, and I had just packed them in the basket, put the straps over my shoulders, and was starting off, when I heard a cry from one of the upper windows.

"Oh, Jack!"

It was Helen's voice. She had seen me from her room.

"Wait a moment and I'll be down."

Of course I had to wait. There was nothing else to do.

"Where are you going?" she demanded as, almost breathless in the hurry of dressing, she came out from the porch.

"On a tramp—all day."

"I thought you came up here to see me."

"You are otherwise occupied."

"Oh, Jack, now, *please!*"

I readjusted the basket. "Good-bye!" I said, and started off.

"Jack, you don't understand. I"——

More voices. Pollard and Bertrand, dressed in golf-clothes, suddenly appeared.

"Be nice to them, for my sake," whispered Helen.

Once more I dropped the basket.

"Off on a tramp?" asked Pollard.

I nodded.

"How jolly!" exclaimed Bertrand. "Were you going, Miss Helen?"

"I wasn't asked," said Helen with a pout.

"You know," I said, "you could come along if you wanted to."

Helen suddenly laughed and her face lighted up.

"Let's all go!" she exclaimed. "We'll make up a party. I'll get a chaperon. Come, Mr. Pollard; you help Mr. Castleton repack his basket—for of course we'll need more things."

"Won't it be fun!" cried Pollard.

ON THE TRAIL.

"Simply grand!" exclaimed Bertrand.

It was no particular fun for me to cook the dinner for two such chappies as these, but I got even with them by making them wash dishes, though I am bound to say they made no objection.

That night we were all tired and went to bed early But I woke up at midnight, and, thinking it all over, and Helen's cruelty, I made up my mind to give the affair up. The next morning I made my arrangements to leave on the first train.

I took an early breakfast; then I started down to the lake for a last look. On the way back I came face to face with Helen. She betrayed anxiety.

"I've been looking for you everywhere!" she cried. "Surely this is not true—you are not going? The clerk told me."

"Yes; I am."

There was a rustic seat in a by-path, and we both sat down.

"You've been horrid to me," said Helen, "ever since you came. You haven't"——

"I haven't been any worse to you than you have been to me," I replied.

Helen began to cry softly. "You told me once," she said, "that—that you loved me."

"I do," I replied. I was beginning to feel rather queer myself. "Of course I love you, Helen," I said. I had to put my arm around her then. It seemed the most natural thing to do. "Haven't I told you I loved you?" I went on. "Haven't I said that you were the only girl I ever thought about? Didn't I come two hundred miles so I could be with you?

DIFFERENT NOW.

"Bobbie, can you tell me why George Washington was such a great man?"
"Yes, sir; he got to be President without ever telling a lie."
"But that was very long ago, my son."

And when I got here what did I find? That I couldn't even get near you."

Helen looked up and smiled through her tears.

"*Don't* you understand, Jack, dear?" she said. "I wanted to tell you before, but "—— She blushed.

"No," I replied bluntly; "I don't understand. What is it? Why do you tolerate those—those "——

Words failed me.

"Why, because they are so smart-looking and handsome, and have such perfect manners. Only, Jack, dear, from the way you have been treating me, I was almost afraid that it really wasn't going to be necessary to cultivate them."

"Necessary!" I repeated. "What do you mean? Explain yourself."

"Why, Jack," replied Helen, "have you, or can you have, the faintest, remotest idea of how hard it is to get good-looking ushers nowadays? Look at Bessie Billings's wedding. What awful-looking things she had. And don't you see, Jack, dear, why I want to keep on good terms with Mr. Pollard and Mr. Bertrand?"

Then I understood.

## Not as Bad as It Might Have Been.

"POOR Nipsley! It was a terrible blow to him."

"Nipsley? I haven't heard about it. What's the matter?"

"It was very sudden. He's all broken up. I saw him yesterday, and he told me he didn't know how he could get along without her. To tell you the truth, I wouldn't have believed before it happened that he'd have taken it so hard. He hasn't been able to attend to business or to "——

"Say, for heaven's sake! why don't you tell a fellow about it? What's the old boy's trouble?"

"His wife 's dead."

"Oh, Lord! I thought from the way you spoke that somebody must have come along and hired his typewriter girl away from him."

---

"TH' empty waggin," said Uncle Josh this morning, "allus rattles most, b' jinks!"

IN AN ENGAGEMENT RING.

"The diamond is the hardest known substance, I believe."
"Yes—to get."

## Had Stayed the Limit.

*Saint Peter*—"Hello! what do you want?"

*Female angel*—"Let me out. I'm going away."

*Saint Peter*—"What's the matter? Don't you like heaven?"

*Female angel*—"Oh, it's a fairly good plaee; but I've been here for two weeks and must have a change. You know I was a cook before I died."

EVIDENTLY HONEST.

MR. SPORTLEIGH—"Were you ever kissed before?"
MISS ANTIQUE—"No—honest."

## That Cherry-tree Story.

"THE fact that Georgie could not lie
Does not appeal to me."
Said Ibsen Browning Emerson
Of Boston, aged just three.
"It showed his small ability—
Imagination poor.
He'd make no great impression now
Were he alive, I'm sure.
Had he remarked, 'I *will* not lie,'
It would have shown he could
Yet would not. Then I might admit
His claim to being good."

---

"SHE made him sign the pledge when they were married."

"I always heard that marriage affected a man's spirits."

# The Secrets of a Sibyl

## By La Touche Hancock

HER name was Sibyl. She was young and romantic. That is, she was eighteen. She had a decided leaning toward the mysterious, and when she discovered that she might possibly have acquired her name from the reputed writer of the Sibylline oracles, she was more than delighted. If she had inherited the name of the prophetess, why should not a certain amount of the lady's power have descended to her?

She immediately went to the Astor library and searched for facts. She found that the oracular sayings, translated into English, were in blank verse. She was not a bit discouraged. She, too, was a poet. Besides, the blank verse was very blank. It was not Shakespearean by any means. Even Stephen Phillipps would have been ashamed of it! She could do better than that. She would. She would write her oracles in rhyme.

She discovered that there were fifteen Sibylline books, with another added by Julius Cæsar, probably just to restore an equilibrium. She would contribute still another volume—perhaps two. But how should she begin? An idea struck her. She would try her powers on her elder brother. Elder brothers have a habit of patronizing their younger sisters. He should do so no longer. She was not a nonentity, and he should acknowledge the fact.

Then she began to elaborate her plan. She knew her brother, whose name was Tom—most brothers' names are Tom, or Jack, especially in fiction—had written his "Confessions" in a book, which her friend, Mary Jones, kept for that purpose. She had read them. Therefore she knew exactly what his answers were to, "What is your favorite color?" "Whom would you like to be if you weren't yourself?" and other wise questions. Yes, she would begin with him. She was sure to be right in his case. But was that quite honest? Why not? Did not conjurers enlist the aid of a confederate? What was the difference? Besides, there was a doubt whether these Sibylline books had been written by Sibylla, or some senators of that period to suit their own views. There was, then, a certain amount of politics in it, and—well, anything was fair in politics! Moreover, the books were not concerned with morality or a future existence. Her conscience was satisfied. Her brother Tom should be her first victim. Success with him would be the first step toward convincing other people of her powers. They would think she had second, or, maybe, third sight. She only required practice, and eventually she would master the art as easily as an engineer drives a locomotive. He merely opens the throttle. She would open her throttle! The simile was not elegant, but decidedly appropriate.

Leaving all predictions, therefore, to the prognosticators of the weather bureau, she determined to begin by asking Tom to inquire of her what his favorite flower might be, what poet he most admired, and, lastly, the name of his lady-love.

It was necessary to explain to Tom what she intended to do. Probably he would laugh. He did. That did not disconcert her.

"Tom," said Sibyl, "ask me what your favorite flower is."

Tom asked.

Shutting her eyes, and assuming a dreamy attitude, she clasped her head and swayed backward and forward. Tom inquired in a brutal way if there was anything the matter.

"Hush!" said Sibyl. "Listen!"

Tom was all attention.

> "You ask me to tell you your favorite flower,
> I see it in many a blossoming bower;
> 'Tis fair to the eye and 'tis sweet to the nose,
> We mortals all call it the beautiful —— !"

She faltered at the last word.

"Well, what is it?" said Tom.

"Supply the last rhyme yourself, and you have the answer," said Sibyl, sinking into a chair.

As "nose" could not by any possibility rhyme with "lily of the valley," or "geranium," or any other flower he could think of, Tom was obliged to say "rose."

"Is that your favorite flower?" asked Sibyl in a deep voice.

"More or less," answered Tom.

"I knew it," said Sibyl.

"I thought as much," replied her brother. "What's the next?"

"Ask me who your favorite poet is."

Tom did.

"Don't exhaust yourself. I'm ready to stop when you are."

Sibyl did not deign a reply. Rising from her chair, and again clasping her forehead, she chaunted the following:

> "The truth of life each mortal man
> From some great poet learns,
> And you are gath'ring all you can
> From wicked bonnie —— !"

"Is that right?" asked Sibyl.

"Quite correct. Did you know that before? I only ask because I think you might have given yourself more time to hit on a better rhyme to 'Burns.' However, I suppose 'learns' is a poetical license. Proceed." He took out his watch. "I can give you five minutes more."

"The maiden you love the best!" said Sibyl with increased solemnity.

"Well, perhaps you'll be able to enlighten me on that

point." Tom laughed. "I don't know that I am particularly in love with any one."

"Then you must be told."

"All right, but don't let the young lady become aware of your opinion. It might be awkward if your views and mine didn't quite coincide."

But Sibyl was ready with the answer.

"You say you don't know who your sweetheart may be?
From the land of the cakes and the scones
She comes with a heart that is longing for thee.
It is no one but sweet —— ——— !"

"Phew!" and Tom whistled. "Is that so? Mary Jones? Well, you've got a—but, say, that Sibylline verse of yours is rather bad, you know. You begin with 'you' and end up with 'thee.' That won't do for a Sibyllite!"

"It is no worse than what Sibylla wrote herself."

"No! It couldn't be, but—well, wake your muse up a little. She's too slow. Now, if I were you I'd spend a day in Twenty-eighth street. They'd tell you how to write verse in a few minutes. I must be going now. Anything to pay? No? Oh! I always thought there was money connected with these games! Ta, ta!"

Sibyl sat down and almost cried. Tom had treated the whole thing with ridicule. She could bear anything but that.

Ah!

"Who is he at yonder gate?
I feel at last my longed-for fate!"

Sibyl had got so into the way of turning everything into rhyme by this time that it came naturally.

The man at the garden gate was Augustus. Augustus was in love with Sibyl, but he was shy. Sibyl thought that a man with such a name had no business to be shy, especially as he had wealth. Sibyl knew that Augustus was in love with her—also that he had money. Therefore Sibyl was in love with him. Augustus was not a genius. He had no spirit of satire, like Tom. Here was Sibyl's chance. She would try her powers of divination on him. He would not dare to be rude. She would explain, and, perhaps, in the end drag out the proposal she wanted. She did—both things. But we must not anticipate.

"Your favorite flower?" said she.

"The lil"—— he answered quickly, but she interrupted him.

"You mustn't tell me. I will tell you"

Thereupon she began,

"You love the bud of the blushing rose,
You love the daffydowndilly,
But everything in your nature shows
You prefer the slender —— !"

"Is that the answer?" said Augustus.

"Yes! You put in the last word, and that's it."

As "lily" had been on Augustus' slips, he immediately supplied the word.

"Now, your favorite poet. No! don't tell me. Listen!

"The poet you admire the most
Was Irish to the core;
He came from Erin's emerald coast,
His name is —— ——— !

"Is that right?" asked Sibyl.

"Quite!" answered Augustus, not knowing in the least who the poet might be.

"So Thomas Moore is your favorite poet?"

"Yes! Lovely verse he wrote. Now I think his 'Crossing the Bar'"——

"Oh, no! That was by Tennyson."

"So it was! I'm always confusing them. Er—what's the next question?" said Augustus, eager to hide his confusion.

Sibyl blushed

"Whom do you love the most?"

"Mother!" exclaimed Augustus without thinking.

"No! No! I don't mean that kind of love. With whom are you in love?"

"Oh!" and Augustus rose to the occasion as well as his modesty would allow. "That's telling!"

"I'll tell you."

She hesitated and took on a dreamy pose. Then she murmured,

"Your love you never will declare,
But hesitate and quibble.
The maiden who your lot would share
Is no one else but ——— !"

It was a mean advantage to take of Augustus. Still it was not unfeminine. It was only done more openly than usual.

"Who is it? I can't think!"

If it hasn't been recorded before that Augustus was an idiot the fact can be mentioned now.

"Who is it?" repeated Sibyl

"I don't know!"

"Why, rhyme with 'quibble' and you'll see."

"Such a hard name to rhyme to!"

"Go through the alphabet."

Augustus began with "bibble," then "cibble," which unfortunately he pronounced with a hard "c," and so on till he reached the letter "s." He was going so fast by this time, however, that he passed over "Sibyl" with the rest. Then he gave it up, saying that the only rhyme he could think of was "dibble," which couldn't be correct, as it wasn't polite!

Sibyl at her wits' end repeated the verse, and at last Augustus tumbled.

It would be nice as well as customary to conclude in the usual way by saying they lived happily ever afterward. Unfortunately some verses in Sibyl's diary—the last of her oracular efforts—written a year after her marriage, go to prove the contrary. Here they are:

"'Tis best to leave oracles strictly alone,
Although you're a bit of a poet,
Or the rest of your life you'll sadly atone,
I made the mistake—and I know it!
Don't think yourself wise, don't hanker for money,
Though the man has blue blood in his veins;
The prospect may look exceedingly sunny,
But beware!—if he hasn't got brains!
And don't be romantic—you'll probably find
There's nothing at all in a name;
So don't wed a man ere you know your own mind,
Or you'll have only yourself to blame!"

# An Old Salt's Observations

WE shouldn't never refrain from eatin' beefsteak for fear th' cow it was cut from hadn't lived a moral life.

I laughed at a passenger on my ship real aggravatin' once because he didn't know what th' main to'gallant s'l was. After we landed he took me drivin' in th' park to Boston. Soon he stopped an' climbed out of th' buggy. "I've got to fix the sir-single on th' off horse," says he. If I hadn't kept my mouth shut he'd 'a' had that laugh back on me.

The Hindus never would have started vegetarianism as a part of their religion if they hadn't lived in a hot climate, or if they hadn't lived somewhere where meat was hard to git. Yet lots of silly Americans admire 'em an' talk about their devotion to their faith. I wonder why th' same folks don't sing hymns of praise about th' Esquimaux because they don't eat oranges.

Ain't we queer? My wife makes all her own clo'es an' ain't a bit vain; but once, when I took her to Paris, she spent most of her one life's visit there in lookin' in at th' dressmakers' windows. I hain't never made any of my own clo'es, an' yet I can't remember that I ever once so much as stopped to look into a tailor's window or wasted ten seconds in front of a ready-made clothin'-shop.

I had a man in my crew who could make all kinds of sailor's fancy knots. A clergyman sailed with me, one trip, an' watched him, interested. By an' by he says to me, "That's a mighty ingenious knot," he says; "but it ain't so important to th' race as th' ones I tie," he says. "Th' matrimonial knots, I mean," he says. "No," says th' sailor, who had been a-listenin'; "but I can untie mine without breakin' no hearts."

You know about icebergs? Th' biggest part of 'em is under water. When they strike a warm current the water melts that away, an' th' first thing th' iceberg knows is that it tips over an' goes smash. It's jest th' same about a man's dignified resentment an' a woman's tears. As long as she lets it float in a cold current of her own anger it towers up, defiant like; but let her cry a little bit an' down it comes. I know—I've had it worked on me.

There's many thing of diffrent kinds that us poor critters here below has reason to be grateful for. I knowed a man who had such bow-legs that the landscape, viewed between 'em, seemed jest incidental like—as if, as it were, we was a-lookin' at it in parenthesis. He sailed on my ship. We was tied up near a quarry—goin' to take on a cargo of cut stone, you know. They let off a blast. Big rocks hit my ship. The bow-legged man was on board in charge. When I got aboard I found him kneelin' on the deck, pourin' out his thanks to God. "What's th' matter?" I asked him. "Th' Lord be praised!" he says, "for givin' me bow-legs," he says. "If they hadn't been made like a ring," he says, "that rock would 'a' hit 'em an' broke 'em both," he says. "As it was, it jest went through between 'em!" he says.

EDWARD MARSHALL.

IN OUR MODERN FLATS.

MRS. FLATTE-HUNTER—"Mr. Dauber, why have you put your furniture up in that fashion?"

MR. DAUBER—"Well, you see, I have more room above the floor than I have on it; so when I want to use the furniture I just let it down."

## Felt Herself Buncoed.

*Mrs. Cobwigger*—"Why won't you go to that French restaurant again?"

*Mrs. Parvenue*—"Because I paid a big price for a dish with a fancy name and it turned out to be only a kidney stew."

## A Sharp Trade.

AN Irishman was told by a teacher that his charge for tuition was two guineas the first month and one guinea the second. "Then, be jabers," said Pat, "I'll begin the second month now, I will."

BEATRICE SPERBECK.

THE TIME FOR PRAYER.

REGGY—"Darling, hear my prayer."
EDITH—"Y-yes; pray for all you're worth, Reggy, I hear papa coming down stairs."

# Her Opinion of Him

By T. E. McGrath

IF THERE is anything exasperating in this life, it is the lawyer who delights to bullyrag and otherwise despitefully use a witness, more particularly when that witness is a woman. It is on this account that there is a general rejoicing when that kind of an attorney is smitten hip and thigh by one of his supposedly helpless female victims. Of such is the following tale:

The woman was on the stand, and she was a very nice-mannered, respectable woman, who kept a cheap boarding-house, and it was the desire of one of her guests to be dishonest that had brought her to the court to make him pay his board.

"How old did you say you were, madam?" inquired the lawyer, with no reason on earth, for the elderly landlady is no more anxious to lose a board-bill than a young one.

"I did not say, sir," she responded, flushing to the roots of her hair.

"Will you be kind enough to say, madam?"

"It's none of your business!"

"Objection sustained," smiled the court.

"Um!" said the lawyer, rubbing his chin. "How much did you say the amount was the defendant owed you?"

"Twenty-five dollars."

"And how long was that?"

"Five weeks."

"That's five dollars a week, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Five weeks at five dollars a week is twenty-five dollars, I believe you said?"

"Yes, sir."

The witness was patient, but her temper was not improved under the strain.

"Isn't that an extravagant price to pay for board in that locality, madam?" inquired the attorney severely.

"He didn't pay it, sir," answered the worm, beginning to turn.

The lawyer gave a little start of surprise, then became indignant at the very thought of a witness talking like that.

"Don't be facetious on the witness stand, madam," he said, assuming a tone of warning. "This is a serious matter, madam. I have asked if your prices were not exorbitant, and you have seen fit to answer lightly, madam. Now, madam, I ask you in all earnestness if you mean to tell this court that your prices are moderate, and that if I should come to your house to board you would charge me five dollars a week? Answer directly, madam," and the attorney sat back in his chair and assumed an imperial manner.

The witness was not at all abashed.

"No, sir," she said simply. "I would"——

"I thought not, I thought not," interrupted the attorney, bending over and rubbing his hands.

"No, sir," continued the witness; "I would not charge you at all. I would make you pay in advance."

Then the court forgot its dignity, and everybody laughed except the attorney.

NOTHING FOR THEM IN THE EATING LINE.

MOTH-EATEN MUGGINS—"Dat's a valuable dog, though, Victor."
VERDIGRIS VICTOR—"Yes. It gives me a pain ter see how some folks leaves deir valuables lyin' around loose."

A HARDER MATTER.

MISS STRONGMYND (*who has been struck for a nickel*)—"Well, you 're a fine specimen of a man!"
WORN WILLIE—"T'anks, awfully; I couldn't so readily classify *you*."

## Fowl Fable.

THERE was once an humble hen, who hatched out, by mistake, a flock of owls.

Of course, so soon as the owls were big enough to make their débuts they began staying out until all hours of the night and mingling in the giddy whirl of society.

To this, however, Mamma Hen objected, saying that she had not been brought up in such a way, and she did not believe that it was proper for her children to go gallivanting around.

At this the owl-chickens conferred among themselves, saying,

"Poor mamma! With her antecedents it naturally is hard for her to know who 's whoo."

Moral—Sometimes it is difficult for the parents to enter society.

## Easy Lesson in Politics.

"GOOD-EVENING, Mr. Buttin," said Gladys, rising to greet the caller. "Mr. Honey and I were just discussing politics when you arrived. We have been arguing about the difference between a majority and a plurality."

"Well," said Mr. Buttin, with a patronizing glance at Mr. Honey, "it is easily understood. A majority is a preponderance of favor between two parties, while a plurality is an excess over all."

"Ah, yes," sighed Miss Gladys. "It is just like the old saying that 'two is company and three is a crowd,' isn't it?"

And the meaning look that passed between Gladys and Mr. Honey convinced Mr. Buttin that he had been counted out.

## Reason for His Haste.

*McCloskey*—"Phat is yure hoorry, Moike?"

*McGowan* (on the sprinkling-cart)—"Shure, it's goin' to rain, Pat, an' it's me thot wants to git me wur-rk done befoor it comes."

## Notable.

SUDDENLY the bands in the great convention-hall struck up a ringing air, which was echoed by the bands stationed on the streets in the neighborhood. The great doors of the hall were thrown open and, preceded by a guard of honor and two or three bands, and followed by another guard of honor and four or five bands, a small man, trying hard not to wear a self-conscious look, was escorted to the rostrum. After the cheering had subsided the chairman rose and said,

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is unnecessary for me to say that we are about to have the pleasure of listening to a few remarks from the Honorable Gabe Izzent, of Hackasack, Florida, the only man in the United States who has never had a vice-presidential boom."

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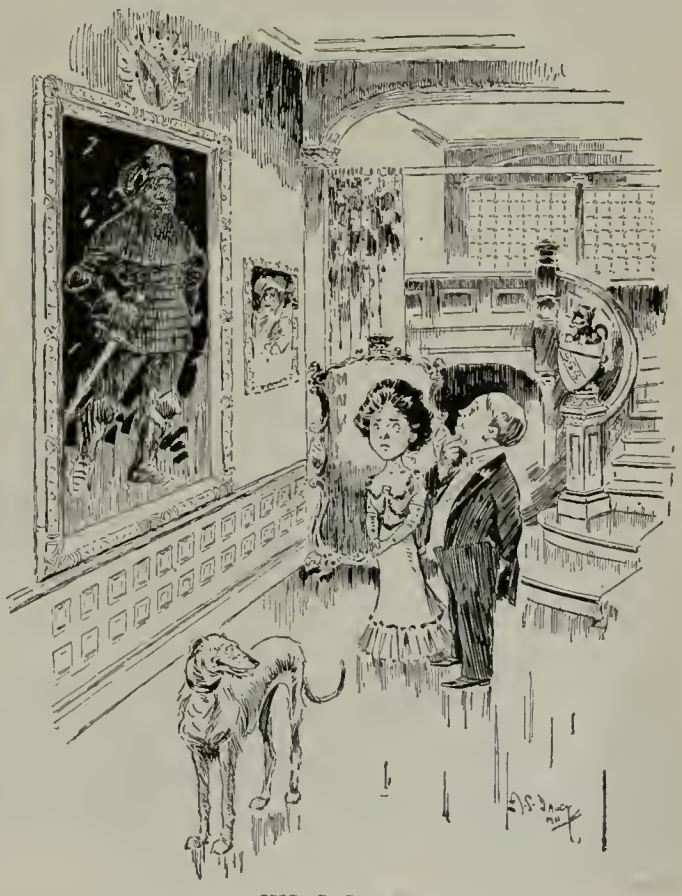
'MONG those inclined to thanksgiving the editor highly ranks;
He thanks when he is receiving and always declines with thanks.



HIS COSTUME.

EDITH—"That is my first male ancestor."
PERCY—"Ah, taken in masquerade costume, I see."

# Bill's Derby Winner

By Norman H. Crowell

BENJAMIN GREEN had resumed his pipe after relating the bitter details of his first and last experience at betting on a horse-race.

"Puffball was a good car-length ahead," Benjamin had remarked, with traces of sadness, "an' goin'as smooth as a new sewin'-machine. I was swellin' up an' seein' myself rakin' in that fifty-dollar stake when all to once an' onexpected, Puffball stepped on a tomato can an' lit on her chin. Afore she could git up Grabbag had passed her an' won th' race!"

It was a painful rehearsal and Mr. Green had profited by it, inasmuch as it marked the turning-point in his career of recklessness. Never again had he put faith in the frailties of horseflesh.

Uncle Ezra Boggs, who had been an interested listener, idly interlaced his fingers and twirled his thumbs in an absorbed manner.

"I was jest thinkin'," he remarked after a moment, "o' Bill Fikes's trotter. Maybe you didn't know that Bill had th' racin' fever at one time. Well, he did—him an' me had it about th' same time. I don't recall jest where Bill got th' hoss, but my opinion is he got it in an unsight-an'-unseen deal somewheres. That hoss had th' biggest feet I ever see on anything short of an elephant. His legs was a good deal longer than his lineage an' he wore hoofs onto 'em that reminded me of a store spittoon.

"Bill said they called th' hoss Dustless, because he liked mud so well. Take that there animal on a nice, shiny day, put 'im on a hard, dry track that'd make an ordinary hoss's mouth water jest to look at, an' all th' shoutin' an' band-playin' you could pack into a ten-acre lot couldn't make Dustless move faster than a four-minute gait. He 'peared to try all right an' would lather up furious, but after every heat he went into it took the track officials about a minute keepin' th' track clear for Bill's hoss to finish.

"After Bill had tried th' hoss on several such days, he come to th' conclusion that if there was any speed lurkin' inside o' Dustless it took somethin' more than good roads an' sunshine to draw it out. I'd 'a' took a club, but Bill was one of these kind-hearted humans, an' he'd sooner feed th' brute a dollar's worth of loaf sugar to get out o' 'im th' same amount of usefulness me or you'd get out o' 'im with one good belt of a fence picket.

"One day I suggests to Bill that, seein' as Dustless has no use for fine weather or tracks, maybe we'd better try 'im on mud.

"'By ginger!' says Bill; 'maybe we had! Never thought of that!'

"Th' next time it rained me'n Bill slung th' harness onto Dustless, tied th' sulky to 'im, an' Bill tucked th' critter's tail under 'im an' set down onto it. Then he cantered th' hoss out onto th' mile track, which wa'n't bein' used much that year. I begun to notice th' hoss's ears stickin' up, an' calls Bill's attention.

"'You bet!' he says. 'He's pullin' two hundred pounds on each line!'

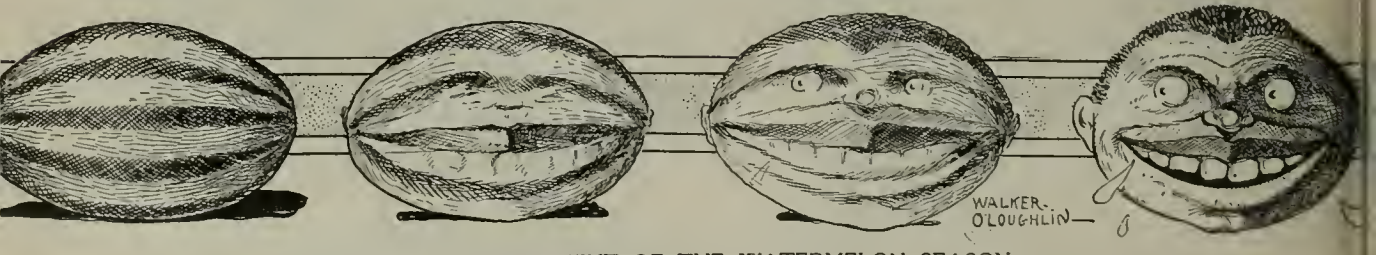
"Bill scored up to th' startin'-point once for practice, an' Dustless purty nigh tipped 'im over afore he'd swing around to come back. Th' track was gluey an' th' hoss's feet pulled up a piece about th' size of a boiler bottom at every step, but he 'peared to be enjoyin' it immense.

"'We're off this time!' yells Bill. 'Set th' clock on us!'

"It was jest twenty minutes past two when they went under th' wire, an' to be absolutely exact I wrote it down on a shingle. Then I took a look at Bill an' th' hoss. All I could see was a sort of mud-cloud circlin' th' track an' goin' at a clip that I see to once would strain th' record bad, if not actually break it. I never see a hoss keep so much mud in th' air at one time, an' comin' down th' stretch on th' first mile they looked so near like a tornado it made me feel nervous. After they'd passed mud dropped around for half a minute.

"I was expectin' to see Dustless slow down on the next mile, but that animal must 'a' had lungs made o' leather. He went a heap faster. He kept increasin' speed right up till he went under th' wire, an' I ketched th' time at twenty-two minutes an' a half past two. That was purty middlin' fair work, but Bill swore he'd lost thirty seconds by pullin' th' hoss onto a dry streak over on th' backstretch.

"'Blame my luck!' says Bill. 'If I'd 'a' kept 'im




A JOYOUS DEVELOPMENT OF THE WATERMELON SEASON.

WHY HE'S WORRIED.

"Si Hoskins seems worried ever since his daughter eloped."
"Yes. He's afraid she'll come back and bring her husband with her."

wadin' mud, we'd 'a' beat two minutes easy. That smooth stretch held 'im back amazin'!'

"Well, we got so fond of Dustless as a mud hoss that we entered 'im in th' Jayville Derby. Bill got an agreement with th' manager that he could pull down his entry if it didn't rain. There was a lot o' good hosses in that Derby, half a dozen of 'em havin' been suspected o' beatin' two-twenty on th' farm under prime conditions.

"Me'n Bill began prayin' for rain, but, would you believe it, Derby day opened up dry, hot and dustier than a lamb's back. Bill nearly cried when he started over to th' manager to pull down his entry. Th' manager was lookin' purty glum when Bill got there.

"'Look 'ere, Bill,' says he; 'I'm up agin it. There's been a train wreck west o' here, an' more'n half o' them Derby entries won't get here. There's only three hosses besides yours that will be on hand, an' two of them is regular skates. We've jest got to hold your entry—it's a necessity!'

"'Yes, but'——says Bill, lookin' at th' sky sort o' dubious.

"'It's an even chance, Bill,' says th' manager.

"'What! Without MUD?' says Bill, in disgust.

"'Mud or no mud, you're fined five hundred dollars if you fail to appear!'

"Poor Bill was feelin' mighty bad when he come back. Defeat was lookin' 'im right in th' eye.

"Jest then I had an idea—a great idea. I jumps up an' slung both arms around Bill.

"'I know somethin' that'll beat mud, Bill—somethin' that mud can't aspire to nohow!'

"'What?' says Bill.

"'TAR!' I yells. 'Coal-tar!'

"Bill thought a minute—then he grinned.

"'Sure!' he says, happy as a boy.

"At noon, when nobody was lookin', me'n Bill spread four barrels of fresh tar over th' back stretch of th' Jayville half-mile track. We put it on good an' thick, like a poultice, an' th' hot sun made it spread like th' top layer of a chocolate cake.

"'Now!' says Bill, when we'd got done, 'let 'em come! If that ain't th' best imitation o' mud ever made by a human, then I ain't your old pard, Bill Fikes!'

"There was about ten thousand out to th' Derby. When they see Bill's ol' Big-foot scorin' up alongside o' Colonel Carter's Kentucky trotter, they drawed deep breaths an' whooped to beat th' brass band. Th' idea o' Bill expectin' to win agin that animal o' th' colonel's was a little too ludicrous for them Jayville yaps, an' they haw-hawed some loud an' incredulous. But Bill never cracked a smile, jest gritted his back teeth an' talked kind an' lovin' to Dustless, who was lookin' at th' nice, dry track like he'd heard terrible bad news from home.

"On th' second score-up they got away, an' th' colonel waved his hat back to Bill as he took th' lead an' begun walkin' off like he was anxious to forget 'im. He

HER TIN WEDDING.

"I'm going to Maudie's tin wedding to-night."
"Been married ten years, has she?"
"No; she's to be married to her tenth husband."

gained fine till he hit th' backstretch, then Bill seemed to overhaul on 'im wonderful. Everybody stood up an' yelled when they see Bill close up th' gap an' sprint right past th' colonel like he was tied to a brick buildin'! Behind th' sulkies big slabs o' th' track, like strips o' carpet, was risin' an' fallin' all around Bill an' th' colonel.

"When they'd cleared th' tar Bill was a hundred yards to th' good an' th' colonel was plyin' th' gad like a man nailin' on lath. I could see th' old feller had tumbled to th' layout an' was mad clean through.

"Goin' under th' wire, th' colonel was only a rod behind an' swearin' somethin' to surprise you. Th' other two hadn't got in sight around th' curve yet—one of 'em bein' mired to a standstill over on th' far edge o' th' tar where we'd spilled half a barrel by accident.

"Talk about noise—SAY! That crowd started in cheerin' for Bill, an' it sounded mighty good, I tell you! When they struck th' tar th' next time Bill had only two rods to gain, an' th' way Dustless chawed up distance on that backstretch was amazin'—she fairly flew!

"Th' colonel was standin' up on th' shafts, poundin' his hoss, an' Bill was leanin' so far over Dustless that I couldn't see 'im. Into th' homestretch they come, with Bill jest two hundred feet ahead an' failin' fast. Th' colonel was comin' up behind like a Kansas cyclone settin' a record. On they come—two clouds o' dust—gettin' closer together at every jump. Th' colonel's hoss was workin' steady as a clock, while Bill was beggin' Dustless to evaporate in all th' endearin' language he knew of.

HIS DILEMMA.

"Oh, Tommy! you're too old to cry."
"Yes; an' I'm too y-y-young ter have wot I'm cryin' fer."

A LOGICAL REQUEST.

"Please, mister, if it's half price fer me, couldn't yer let Johnny in fer quarter price?"

"A hundred feet from th' wire th' colonel was close enough to call Bill a bow-legged, lyin' hoss-thief, an' we see it was goin' to be mighty close. At fifty feet th' colonel's nag had 'is nose right up agin Dustless's eyelid. At twenty feet he was a scant inch behind—then a half-inch—then a weak quarter—an' then, jest as they were a foot from th' decidin' line, Bill's hoss run 'is tongue out about eight inches an' won hands down!

"It was th' greatest race ever run in Catterwaugus County, an'—eh? Well, yes, Sam, seein's it's you! Thankee!"

## Works Both Ways.

"WHAT is that you are taking?" asked the wife.

"Quinine and whiskey for my cold," replied the husband.

"Do you take the whiskey to hide the quinine?"

"Yes; that's just it."

"But you always say you dislike the taste of whiskey."

"So I do. I take the quinine to disguise the taste of the whiskey—don't you see?"

## The Editorial Innards.

"HOW can you exist upon one meal a day
And yet make such wonderful strides?"
The editor smiled so ineffably mild—
"Oh, you know, I've got patent insides."

SECOND NATURE.
An irresistible movement of hands on reading the poster.

## Spoiled His Story.

"SIR," says the dignified stranger, walking into the office of the chief of police of Chicago during convention week, "I have a complaint to register against your men."

"What is it?" politely asks the chief.

"They are too officious. Before coming here I had heard a great deal about the dangers of life in this city, but whenever two footpads try to hold me up an officer steps from the shadows and arrests them. When a pickpocket gets his hands on my watch an officer nabs him; when a restaurant man overcharges me, or a cabman tries to skin me, an officer is on the scene and readily adjusts matters. And so it goes."

"Well, I certainly can't see where you have any complaint," said the chief.

"Can't? Why, how the dickens am I going to put any tinge of interest and excitement in the story of my visit to Chicago if this thing keeps up?"

## Graft.

WHEN Jason sneaked to the Hesperides
And neatly pinched, one night, the Golden Fleece,
'Twas happily not known to the police,
Or they would promptly cry. "Our divvy, please!"
To captains sailing oriental seas
The pregnant word "backsheesh," was just a peice
Of native wit, that caused their woes to cease
And landed were the priceless argosies.
"How moves the world?" you ask. Well, just the same
As it revolved a thousand years ago.
The common people, still raked fore and aft,
Submit without a murmur to the game.
'Tis called finesse, diplomacy, we know—
But in its brazen nakedness 'tis graft.

EUGENE GEARY.

## A Sure Method.

"LOOK here!" shouted the practical politician, bursting into the headquarters of the boss. "We must have that new district-attorney kicked right out."

"What has he been doing?" inquired the man of experience suavely.

"He's been doing everything and everybody. Why, he has even been enforcing the laws."

"That's pretty bad," said the boss. "What do you propose to do about it?"

"Do!" exclaimed the irate worker. "I propose to have charges made against him and have him broke."

"My son," said the boss, "you are only a beginner. By doing that you'd only place him in a position to have himself vindicated, and he would be a constant menace to us."

"But something has got to be done."

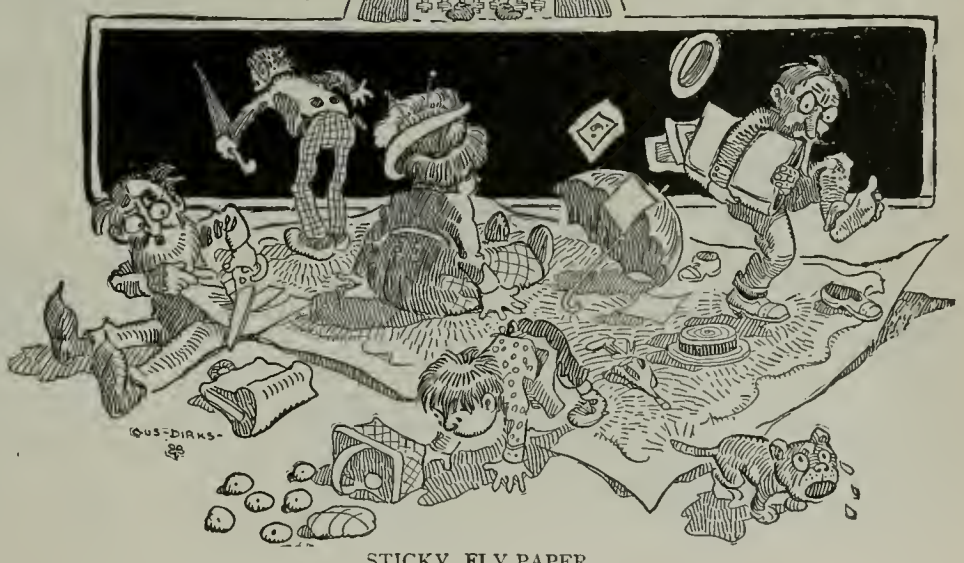
"Quite true, and I'm going to do it."

"Going to have him sandbagged?"

"Worse and worse! I'm going to have him nominated for a judgeship, or even for governor."

"What's that?"

"I guess you heard me right. I'm going to promote him, for that's the latest thing in practical politics. We who have experience find it much easier to push a man off the roof than to kick him out of the basement door, and it settles him much more effectively."




STICKY FLY-PAPER.
What little Willie Fly would like to do if he was a king.

# The Last Straw

*By Strickland W. Gillilan*

ALAS, it is often but a little thing indeed that brings about the actual dislocation of the dromedary's vertebræ!

For instance:

We found a man who had just ordered his only son to return from the university and begin to hew his own way through this somewhat flinty and cross-grained world.

"Why did you do this?" we asked, feeling that he had behaved rather inhumanly in the matter aside from whatever might be the cold-blooded justice of the act.

"Well," he explained with some heat, "I had been hearing time and again of this boy's pranks. At last he became involved in an escapade even more annoying than anything he had previously become mixed up in. I wrote him and demanded an explanation, which he gave, but which was not altogether satisfactory. However, as there seemed an element of reasonable doubt in the case, and as the poor lad's mother pleaded his cause so stoutly, I at last let justice lean toward mercy and determined to give once more my blessing and bid him try again.

"The day I sat down to write him the letter of forgiveness had been a most exasperating one. To begin with, I had lain awake all the night long, listening to my wife's tearful protests that I forgive the boy once again; our cook had left in the morning, without warning, and my breakfast had been gotten by my own two bungling hands; a letter in the morning mail had told me of the rejection of my company's bid for a large job of work we had counted upon, the contract going to our most hated rival; the office-boy had sent word that he was ill, and the substitute he sent didn't even suspect anything regarding his duties; I had a raging headache. But even all these things I withstood, and I set myself painfully but determinedly to the task of writing a beautiful letter of forgiveness. When the letter was finished I believed I had written a masterpiece of its kind. I had written it out in long hand, a thing very laborious and unaccustomed to me, the affair being too sacred, I felt, to intrust to the profane hands of a stenographer. And when"—here the man choked with emotion, and we waited for him to go on—"and when all this was done, my pride humbled and my arm, as well as my head, aching, I picked up a blotter and laid it triumphantly upon the freshly-inked page. It was one of those blotters with one varnished side to it, and I had applied the glossy side to the ink. Well, I tore up that letter, stamped frenziedly upon it, and telegraphed the boy to come home and go to work."

We went out softly, feeling that we had intruded upon one who had suffered the crowning disappointment a human soul may feel.

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ONE who seldom laughs is prima facie a fool in a world in which there are so many absurdities to laugh at.

THE WAY OF DUST.

*She*—"Do you believe that man is really made of dust?"
*He*—"Well, he wouldn't be able to travel far in your company if he wasn't."

## A Snake Story.

A HUNGRY blacksnake, snooping 'round
A hen-house for what might be found
Of food supply, discovered there
An egg, which seemed his proper fare.
"Ha, ha!" he gurgled, "this is what
I long have sought and found it not;
And all the old hens gone away—
Well, sure, this is my lucky day."
Forthwith he took it to his breast
And moved on to the neighb'ring nest.
Another egg he found, and that
He added to his future fat;
And so on till he swallowed four,
Then quit for lack of room for more.
Full to repletion now, he slid
Away to darkness to lie hid
Until digestion put his food
In shape to do the greatest good.

What dreams he had, what visions grim
Of nightmares prancing over him,
What weird disturbers of repose
Had fun with him, nobody knows;
But certainly they did, for when
In after times the poultrymen
Tore down that hennery they found
A blacksnake's skeleton twisted 'round
Four china eggs, as smooth and fair
As when the blacksnake put them there.

WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.

## A Christian Science Giver.

"MRS. JONES is going to give a window to the Christian Science church."

"Stained glass, I suppose?"

"No; paneless."

## Radium Stuffing.

*Wilfred*—"Pa, what are the birds on mamma's Easter bonnet stuffed with?"

*Gunbusta*—"According to the price, my boy, I guess they're stuffed with radium."

## Slanguistically Stated.

*The bookkeeper*—"That new assistant of mine is a paragon of incompetence."

*The stenographer*—"You mean that he is a lemon aid."

## Aphorisms of a Muck-raker.

THAT man best enjoys his own rights who most respects the rights of others.

"For the good of the party" rarely turns out to be for the good of the people.

The trouble with the average candidate is that he cares less for the nation than he does for the nomination.

The public office that goes seeking the man never has as hard a chase as the public man who goes seeking the office.

The reticent politician who can make a speech but won't is in many ways preferable to the loquacious politician who can't make a speech but will.

ROY FARRELL GREENE.

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"YOUR name," he stammered, "is—is written on my heart."

"Yes," she whispered. "But—but wouldn't it be much nicer if your name were engraved on my stationery?"

## Feminine Wiles.

*Stella*—"I always get to the theatre last, so as to be talked about."

*Bella*—"And I always get to the club first, so as not to be talked about."

## A Cruel Truth.

HERE'S a thing that isn't pretty,
But it's true, as like as not:
In the spring the would-be poet
Indolently runs to rot.

## A Humbugging Advertisement.

"I SEE Lacey advertises something cheap in dress-goods, papa."

"It's a humbugging ad., daughter. I've known many women in my time, and there's nothing cheap in dress-goods."

## That's S(n)ow!

'TIS the man behind the shovel,
Don't ye know, don't ye know,
Who saves us all the trouble
Of the snow, of the snow;
And we should *his* wages double—
That is so, that is so!

A. M. T.

POLITENESS.

# Pure Logic

## By Ellis Parker Butler

"SPEAKING of logic," said the Old Sea Dog, as he gave the waist-band of his trousers an extra hitch, "I never thought nothing of logic until once when I run short of coffee. 'Twas in '77 when me and Perfessor Bingdat was wrecked on the lonesome desert isle of Barbecutis; just us two by ourselves, and for use and horse-sense, I says, the minute I seen the perfessor, that I might as well have a three-months-old baby as the perfessor. He was no good. All he done was to moon around and logic out his logic, for that was his job at home; he was a perfessor of logic. So I done the Robinson Crusoe business, and he wasn't even a decent excuse for a man Friday.

"So by and by," continued the Old Sea Dog, "we run short of coffee, and I can do without victuals and drink, but I must have my cup o' coffee. So I went onto half rations, which made my nerves speak up, and one day I says, 'Perfessor, you been giving me talk by the knot about logic,' I says, 'but I'd give all the logic on top of the earth for a pound of good Rio coffee.'

"Well, sir," the Old Sea Dog proceeded, "that moony old perfessor just looked at me and laughed. 'Well, mate,' he says, or words to that effect, 'if you want coffee, why don't you grow some?' That made me so mad. I looked at him in a sneering tone of voice, and I says, 'Grow some! You long, thin, flat, tall son of a mainmast! Grow some! How in blisters and burns can I grow some when I ain't got no seed? If that's your logic I don't want no logic.'

"Bat my loggerheads, though, if it made the perfessor so much as wink! He just smiled. 'Ain't you got some coffee left?' he asks. 'Coffee!' says I. 'Yes, but its roasted and ground, and nobody ever heard of coffee growing after it's roasted and ground.'

"But mizzenmasts and portholes! The perfessor only smiled more serene. 'That's because folks don't go about it logical,' he says. 'Coffee agriculturists,' he says, 'ain't a naturally logical kind of folks. Mebby they never tried to plant roasted ground coffee. And if they did they didn't go at it logically. You got to use logic,' he says. Then I says, 'If you can logic any coffee to grow go ahead and logic it!' And warp my deck if he didn't!"

"Oh, come now!" exclaimed the grizzled old colonel, shaking his head.

"Warp my deck if he didn't!" repeated the Old Sea Dog firmly. "'First he got out my coffee canister and took out some of that ground roasted coffee. 'Mate,' he says, 'this here island has a red-hot climate and coffee ought to grow mighty quick. It's a moist, hot climate, like a hot-house, which is good for quick growing. But first off, if I am going to grow some logical coffee,' he says, 'you've got to admit my major premise.'

"'What's that, perfessor?' I asked. 'What is a premise, anyhow?'

"'Well, mate,' says he, 'a premise is what you've got to take for granted or admit that it is so, or you can't get nowhere at all with your logic. If we don't have a premise we can't grow no logical coffee.'

"'Go on, perfessor,' I says. 'I'll admit the major premise, easy enough! You go ahead and grow your coffee!'

"'All right, mate,' says the perfessor. 'Now, common or garden coffee-growers they plant uncooked coffee beans in the soil and they grow, don't they?' 'Yes,' says I.

"'Good!' says the perfessor. 'And they plant them whole, raw beans in the soil just as the soil is, and they water them with common water. That's logic. Well, our coffee beans is ground and roasted. So we've got to be logical, and we've got to plant our coffee beans that is ground and roasted in a soil that is ground and roasted, too. That's simple logic!'

"It looked so to me," continued the Old Sea Dog; "so me and the perfessor went to work and got some soil—of which there was a plenty—and we roasted that soil and we ground it up in the coffee-mill, and we sure did sweat, for it was amazing hot on that desert isle; but we got it done, and we spread that roasted and ground-up soil out even and nice, and we planted the ground-up coffee in it, all according to the laws of logic, of which the perfessor was perfessor of."

"And do you mean to tell me, sir!" cried the grizzled old colonel, getting as red in the face as an eclipse of the sun; "do you mean to tell me that stuff grew?"

"Grew?" said the Old Sea Dog, slapping his leg. "Grew! I should say it did grow! We growed the finest, biggest crop of coffee; the best-tasting coffee; and every bean was roasted and ground when we picked it! Fact! Just roasted right and just ground fine enough! But of course," added the Old Sea Dog soothingly, "it wouldn't have growed if we hadn't watered it logically. Oh, no! It wouldn't have growed if we hadn't done that."

The grizzled old colonel reared up on his hind legs, so to speak, and shook his mane in the air.

"By the eternal fiddlesticks!" he cried angrily.

"Oh, yes," said the Old Sea Dog gently; "we watered it logically out of the coffee-pot, with logical water"——

The grizzled old colonel was blue at the gills and puffing like a turkey-cock, but the Old Sea Dog went on softly

"I was going to water it with common water," he

said. "I remember how mad it made the perfessor. He came and grabbed the coffee-pot out of my hand, and the minute he had explained I seen how near I had come to making a mistake. Common water wouldn't do. We had to use water that was roasted and ground like the coffee."

The grizzled old colonel gasped.

"So I says to the perfessor that the nearest we could come to it was to boil some water and pour it through the coffee-mill," said the Old Sea Dog, "but the perfessor said that would be faulty logic and wouldn't do. He said the water must be sure enough roasted and ground, so we roasted some and ground it up"——

The grizzled old colonel's eyes were popping from their bloodshot sockets and he reached over and grasped the Old Sea Dog by the neck and choked him.

"Roasted it! Ground it up!" he shouted. "Oh, sabres and columbiads!"

He fell back weakly. His whole face was purple now, so that the end of his nose looked quite white.

The Old Sea Dog gently rearranged the collar of his flannel shirt and proceeded calmly.

"I forgot to say," he said, "that the only time you can grind up water in a coffee-mill is when it is solid. So of course we used ice. That was logical and the perfessor"——

The grizzled old colonel breathed deep and long. I thought he was going to die, but he didn't. He arose from his chair. He was weak but game. He had but one round of ammunition left, and he fired it as he stood in his last ditch.

"Ice!" he said, with the accumulated scorn of countless ages in his voice. "Ice! On a desert isle! In a sizzling climate! Ice! And logic!"

The Old Sea Dog reached for his pipe in the pocket of his shirt and carelessly filled it.

"Well, yes," he said easily; "ice. And I don't wonder you say it, colonel. I says the same thing to the perfessor when he mentioned it to me, and I felt much the same as what you do about it. But the perfessor made it all easy enough, so I seen it clear as day. Seems that in any logical syllogism you've got to take *something* for granted, so we just figgered that so long as we needed ice more than anything else, we'd take ice. So we took it."

NEEDED AN OPIATE.

FARMER—"What will you take to hoe an acre of potatoes?"
TRAMP—"Oh, any kind uv dope, so's I won't know wot I'm doin'."

# The Mother of the Man

By William J. Lampton

HE boy stood hesitating with his cap in his hand as the man at the desk looked up at him. He seemed to doubt the propriety of his presence in the place. At least, that is what the boy thought. The man had been a boy himself and years before had stood just where this boy was standing. He had not forgotten how he felt that day.

"Well," he said encouragingly, "what is it?"

"I'm looking for a job," replied the boy, gathering courage from the man's manner.

"Yes," said the man, inflecting his voice upward. "What sort of a job are you looking for?"

"I don't know."

"What can you do?"

"I can't do anything."

"That's honest, anyway," laughed the man. "Most boys—and men—who come here for jobs say they are ready to do anything."

"Well, that's what pa said I should say, but ma wouldn't have it," the boy explained. "Pa told me, when I started out, to say I'd do anything, but ma said what was the use of saying you could do anything when you couldn't? Ma said to tell it straight and that's what I done."

The man laughed again, but not in a way to hurt the boy's feelings. Indeed, it had such an effect upon him that he laughed, too. After that a sympathy was established between them.

"Your ma," said the man, "seems to be of more importance to you than your pa."

"I guess she is," the boy said half smiling, but serious. "You see, pa ain't very handy at supporting a family and ma runs things at home, including pa. Mebbe at first pa thought he was the whole push, but ma said he didn't know what push was, and I guess he's made up his mind that ma knows what she's talking about."

"But he still seems to be ready to give you advice," suggested the man.

"Yes, and ma, too; but we don't pay much attention to pa. Ma says advice is about all he can give the family."

"Is he doing anything else?" laughed the man.

"Oh, yes; pa's always doing something, but they ain't never any money in it. He lost a whole lot of jobs, ma says, that paid, and after while he took to getting the kind that he could hold."

"That was sensible, anyhow," approved the man. "What kind can he hold?"

"Oh," and the boy grinned broadly, "them that last about a week for six dollars. Pa can hold them as long as they last, then he's up against the cold world. He'd shovel snow in winter or shave lawns in summer, but they ain't reliable for family use, ma says."

"He seems to he really of the do-anything kind, doesn't he?" smiled the man. He was not learning anything new, but he was being entertained.

"He's sure that," the boy smiled back at him.

The man's smile departed and a frown came in its stead.

"Don't you think you are very disrespectful to your father?" he inquired sternly. "I don't like to hear a boy talk the way you do."

The boy was taken by surprise, but he stood fast.

"Well, ma knows pa better than you," he said, "and she thinks I'm all right."

"Maybe I'm not the one to judge," the man hesitated.

"You ain't when you go against ma," said the boy with decision. "Did you ever have a ma?"

It was an unexpected question and the man was not prepared for it. He looked at the boy as if to question his right to cross-examine him. The boy never flinched. The man fumbled over the papers on his desk.

"No," he said, after a minute, with a little shake in his voice; "my mother died before I was old enough to know what a mother was."

"That's a pity," said the boy, not noticing the effect of his question on the man, "especially if your pa was like mine. Was he?"

"Not at all," admitted the man cheerfully. "My father was a very decent sort."

"Oh, mine 's decent enough," the boy hastened to explain, "but, you see, he just don't know how to get a move on. Ma says she guesses he was born with a rocking-chair in his mouth."

"You don't seem to be much like your pa," ventured the man, still willing to be entertained.

"Ma says I'm mighty near like him when I get to talking when I ought to be working. What about letting me have a job?" added the boy with a snap.

"I think I'm a little like him myself," the man confessed. "I'd forgotten what you were here for. Let me see—would you undertake to be an errand-boy and sort of factotum about the office, to begin with at three dollars a week?"

"Sure," and the boy's face shone. "But, say, when I tell pa I'm factotumin' at three per, he'll throw a fit."

"And what will your ma say?" queried the man.

"Oh, ma won't say. She'll kiss me and tell me to stick to it and earn the money."

## Poesie à la Mode.

I AM going to make a poem, and I think that I shall take
A league or so of shadowy sky, a dim, mist-haunted lake,
With the pale wraith of a legend floating o'er it like a spell—
But this strange, blood-chilling legend I must never really tell.

There must be a blotch of color and a mystery intense,
But with music, feeling, beauty one can easily dispense;
And—though this is all sub-rosa—it is best to leave out sense.

When I 've made the little poem,
Blurring over very well
Any careless trace of clearness,
I am sure the thing will sell.

ADA FOSTER MURRAY

CONTRARIWISE.

Mrs. Youngcook—"You are sad. Does the chicken I gave you recall some of the tender reminiscences of your life?'
Tearful Tooley—"No, lady; it reminds me uv many uv de tough propositions I've been up ag'inst."

## Forward—March!

UST March, with biting winds
and raw,
A taste of equinoctial law,
Slush, slide, alternate freeze
and thaw.
Since changeling arch
Is she of months, on sere and
green
Alike she smiles, then vents
her spleen,
And more than bares grow
mad, I ween,
With March.

And cometh, too — though
naught it hurts—
The naughty breeze that toys
and flirts,
And wantonly, with snow-white skirts,
All stiff with starch,
Till mild, meek women, truth to tell,
*Think*, though they do not *say*, "To—well,
A place the ice trust doesn't sell—
With March!"

With March comes, too, the shamrock spray—
Ah, rare indeed's Saint Patrick's Day!
Potations, too, that thirsts allay
Of throats that parch.
Parades, with Erin's flag above!—
'Tis truly fitting as a glove
We men, at least, should be in love
With March!

ROY FARRELL GREENE.

## How To Build an Easter Bonnet.

ALTHOUGH the bonnet factories have been working day and night—and sometimes longer—they have been unable to satisfy the great demand for new Easter lids, and in order to soothe those aching hearts that have been disappointed, we give below a simple description for building a beautiful Easter head-piece:

First, secure an old mosquito screen and cut away the wooden frame with a can-opener. Take the netting and run it through a sausage-machine until it resembles, in shape, a cramped streak of lightning. With the potato-masher punch a crown into the mass. Then have a taffrail, or brim, running from the bow to the stern. This should be wide and flaring, extending well over the face. This large, netty brim will sift the cinders before they drop into your eyes from the "L" road above.

After this turn up the larboard side and rivet to the poop-deck, or crown. Then get about a handful of sauerkraut and sew it on to the S. by SE. corner of the hat. This makes a beautiful aigrette, and when not doing business on the bonnet, can be worn in the hair at germans. This sauerkraut should be changed frequently, and the more frequently the better. If kept on too long it looks like a bale of hay after it dries up.

Then, if your courage has not yet failed you, secure a broad noodle at any grocery-store, boil it until it is as soft as the author's head, and then encircle the entire brim's edge with it. The mushiness of the noodle fools the men into believing it velvet.

Instead of putting stuffed birds on the bonnet, put on stuffed olives. The latter resemble artificial grapes and there is no Audubon Society to protest against shooting them out of season.

The entire keel, from the jibsail to the fo'castle, should be tuck-shirred. We don't know what tuck-shirred means, but if we don't say something that has a millinery flavor to it, the women folks will consider us incompete to give advice on bonnet-building.

In order to finish the bonnet, take a chenille-dotte fancy mesh sausage, dip it into a pot of glue, and sprink with small downy feathers. The feathers will stick to th sausage, and will serve as an imitation ostrich plum The effect is pretty and the cost is nominal. It should b sewed on the bonnet about five inches from the rudder.

After all this is completed, put the whole in an ove and roast for two hou——

But hold on! We have forgotten just now whethe we are describing the building of a bonnet, a boat or suet pudding.

F. P. PITZER.

## Wanted a Pathetic Picture.

ONE DAY, recently, a German entered the studio of a Chicago photographer, and after several glances about the place, mournfully observed that the photographer did not seem to have the properties essential to the taking of the picture he desired.

"I should like a picture of myself, veeping peside my vife's grafe," he said. "Maypee you fix a grafe in de shop for me?"

"I am afraid I have not the necessary scenery," said the photographer. Then, with an attempt at facetiousness, he suggested,

"Couldn't we arrange to have the portrait made at the grave itself?"

"Dot's over at Cincinnati," sighed the German. "It vould be too oxpensive to go dere. Just you fix up some kind of a grafe here in de shop. I could veep on dot. It's no trouble for me to veep anyvhere."

G. W. WILSON.

HOLDING THEIR JOB.

"I see by the paper thet the jury in thet hoss-stealin' case took three days to come to an agreement."

"Wa-al, ye can't blame 'em. Ye see, they wuz gettin' two dollars a day."

## IN THE VOLCANIC BELT.

1. TOURIST—"I suppose there's not much movement in real-estate about here since the mountain became active."

## Ballade of Dead Novels.

(With due amends to Master François Villon of the Fircone tavern.)

I WONDER in what auction-rooms
One bids for "Trilby" thirty cents.
Or where the "Audrey" craze still booms,
Or "David Harum" 's thought immense;
Where "Eben Holden" now is sold?
The wind has blown them all away;
The tales that flourished once are old—
Where are the books of yesterday?

Say where brave Mary Johnston sleeps
On dust-strewn shelves, quite out of reach,
And where the lonely cockroach keeps
It guard of Weyman, once a "peach";
Where are the yarns of cloak and sword?
The wind has blown them all away;
No more "best sellers" are they scored—
Where are the books of yesterday?

The knighthood that was once in flower,
It seems, alas! has gone to seed;
The rural tale that once had power
Has gasped its last "b'gosh!" indeed.
And with reluctant hand on latch—
The wind will blow it soon away—
We see "Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"—
Where are the books of yesterday?

Alas for Wiggses, Harums, all!
The wind has blown them quite away.
The "rubes," the swordsmen, great and small—
Where are the books of yesterday?

## The Poetic Machine.

ROUND you I weave sweet strains of poesy.
I say such nice things of your eyes of blue—
In sooth, I swear that they do thrill me through.
Your tresses, to the winds a-blowing free.
I call spun gold; unending witchery
Dwells in your ev'ry smile; and when I view
Your ripe, red lips I rhapsodize anew—
I hear your voice and dream of Arcady.
But 'tis not that I'm given to romance;
'Tis not because Dan Cupid holds me hard
That I write verses to you, pretty maid,
But rather that it's such a glorious chance
For such as I—an humble, modest bard—
To give an airing to his stock-in-trade.

## No More Seasickness.

"OH, Edith!" exclaimed Maude, who had just experienced an unusually smooth voyage across the ocean, "I'll never dread going to Europe again. The large ships have worn down the big waves so much that they are now almost perfectly level."

## Against Her Principles.

"MRS. ALIMONY contemplates another divorce."

"I'm not surprised. She won't let any husband become permanently identified with her."

2. THE PROMOTER—"Well, I can't say that it's exactly at a standstill."

# AN ACCIDENTAL HERO

By ELLIS O. JONES

HENRY STUMP, the notorious bookmaker, sat all alone in his luxurious bachelor apartments in upper Fifth Avenue. His heavy black mustaches glistened and glinted richly in the subdued glare of the footlights. A set fireplace composed of electric lights, with red bulbs, cast a passionate light over the room. Hastily he drank half a dozen bottles of champagne to nerve himself for the ordeal.

It was midnight, almost the conventional time for the alleged heroine to arrive. He felt in his pocket to see if he had the telltale papers. Yes, they were there.

He got up to poke the fire, taking care lest he touch it and break something. Then there came a timid knock at the door. "Ah, there she is at last!" he exclaimed dramatically, rising to admit the visitor.

It was indeed sweet Kitty Carstraps, the lily of Harlem.

"So you've decided to do it the same old way, eh?" hissed Stump as he took her beautiful opera cloak and arranged the chair so that her pompadour would get the full effect of the firelight.

"Yes, I must," she replied, cowering from him just a trifle. "The managers won't have it any other way."

"All right, anything to suit the managers, but hurry up. I'd like to get this smoking jacket off as soon as possible. I feel like a fool in it. What time do you expect 'Honest Bill'?"

"Oh, he ought to be here in a few minutes. While I'm waiting I think I'll practice shrinking and cowering. That's the conventional thing, I believe."

"Yes, I believe it is. But say, I saw 'Honest Bill' to-day, and he looked as if he'd been drinking. At least he didn't act the same as usual. I hope he won't ball things up."

"He surely will if he's been drinking. He never acts the same when he's got a bun on. In vino veritas, you know."

There was a sturdy knock at the door. Sweet Kitty Carstraps shrank clear across the room and cowered knee-deep in the corner.

Bill entered, advanced to the table, and picked up a cigar. After carefully examining it to see if it were legitimate or only vaudeville, he struck a match with a flourish and lighted it.

No one spoke for a lengthy dramatic period, until finally Stump, in harsh, stage-managerial tones, began, "Come, come, get busy. You're holding the stage. There she is over there in the corner. Upraid her and revile her."

At this, Kitty cowered several inches more, but Bill just flicked the ashes from his cigar and replied deliberately, "Now, wait a minute. Let's do this thing right for once. In the first place, you're the villain, aren't you?"

"I am," answered Stump.

"Yes, I thought so. Now, in the second place, Kitty's the heroine, isn't she?"

"Yes, she certainly is," answered the villain.

"Of course, and I'm the hero."

"Yes, yes," said Stump impatiently, "but why all this talk? That isn't in the part. There is no dramatist who would have sense enough to talk that way."

"Never mind the dramatists," said Bill. "The situation is just this. I am engaged to Kitty. Conventionally she has no right in this room of yours, but she's of age and knows her own business. If she wants to tell me about it, all right. If she wants to break off the engagement, all right. If not, all right. It would be a pretty how-de-do if, right after I'd sworn undying love, I'd come around here and fly off the handle just because she did something which I didn't understand."

"Yes, but how about the play?" asked Kitty, coming forward. "And the audience? What will the audience say?"

"I don't know what the audience will say, and we never will know until we try. But I can't see why an audience wouldn't like a real hero for a change, instead of a conceited cad and an asinine idiot."

As Kitty listened to his words, all fear left her. Gradually she came closer to him, and finally she could restrain herself no longer. She threw her arms around "Honest Bill's" neck and fervently exclaimed, "My darling. At last we have a real hero. A national theatre ought to be built for you." (Prolonged applause.) CURTAIN.

SUBMISSION.

THE NEW MEMBER—"I suppose you never thought I'd be elected to the legislature, did you, 'Rastus?"

THE WAITER—"No, sah; but de Lawd's will be done."

MIDNIGHT REPARTEE.

"Cassidy, if an earthquake now shud hit thot Flatiron buildin', Oi suppose yez'd be in a hurry."
"Shure Moikel If Oi saw it comin' my way Oi'm afraid Oi wud be pressed fer toime."

# Amphibious Cottage

## By F. P. Pitzer

THEY called it the Amphibious Cottage, I guess, because half the time it was in the water and the other half it was on land. The proprietor was an old sea-dog; but the way he chawed tobacco made him look more like a sea-cow. The cottage stood so close to the sea that the boarders occupying front rooms on retiring put on bathing-suits instead of pajamas, because no one knew what minute a wave would come up the front stoop and crawl into the rooms. Every morning the mosquito nettings were full of fish. The pillows were stuffed with cork and the beds were built in the form of rafts. There were old-fashioned mottoes hung about the rooms reading, "Paddle your own canoe," "We will gather at the river," etc. One dark night we heard a terrific bump against the house. Some mistook it for an earthquake on its way home from San Francisco; but upon looking out of the parlor-window we discovered that a ferry-boat from Jersey City had run into us.

There was no shooting about the premises, but every Friday the boarders used to fish from the roof of the cottage.

One dark night a newly-arrived couple held a spoon-fest on the front piazza. In fact, their yum-yumming was so strenuous they actually soup-spooned. They did not see the tide rising, and as they spooned, oblivious of all surroundings, the tide riz. Soon the water came up round them, but they kept right on spooning. When their feet had been in the salt water long enough to be pickled, he said to she, "Dost know, Dryid, 'tis getting dam-damp?" (No; the man stuttered.) "Yes," said she to he; "an' methinkest 'tis goingski to rain—me corn aches." But upon reaching down for that afflicted member she discovered their predicament. She jumped up with a scream and a crab dangling from her little toe. Then he jumped up, only to find the turn-ups of his trousers full of fish. They both immediately got cold feet and retired.

Amphibious Cottage! I shall never forget it.

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*He*—"Miss Olkyrl and Mr. Stagit played cards together the whole voyage."

*She*—"Which won?"

*He*—"It resulted in a tie."

---

LOUD sing the praises of the golden straw
That slants aloft at forty-five degrees—
The frail connecting link that weds serene
The rapt soul and the julep lush and cool.

A STANDING JOKE.

MRS. NEWLYWED—"What did you do with those cigars I bought you last birthday?"
MR. NEWLYWED—"Oh, I'm saving them up for a few of my dearest friends."
MRS. NEWLYWED—"Till when?"
MR. NEWLYWED—"The first of April."

MATRIMONIAL HINTS.

MOTHER—"Has that young man hinted anything about 'matrimony' yet?"
DAUGHTER—"Oh, yes. He has hinted several times that he should think you and pa would either stop fighting or get a divorce."

## Imprudent Queries.

"TO question the intelligence of the proletariat is unpatriotic!" I exclaimed indignantly.

"Unpatriotic?" repeated the capitalist and statesman—great two in one—in the tone of a man who knew from experience. "It's worse—it's unprofitable."

## Discouraging the Idea.

"WHAT do you think," asks the rector, "of the suggestion that we have women to take up the collection?"

"Not at this time of the year," answers the wise old vestryman. "Now that the fall millinery is coming in you couldn't induce a woman to pass the hat on any pretext."

## The Probable Place.

*Mary*—"Where did the Blowers spend the summer?"

*Jane*—"It's hard to tell. Mr. Blower says they went to Newport, Mrs. Blower says they were at Narragansett, while Clara says they were at Bar Harbor; so I judge they spent the summer on Staten Island."

## At the Zoo.

*The cockatoo*—"Hey, down there! What the dickens are you laughing about?"

*The hyena*—"You oughter seen the stork when he heard that seventeen pairs of twins had been born into the crocodile family. By gosh! he went straight up in the air."

## Their Orders.

"GIMME a cheese sandwich," said the human ostrich, addressing the fair young thing who administered the refections at the railroad lunch-counter. "And, say, make it outer Swiss cheese, will yer?"

"I am obliged to exercise great care in dieting," said the idolator, who worshiped his own stomach, as is the way of the chronic dyspeptic. "You may give me the holes out of the gentleman's Swiss cheese, if you please."

## At Newport.

*She*—"You must not kiss me until we are formally engaged."

*He*—"Do you mean to say that you always insist upon that rule?"

*She*—"I've always tried to."

## Floor-walking.

*Head floor-walker* (severely)—"I heard you tell the lady she would find the ribbons at the third counter to the left."

*New floor-walker*—"That's where they are."

*Head floor-walker*—"Yes; but you should have told her to go to the right past the necktie bargain-counter, turn to the left past the stocking bargain-counter, then three counters to the right past the shirt-waist bargain-counter, and so on. You'll never make a floor-walker."

## An Ideal Selection.

*Washing-machine agent*—"What became of that fellow Lazzenberry, who used to be always lounging around here, telling how hard he had to work when he was a boy?"

*Tavern landlord*—"Aw, he finally got too lazy to loaf without a salary, and so we turned in and elected him constable."

## The Reason.

I'M not a shallow, empty thing,
As you might very well suppose;
I'm not a monkey on the wing,
Nor even in repose.

I know my temples swift recede,
And that I am indeed a guy;
And many think I only feed
On angel-cake and pie.

But I can tell you I am full
Of soundest, horsy common sense,
And have the strength of any bull
That ever leaped a fence.

And I will to you further say,
That you the case may understand,
Bridge-whist throughout the night and day
I play to beat the band.

# Not for Uncle Bill

*A Red Devil in the Heart of the Maine Woods*

By Joe Cone

UNCLE BILL SAWYER leaned on his hoe and let his gaze run up between the hills, a picture of astonishment and unbelief.

"Yew don't mean tur tell me, 'El',' they's one uv them air auterbiles up yender in the 'interval,' do ye?"

"El'" Ganey, guide, fisherman and trapper, informed Uncle Bill that that was exactly what he wished to impart.

"It's over in Hanley's lot, in the tall grass," he explained; "they've got stuck thar an' I'm goin' over tur the village an' tellerphome fur a machinist."

"Is she stuck for sure?" asked Uncle Bill.

"Fast as a hen on aigs," replied "El'" Ganey.

"Guess I'll m'ander over an' give her a look," said Uncle Bill cautiously.

Ganey went on his way, and Uncle Bill, making a wide circle, gradually drew nearer the stalled machine till he was within speaking distance. Here he stopped, holding his hoe over his shoulder, ready to strike if the thing showed any signs of unfriendliness.

"Hi!" he called at length, "won't she go?"

Two men, covered with dirt, grease, vexation and perspiration, crawled from somewhere beneath the ponderous car.

"Not so 's you 'd notice it," growled one. The other, a little more amiable, replied, "She wasn't built for the tall grass."

Uncle Bill drew a bit nearer, but measured a respectable distance with his eye, and kept it.

"Thet 'ere's a reg'lar auterbile, is it?" he queried.

"The real thing," replied the amiable one; "never see one before?"

"Nope, she's the fust; never 'spected seein' one uv them up here in this country. I'd like tur see her go."

"So would we," grumbled the hot one.

"Kin yew back 'er?" asked Uncle Bill; "thet is, when she's normal?"

"Sure thing," answered the amiable one.

"Kin yew haw an' gee 'er tew?" queried Uncle Bill, becoming more and more interested.

"She'll do anything a yoke of cattle will do," replied his friend.

"Guess she'll do more, won't she? I never seen a yoke uv cattle do what she's doin' naow," returned Uncle Bill dryly.

"Wouldn't you like to take a ride in her?" the amiable one asked.

"I dunno; I—I guess like enough I wouldn't," replied Uncle Bill, backing off a few steps.

The disagreeable one had resumed his former position under the machine. In a few moments he backed out quickly, and, seizing a wheel on the side, gave it two or three turns. Suddenly a "chug-chug" noise, accompanied by splutterings and cracklings smote the air, and Uncle Bill turned his attention toward the nearest fence. The hot one jumped into the machine and instantly she darted ahead several rods. Then she backed, and a moment later, when the grass was wallowed down some, "hawed and geed" beautifully.

"Get aboard!" shouted the hot one, "and we'll go down the pike and pick up Ganey."

Uncle Bill never ceased sprinting till the fence divided them.

"Won't you join us?" called the amiable one, and they turned the machine in the direction Uncle Bill had taken. They stopped in front of the fence, but good old Uncle Bill had disappeared in the pines.

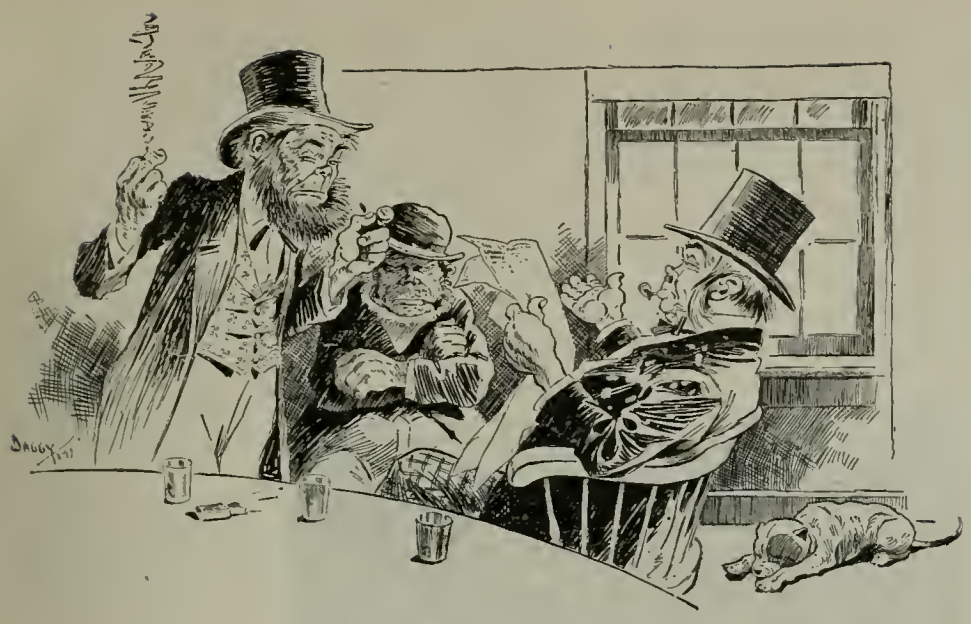
## Nowadays.

"IS MY hat on straight?" the women-folks long years ago would say;
But nowadays the men they ask, quite gruff,
Before they leave their families in the morning, night or day,
"Is my panama knocked out of shape enough?"

NOT MUCH TIME.

MRS. COLDSTREAM (*of the Hotel Comfort, Bowery*)—"My good man, do you never find time to read the bible?"

RICKETY RICHARD—"Not often, mum; I don't git put in jail more 'n twice a year."



CEMENTING THE FRIENDSHIP.

CASSIDY—"When Dick Croker was over in England he done all he cud to incr'ase the good-feeling thot England has for Amerikay."

COSTIGAN—"How so?"

CASSIDY—"Whoy, he hasn't had a horse win yit and has lost five thousan' pounds."

## A Scientific Test.

A PHYSICIAN'S little daughter, who had given her head a hard thump on the sidewalk, cried out to her mother, "Oh, mamma! I did knock my head so hard; but"—feeling the pretty member over carefully—"I don't think my brain 's hurt, because I tried it, and I can spell c-a-t, cat; c-a-t, cat—and c-a-t does spell cat, don't it? I'm sure my brain 's all right."

## Not Up to Date.

*Mrs. Richmond*—"What is your objection to your new pastor?"

*Mrs. Bronxborough*—"Oh, he's such an old fogy. Why, he's never once been tried for heresy."

## Possibly the Tree of Knowledge.

THE writer one day walked down Blank street behind two persons who were evidently revisiting scenes that had for them some associations with the past; for they spoke eagerly, recalling incidents connected with the objects they passed.

"That's it," one of them exclaimed as they paused before a house with a large garden; "that's the dear old house!"

"Yes," cried the other excitedly, pointing to a corner of the garden; "and that is where the—the—oh, the—what-you-may-call-um-tree grew—you remember."

"Oh, yes, I know," with equal excitement; "you mean the—the—thing-um-bob."

This classification of the tree seemed to satisfy them both; for after gazing pensively at the spot where the "thing-um-bob" had grown they passed on with an expression of reminiscent pleasure on their faces.

## At the Zoo.

*Smith*—"They say the elephant has a poetry of motion peculiar to himself; but I cannot understand it, can you?"

*Jones*—"Not at all. It must be the magazine-poetry of motion."

## No Wonder.

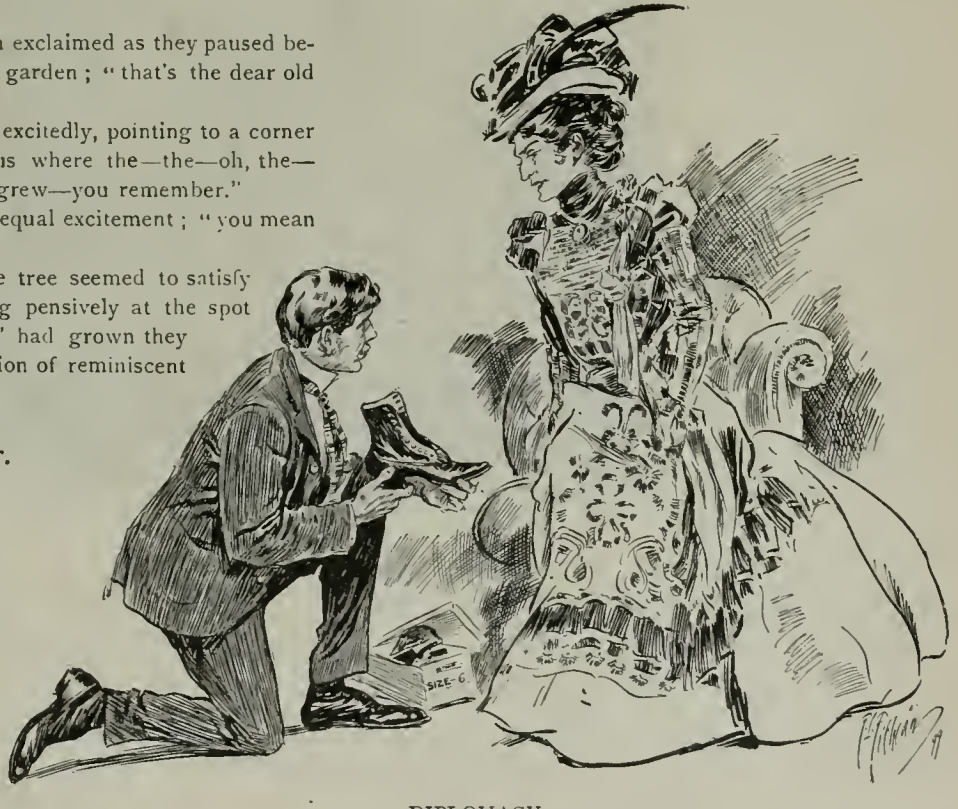
*Duff*—"I tell you that boiler-maker swings the sledge-hammer in great style, doesn't he?"

*Huff*—"He ought to. He learned the trick playing golf."

## Not Funny.

"IS HIS new play a tragedy?"

"It must be. There are two marriages in the first act."




DIPLOMACY.

TACTFUL SHOE-CLERK—"Here is a pair of one-and-a-half shoes that the maker has marked number six by mistake. Just try this on, please; I believe it will just fit you." (*Trial and speedy sale.*)

# An Old Salt's Observations

WHEN A young girl reads a novel it's to gloat over what may some day happen to herself, an' she may feel an' do that's glorious an' fine. When an old woman reads a novel it's to satisfy herself that every one else is jest as foolish as she has been all her life an' ain't done no fine things at all.

There's sixty minutes in th' hour. Sixty times twenty-four is fourteen hundred an' forty. There's sixty seconds in each minute. Sixty times fourteen hundred an' forty is eighty-six thousand four hundred. There's twenty-four hours in each day, an' twenty-four times eighty-six thousand four hundred is two million thirteen thousand six hundred. That's the number of times a day that we may expect to have th' opposition press try to explain why it is that high wages an' much work for th' laborer, an' happiness, peace an' prosperity for all, furnish good reasons for makin'-a change in your politics this year.

Th' feller that thinks there ain't no use in advertisin' is th' same man that don't believe in sendin' his little ones to school.

There's one class of folks that's great sufferers from th' present price of beef, but don't git no sympathy from none of us. I mean th' fellers with th' black eyes.

When you're sizin' up your fellow-men be sure to take your observations in th' right latitude. Some men that's great when measured round th' waist is less than middlin' if you measure where they wear their hats.

A feller in th' smokin'-room was kickin' on th' quality of th' ship's champagne. Two days later, after th' ship was wrecked, he was suckin' at a han'kerchief soaked in dew an' sayin' that it tasted most remarkable good an' sweet.

I dreamt I went to hell. There was an awful wailin' in th' northeast corner. "What you doin' with that feller?" I asked of th' devil. "Oh," says he, "that's one of th' chaps that was always preachin' when he was up on earth, an' he's feelin' mighty bad about th' punishment I give him." "What you doin' to him?" I asked then. "Oh, jest makin' of him practice what he preached on earth," he says.

A woman passenger said to me one time, "Mercy! I should think you'd git awful tired goin' to sea. You don't have no society." Later I was ashore, an' she asked me to come up to a lawn-party she was givin'. I went. I stayed a while an' sampled folks. "Is this society?" I asked. "It is," she says. Th' reason that I chuckled as I went away was because I was so glad I spend most my time at sea.

"What makes you go for such a long cruise on your yacht?' a feller asks a millionaire. "To git away from th' worries of th' financial world," he answers. He'd been to sea two days when he rung th' jingle-bell for full speed an' told th' skipper to steer her straight for home. "What's up?" th' skipper says. "Great Scott!" the millionaire replies, "they ain't no newspapers out here, an' I ain't seen a ticker since we left our dock."

I knew a boy that got his idea of queens from playin'-cards; an' when he see a real one he cried because she didn't have two heads, one at each end, thus disappointin' him by bein' much less wonderful than he had thought. We 're all of us like that in some things.

WOMAN'S WAY.

HE—"Why, I'd marry that girl in a minute."
SHE—"That would be the only way. If you gave her two minutes to think it over she 'd flunk."

Bill Jones, he 's fearful fond of money. T'other day he let Smith kick him for an hour, although he could have licked Smith easy. "What did you do that for?" I asked him. "Oh, well," he says, "Smith's got lots of money. Now I've got a damage-suit ag'inst him."

EDWARD MARSHALL.

## Stars Are Distant.

*Henry*—"That woman's eyes are like stars."
*James*—"I noticed a far-away look in them."

## 'Twas But a Dream.

WEARY WILLIE stood in the road and watched the Easter parade go by, and when the fashionable folk had passed out of sight he sat down on the curbstone and began to cry as if his heart was breaking.

"Here, you!" exclaimed a policeman who happened along. "What kind of a jag is this you've got?"

"I ain't jagged, boss," replied the weeping hobo as he wiped his eyes on his tattered old coat.

"Then what ails you?"

"De sight uv dose swells brought back de old times ter me."

"Why, you're crazy!" said the policeman. "You were never in that class, and well you know it."

"Wuzn't I ever like dem?" asked Weary Willie.

"Certainly not. You've been a bum and a soak and a gutter-snipe all your life."

"An'—an' wuzn't I never a rich gent dat lived on Fift' Avenoo an' rode in me auto, an' went ter church wid me b'iled shirt an' me high hat on?"

"Never in your life."

"Gee! den I ain't got nothin' ter feel bad about, after all," chuckled the tramp as a broad smile came over his face. "Yer know I must hev dreamed den dat I wuz once dat kind uv a guy, an' me heart wuz flutterin', an' I wuz feelin' like a lost dog in a blizzard, when yer came along. So I wuz always jest a good old bum, eh? Well, dat takes a big load off me mind."

And Weary Willie shambled off up the street, whistling as he went. A. B. L.

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.

## Utterly Incongruous.

"AH!" said the pensive maiden as Lent was almost over, "listen to the weird wind singing its sad requiem about the angles of our humble home."

"Requiem nothing!" said the young man beside her. "Who ever heard of a requiem sung in March-time?"

Whereupon the young woman was silent in the presence of a musical knowledge superior to her own.

## Real Modesty.

"WAS your marriage a failure?"

"No; but my wife's was."

## Don't Bacilli.

RONALD'S father is a well-known bacteriologist, and the small son shows that he grasps the meaning of a few familiar terms, for upon coming to the table one morning he asked his mother if she thought the cereal had germs in it.

"Germs! Ronald, of course not. Don't be silly."

"That's just what I mean—bacilli," was his instant rejoinder.

## His Ingenious Method.

"OH, BUT didn't Oi hov th' divvle's own toime lasht noight!" mourned Finnigin as he dived into the Franklin stove after a pinker coal for his pipe. "Th' divvle's own toime did Oi hov thryin' t' git wid Maloney, as wint t' town wid me in th' mar-rnin'. Yez see, we got separated, th' two av us, an' git togither agin we cuddent t' save th' sowls av us. Iverywhere Oi wint an' ast wuz Maloney there Oi wuz towld he'd jisht thot minyit gone. At lasht wan mon towld me he had seen wid's own oyes Maloney shtartin' aff home. Wid thot Oi shtarted toward home mesilf, thinkin' av the long, forlornsome walk befoor me, an' wishin' fer th' coomp'ny av me frind. At th' fur-rst moile Oi met Clancy an' ast 'm had he met Maloney, an' he hadn't. Thot puzzled me shtill more, an' Oi wuz thot confused an' bewildhered thot Oi didn't know what t' do.

"At lasht Oi hit on th' injaynyus plan. Oi wud run a quarther av a moile t' overta-ake 'm in case he wuz ahid. Thin Oi wud shtop an' rist tin minyits t' let 'm catch up wid me if he wuz behoind. But in shpite av all me precautions," sighed Finnigin as his coal got to going good, "Maloney bate me home about a quarther av an hour." STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

## No Chance for Him.

WHEN poverty comes with one fell swoop,
One place there's still where young love "stands pat."
No chance there's for him to "fly the coop"
In the kitchenette of a Harlem flat.

"DID you have a good time at the zoo?"

"Beastly."

# A Philippine Melodrama

## By Captain Thomas H. Wilson, U. S. A.

*Being a True Account of the Loves of Sweet Dolores, Adolphus and the Captain*

1.

A MODEST maid of ancient, high degree
Was Sweet Dolores, of those far-off isles,
The Philippines; her father a rich Don,
Who dressed his daughter in the latest styles
Of importations from Japan and France;
She'd studied English, French, knew how to dance.

2.

'Twas at a ball in honor of some saint,
And Sweet Dolores, in most gracious mood,
Prattled and talked unto her heart's delight
With khakied soldiers (whom she found not rude),
In spite of friends' and father's admonition,
For whom "Americanos" meant perdition.

3.

'Twas Young Adolphus, of the "Second Foot,"
Was not much versed in woman or her ways,
But Sweet Dolores to his soul appealed,
So free from guile and care and—sometimes —"stays";
For in the tropics there's much latitude
Regarding woman's dress and attitude.

4.

But to our story: Both hearts loved at sight,
And though her father raved and stormed, and swore
That to a convent she should quickly hie
And see her bold Adolphus' face no more,
She only laughed, as maids in stories do,
And swore "that to her soldier she'd be true."

5.

Thus time rolled by, until one night at mess
Adolphus, heated with much wine and love,
Boasted (the lad was somewhat of a cad)
Of "his sweet girl—an angel from above,"
Pledged Sweet Dolores; swore he'd be her spouse,
And, ah, me! asked his captain to the house.

6.

Red lights; slow music; enter here the villain,
No longer slim nor in the flush of youth,
Who'd had of life all that to him was coming—
Lived forty years and knew a thing, forsooth,
And, like "Iago," when he saw them cooing,
Straightway devised a plan for their undoing.

7.

So when Adolphus, in a day or two,
Received an order sending him to scout
The country 'twixt his station and the west,
He left his "angel" without fear or doubt;
E'en asked the captain, as his dearest crony,
To see that Sweet Dolores wasn't lonely.

8.

But here I falter—e'en my muse rebels—
To tell how this bold captain carried on;
In his skilled hands Dolores was as wax—
A bold marauder and a startled fawn;
She trembled, blushed and wept, and cried, No! no!
Yet held the captain while she bade him go.

9.

And so this villain married Sweet Dolores,
For to his suit her father he did win;
He taught him poker, won his love and shekels,
Showed him the virtue of "cracked ice and gin";
In fact, he acted with such tact and skill
That all agreed "Adolphus was a pill."

10.

Drop here the curtain; what of poor Adolphus,
Betrayed by sweetheart and his dearest friend?
Alas! dear reader, I dislike to tell you
Of this poor chap's most melancholy end—
He left the army, took to cocks and vino,
And married a full-blooded Filipino.

## The Happy Drum-major.

WHEN I the street along,
As stiff as starch,
Unto the wild ding-dong
Most proudly march,

I know the reason why
The ladies smile
And heave a wistful sigh
At all my style.

I am a very great
And pompous thing,
The while with vim elate
I swash and swing—

The haughty drum-ma-jor,
Who is the bird
That swells and leaps before
The Twenty-third.

## A Bright Night.

NOW, whenn e ye severalle knyghtes of ye rounde-table were gathered together, as was theyre custommе, to cracke merrie jokes and sing jollie songes, there was one of them, whose name was Sir Burbonne, and he didde talke with an amazinge wittienesse.

Nor colde anie one saye aniethynge but whatte he wolde come ryghte back atte hymme wyth a replye ye whych was even funnyer than whatte had been sayde.

Soe thatte all ye table didde laugh heartilie.

Excepte thatte there were one or two who didde seeme to have a grouche. And whenne some one sayde unto these one or two,

"Is notte Sir Burbonne brylliante—is he notte a bryghte knyghte?"

They made replye, surlilie,

"Of a truth, he sholde be a bryghte knyghte, seeing thatte he is fulle of moonshyne."

## Feminine Timidity.

OLD Betsey Nabors was one of the rudely picturesque characters of a large rural district in the mountains of Virginia. She was a great, muscular woman, her masculine appearance being emphasized by heavy boots and an immense bundle, since the gentle nomad carried her home on her back.

"I should think, Betsey," said one of the farm-wives, "that you'd be scared to death out in the woods all night."

"No, I ain't skeered o' nuthin'—exceptin' sometimes," she added with a shamefaced air, "I do be a bit shy of a b'ar."

## A Musical Effort.

"WHAT," we ask of the member of the orchestra; "what instrument do you find the most difficult to play?"

"The slap-stick."

"But we did not know that was an orchestral instrument."

"It is used in one selection only. There is a very difficult slap-stick obligato in Miketowski's 'Mosquito Sonata in New Jersey.'"

## The Kindly Cannibal.

"MY DEAR," said the kindly cannibal to his wife, "I wish you would realize that my business affairs are not within your scope. I don't like this habit of yours of always putting your finger in my pie."

"I want you to understand," retorted the wife, "that I am going to exercise every right I have. As your wife"——

"And I want you to understand," interrupted the cannibal husband with some heat, "that if you keep on putting your finger in the pie the first thing you know all the rest of you will go into a pot-pie."

Silenced, the woman returned to her household duties.

## Dead Easy for Him.

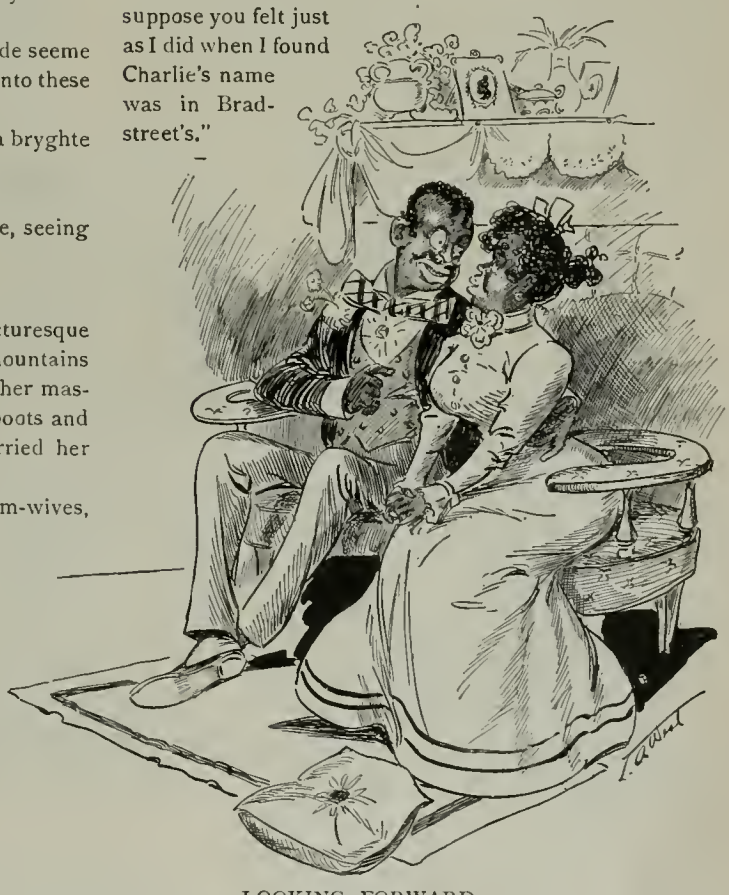
"AND you found not the slightest discomfort in your perilous voyage?" we asked the man who had recently gone through the whirlpool rapids in a barrel.

"Me?" he chuckled. "Not on your period of years! Evidently you are not aware that I am a regular patron of the Manhattan 'L' roads."

## The Same Feeling.

*Her grandmother* (reminiscently)—"Yes, Dorothy; I remember how happy I was when some one told me your grandfather's name was one of the best in Burke's peerage."

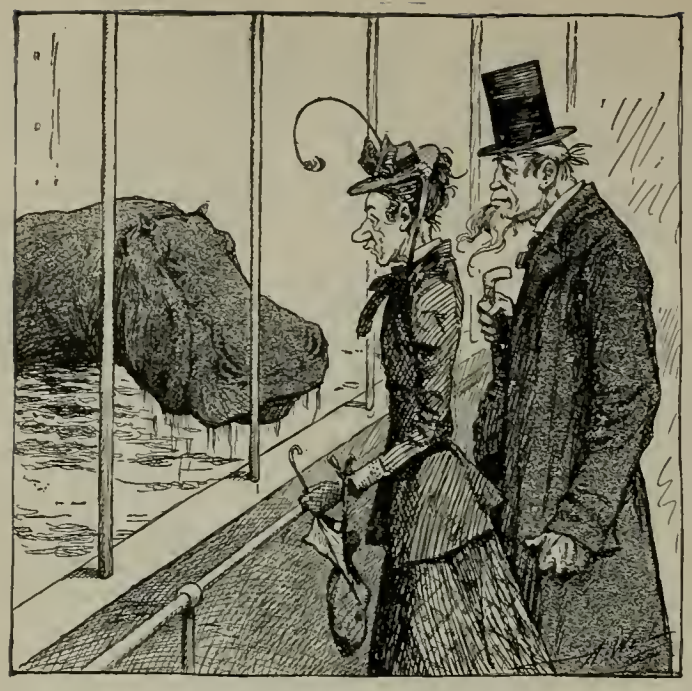
*Dorothy*—"Oh, I suppose you felt just as I did when I found Charlie's name was in Bradstreet's."



LOOKING FORWARD.

MISS JOHNSON—"But marriage is not all bread an' beer an' kisses, yo' know."

MR. JACKSON—"Suttinly not. I expec's ter git de poker occasionally."



THERE ARE OTHERS.
(At the zoo)—"My! of all the ugly creatures!"

## To the Codfish Ball.

AMBROSIAL sphere that in my vision steams,
And gilds the matutinal board with joy,
I beam on you e'en as the little boy
Upon his newest painted plaything beams.
You fill my soul with lotos-haunted dreams,
Transmuting all to gold without alloy,
When with your toothsome tenderness I toy
And all the eagle of my homage screams.
Oh, when I close my ivories on you,
I close my eyes upon the ways of earth,
And caracole, a very vine-wreathed god,
Unto the mighty music of the blue
Billows that toss and tumble in their mirth,
Upon the happy shores of old Cape Cod.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

## A Comparison.

"COLONEL HUNKTHUNDER, the politician, has a queer way of bobbin' up again every time after he's been defeated," musingly said honest Farmer Bentover.

"That's a fact," returned 'Squire Stackpole, who was equally as farmerish and presumably as honest. "He's a good deal like a wet sheet in a wash-tub—when you push him down in one place he bulges right up in another."

## The Fable of the Hilarious Home-coming.

ONCE upon a time there was a man who had been the husband of a commanding, hawk-billed woman for so many years that he had acquired the habit of dodging every time he was abruptly spoken to, like a horse that has been beaten over the head. One day his wife handed him a small tin pail and an order to fetch an errand home in it. On the way he got to thinking it over, and, arriving at a sudden resolution, he hid the pail in a handy fence-corner and shaped his course to a distant clime.

After ten years of vicissitudes he went back, wearing a new plug-hat full of happy anticipations, largely based on what he could recollect of the parable of the prodigal son. He found his wife wedded to another man, and the latter, upon the arrival of his predecessor, quietly picked up a sneak and went out. After the wanderer had unbosomed himself of his little say, his former helpmeet coldly invited him to start on another journey and not be in such a hurry to get back. As he was beginning to climb out again for the distant clime from whence he had come his successor, the second husband, emerged from the fence-corner where the first man had hidden the tin pail ten years before and asked to be permitted to go with him.

Moral—From this we should learn that, owing to the rapacity of the beef trust, and for other equally cogent reasons, the fatted calf is by no means as plentiful as he used to be.

TOM P. MORGAN.

## The Unattainable.

*Cora*—"What do you consider the things that make life worth living?"

*Merritt*—"The ones we don't possess."

A DISOBLIGING PERSON.

UNCLE HI (*who is somewhat near-sighted, to clothing dummy*)—"Well, you needn't be so stuck up, jest because you own a clothing-store. I've ast you eight times to tell me where Broadway is, an' if you were a gentleman you 'd tell me."

# The Romance of John Dough Knutt

*By Jack Robinson*

**One of the Six Best Sellers for the Coming Month**

THE EDITOR has intimated that it is about time we stopped writing little dollar-forty-eight, mark-down jokelets, and tried our skill on a full-fledged, full-blown novel. This, therefore, is the novel.

It is our first novel, though we admit having written rotten love stories before—a few. We also admit we never could sell them. Writing a love story is woman's work. If a man does it at all, he should be a married man; then he can dandle the baby on one knee and write a goo-goo story with the other—the other hand, we mean, of course. A fellow couldn't tell a love story with

LIMITED VIRTUE.

*Judge*—"Officer, what is Mr. Oyster's reputation?"
*Officer*—"Very poor, your honor. He is never good more than eight months of the year."

his knee, though if he used both knees he might be able to dictate one. No diagram with this. But a married man has a bachelor "skun a mile" when it comes to writing a love tale. He can take the kid on his knee, bid memory unroll its scroll, and pen a "Coo, coo! How I love you" yarn right from personal recollection of his turtle-dove days. A bachelor can't expect his imagination to run riot half so true to life. He's better on statistics.

However, this is our first novel. Some folks get the swelled head over their first novel; not us. After the editor pays for it, it doesn't really concern us much just what he does with it. It's bound to be a good novel ere we get through it, and that's about all we care. If it wasn't a good one we might bite it in the neck and destroy it; we would never try to sell it. "Fettle his lug-oil out wid a brick," as an English navvy once remarked to a chum, of a passing bicyclist; which, being translated into pure United States, means, "Hit him in the ear with a brickbat or rock." Literally, lug-oil—ear-hole. Such is our mother tongue on its native soil. As the cockney newsboys yell, "Doily poipers! Doily poipers!" Is it any wonder the Dublinites have the reputation of speaking the best English?

But the novel! Here goes for the curtain-raiser.

Gwendoline McFinn and John Dough Knutt paused on the brink of the bluff and faced each other. Each read life's message in each other's eyes, or thought they did.

Gwen represented the hot, fiery, rebellious temperament of the frozen north, for she hailed from Boston. He was the cool, calculating, even-tempered man of the tropic south.

Some folks may wonder at these personal descriptions; but it's our novel, and we reserve the right to write it as we please. If it was just like other novels, of course the editor wouldn't buy it.

John Dough Knutt was discouraged, because he was out of work, for he could get nothing to do at his trade amid those rock piles of Colorado. He was an oyster-dredger by profession, and there were no oysters in those lonely canyons. As he wended his way north with the beautiful Nova Scotian on his arm, not even a solitary lobster could be seen clinging to the cliffs. We have said that Gwennie hailed from Boston; so she did, but

AND CUPID SHRIEKED.

*Miss Puritania*—"Money is the enemy of all good breeding."
*Miss Flippant*—"Perhaps; but the average woman loves a man for the enemies he has made."

she originally came from the herring country, Prince Edward or Nova Scotia.

John was from Dubuque, Maryland. At first we thought of locating him at Oyster Bay, but ten chances to one the President takes this magazine regularly, and if he saw such a statement he might denounce us for a nature-fakir, on the grounds that there are no oysters in Oyster Bay, just as there are no New Yorkers in New York; just as there are no Germans in german silver, and no silver, for that matter. We should hate to have the President get down on us. He might telegraph us to come right on to Washington and explain, and, if we couldn't, set us at a steady job and make us work.

THE LOVE MICROBE.

"Phat makes yez look so happy?"
"Shure, an' Oi read in th' papers this marnin' thot love is a contagious disaise, an'—Oi'm not feelin' well."

This novel took place in the west.

As the lovers paused on the brink of the precipice, Apache Ike could be seen in the distance, slowly burrowing his way on a burro. He swung his lariat about as he blithely sang "Erin Go Bragh." A strange tune to echo through those lonely mountain gorges.

Help, then, was nigh at hand.

But, hold! Injuns! Concealed in the long grass lay a Tuscarora buck, concealing his concealment, a keen tommy razor in his hand, and a long, gleaming army sword between his teeth, while behind his ear reposed a common case-knife—a trick he had learned, no doubt, while taking a course in bookkeeping back east. He was an Iroquois Indian.

How, then, came he to far-off Colorado? For every one knows the Iroquois were York State Indians.

Did he come on th Overland, the rumble of which could be heard overland, as the brave girl pointed one trembling finger at the danger that lurked in the brush? Though that one finger trembled, the rest of her hands were steady enough, showing a fine command of the nerves.

Did he come in his seven-league boots? Did he come on stilts? Did he come on a bicycle? Did he come on a bet? How he came is a mystery, and in a first-class novel the mystery is only cleared up at the end.

"Will you marry me now?" she hissed. "Remember, this is leap year."

Slowly, like one recovering his reason, John Dough Knutt remembered. Slowly, too, he backed away from his beautiful companion toward the edge of the cliff, and felt for a good, firm footing for both feet.

"Yes," he replied bitterly. "This is leap year." Then he leaped.

Before the frightened girl had the first idea of his horrible intent, he leaped the yawning chasm to the jagged, jutting, slippery rocks at the other side, and they crumbled and gave way. The chagrined girl, seeing her lover escaping, picked up a three-cornered rock and hurled it after him. As it left her hand, true to a woman's instinct, she changed her mind and decided to throw it at the Indian, concealed in the tall grass. True to a woman's aim, the missile flew to its double target. Across the chasm the feet of John Dough Knutt were slipping on the treacherous footing; another moment, and he would have fallen into the awful abyss, and the coyotes down the gulch would have howled for very joy.

It hit him in the small of the back, because it had been aimed at the Indian. The blow gave him a new impulse forward, he recovered his balance, and fell, face

WELL-WATERED INVESTMENT.

"Have you been out to see the building lots you bought?"
"Yes. I fished on them all one day last week."

## How a Poet Lost His Job.

A POET of the magazines,
As poets go to-day,
Contrived by honest industry
To make the business pay,

Until one day, by some mishap,
An editor had bought
A poem which, he found too late,
Contained a tiny thought.

A very little one, 'tis true;
But when a poet sends
A real thought to a magazine
He ne'er can make amends.

The ending of a bright career
(His friends were grieved to note)
Began upon the day a thought
Got into what he wrote.

Beware such indiscretion, see
A bright careero'erthrown,
And keep your verse to words and rhyme—
To words and rhyme alone!

J. D. M.

## The Wretch!

"THAT man Kiddem is a scoundrel—an unprincipled scoundrel!" declared the man with the harried look in his eyes.

"Can it be?" asked the man with the near-gold chain.

"Yes. The cur! He asked my wife to elope with him."

"And then"——

"And then, when she had agreed, he told her he was only fooling."

downward, safe on the other shore. Boomerang-like, the triangular missile next turned on its course, and, sailing through the ozone, the "stun" struck the noble red man and stunned him. He lay there, silent as the stars.

Gwendoline McFinn married Apache Ike, who now rode up. They went to live on his ranch and were happy ever afterward, and had most as many children as a tarantula.

But the Indian, if he lived, gave no sign during the period of our story.

How did this son of the Six Tribes get to far-off Colorado?

He went in his automobile.

## Where They Should Go for the Summer.

SALOON-KEEPERS—Bar Harbor.
Card-players—Deal Beach.
Flour merchants—Rye.
Depositors—Red Bank.
Wrestlers—Freehold.
Pigeon-fanciers—Dover.
Pugilists—Bangor.
Quarrymen—Rockaway.

## Finding Her Level.

*Mrs. Scrapsby*—"You talk like a fool!"

*Scrapsby*—"Well, if I didn't, you wouldn't understand me."

OUT OF STYLE.

A leopard once shed a great tear,
And sighed, "Ah! my life is quite drear,
For I'm covered with lots
Of these big ugly spots—
And stripes are the fashion this year."

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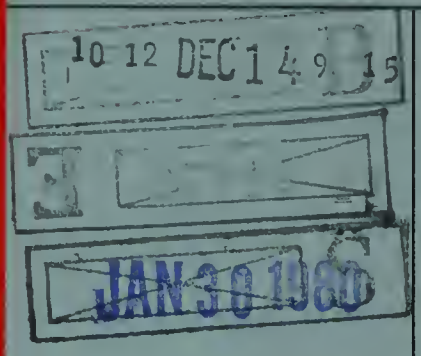


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